The Outlook

Vol. 64 April 7, 1900 No. 14

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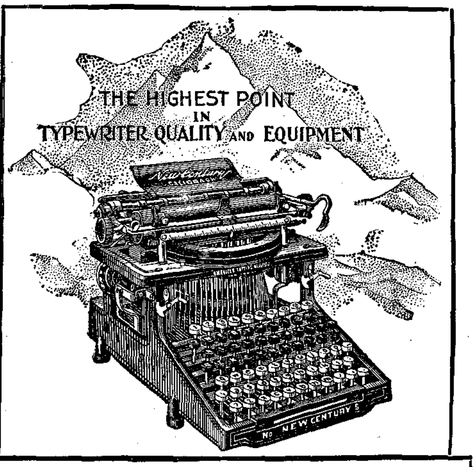

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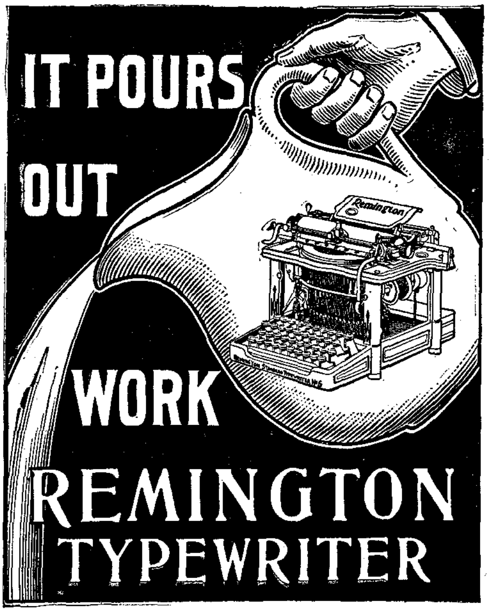

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The Puerto Rican Compromise Near the beginning of last week Senator Foraker introduced an amendment to the Puerto Rican Bill, limiting the tariff on Puerto Rican products to two years, and providing for free trade at an earlier date if the local government in Puerto Rico could raise the needed revenues by internal taxation. This amendment conciliated enough of the "insurgent" Republican Senators to secure the passage of the Puerto Rican Bill, and a vote would have been reached last week had it not been for the desire of the opposition for a fuller discussion. Since the passage of the law returning to Puerto Rico the two million dollars of revenue collected from her products subsequent to annexation, it has been generally admitted by Republican Congressmen that Puerto Rico's need of revenue furnished only one of the reasons why the party decided to establish a tariff between the United States and Puerto Rico, instead of carrying out the President's original policy of reciprocal free trade. The change is, as we have heretofore said, due to several causes: (1) to the representations of various interests—the cane-sugar growers in Louisiana, the beet-sugar growers in Nebraska, the tobacco companies in Connecticut, and the fruit producers in California; (2) to the protests of labor organizations fearing an influx of low-priced and contract labor; (3) to the protests of ultra-protectionists, alarmed lest a supposed basic principle of the Republican party, namely, protection, should be threatened with ultimate extinction by reason of free trade with Puerto Rico; (4) to the supposed desirability of establishing a test case for a Supreme Court decision to establish the right of Congress to legislate for a dependency without being hampered by the restraints of the Constitution. The Foraker compromise limiting the tariff on Puerto Rican products to a short period, which could be further shortened by the action of the Puerto Ricans, conceded a good deal to those who demanded free trade with Puerto Rico, but it left to the protected interests the opportunity to learn from the Supreme Court whether or not the retention of the Philippines would extend to their inhabitants the right of free trade with ourselves and consequent free access into our labor market. From both Republican and Democratic sources we learn that the fear of labor agitation against the inclusion of the Malays, corresponding to that of a few years ago for the exclusion of the Chinese, was the supreme motive for the proposed tariff.

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The Republican Protests The compromise satisfied nearly all the Republican Senators except those who maintain that the new possessions are in such a sense part of the United States that the people of those territories possess all the rights guaranteed to the people of the States and Territories of the United States, and that consequently the retention of the Philippines will give to the Filipinos all the Constitutional rights possessed by the people of Oklahoma. There remained, however, several "insurgents" who were unwilling to compromise the moral principle that we are bound to treat the Puerto Ricans as our own people, who refuse to tax them even temporarily for the benefit of protected interests here. Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, took the lead among these remonstrants, and on Wednesday delivered a telling speech against any tariff whatever. He reported that Puerto Rico produces yearly 120,000,000 cigars, 250,000,000 cigarettes, and 1,300,000 gallons of rum. If these articles were subjected to our internal revenue duties—

$1.10 a gallon on rum, $1.50 a thousand on cigarettes, and $3.60 a thousand on cigars—a revenue of more than $2,000,000 a year could be secured. Yet all these articles were left untaxed, and a tariff bill pressed against which the great body of the people were protesting. "What," he asked, "are the people going to say if this bill passes? They will say: Free rum, and a tax on the flour the people eat." Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, also remonstrated against the proposed tariff on Puerto Rican industry, but his protest was less aggressive. His speech, delivered on Thursday, was largely an argument that the territories which "belong to" the United States cannot be "a part of" the United States, and that Congress was given by the Constitution a "free hand" in dealing with all the Territories. The fact, however, that Puerto Rico did not possess the Constitutional right to "reciprocity" did not absolve us from the duty to grant her this privilege, and he would vote for an amendment granting the island immediate access to our markets. Nevertheless, if this amendment failed, he would support the compromise bill asserting the right of this country to tax the territories as we see best, unrestrained by any provision of the Constitution. The day following Senator Proctor, of Vermont, made a forcible speech against the proposed tariff, in which he indicated that he would not accept it under any circumstances. With him, of course, are Senators Hoar, Mason, Wellington, and possibly one or two other Republicans, who maintain that "the Constitution follows the flag." Over against these, however, may be set Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, and perhaps one or two other Democrats, who will support the compromise bill, making its adoption almost certain.

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The Future of the Bill The New York "Tribune" and some other of the few journals of standing which are supporting the Puerto Rico tariff assume that the opposition comes from the Democrats. Of course the Democrats are in opposition, but not more so than an increasing number of Republicans, and the political significance of the great and growing protest from the country at large lies in the fact that it comes from Republicans. Not in recent years has there been against any measure in Congress a popular feeling more deep, more intelligent, and more creditable to the country. So far as can be judged from the statements of leading Republicans and an examination of official Republican journals, the Far West, the Northwest, and the Middle West are almost a unit against the proposed tariff; and, with few exceptions, the leading Republican journals in the Middle States and in New England are also opposed to it. One of the foremost Republicans of the Northwest put the matter tersely last week when he declared that the instincts of the people are against the tariff, and when the instincts of the people are against a measure it is to be presumed that the measure is wrong. The President, in the judgment of many of the most open-minded men in his own party, has made the greatest mistake of his life in consenting to abdicate his leadership and modify his free-trade message at the demand of men possessing, as the result has proved, less popular and political sagacity than himself. The bill may pass the Senate in some form; it is doubtful whether, if it goes back to the House, it can pass the House again; and, in our judgment, if, under party pressure, it is pushed through Congress, it will cost the Republican party heavily at the polls in the next Presidential election.

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The United Socialists In the Presidential campaign of 1888 there were two feeble but hostile labor parties in the field, bearing the incongruous names of the United Labor party and the Union Labor party. This year it seemed for a time as if there would be two feeble but hostile Socialist parties in the field—the Socialist Labor party, which for several years has polled a considerable vote among the German immigrants in New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee, and the Social Democratic party, which has recently shown such unexpected strength among American voters in Massachusetts. Apparently, however, the anomaly of two unsocial Socialist parties may be avoided, for a convention held last week in New York City seems to have secured some measure of union for the approaching campaign. If the fusion is completed, the United Socialists will support the ticket recently nominated at Indianapolis, on which Eugene V. Debs was named for President, and Job Harriman, of California, for Vice-President. Mr. Debs was the organizer of the American branch of the Socialist party, and to his remarkable work as an agitator must be attributed in large measure the attention which his programme is arousing, not only in Massachusetts, but also in the extreme West, and even in some of the cities in the South. This programme, as stated in the platform adopted at Indianapolis, aims at the ultimate public ownership of all the means for the production and distribution of wealth. Its immediate demands are: the public ownership of all natural monopolies and of all industries controlled by trusts; the reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the increasing facilities for production; the inauguration of public works for the employment of a large number of the unemployed; equal rights for men and women; public insurance against accidents, lack of employment, and want in old age; the adoption of direct legislation, and the abolition of war. In the campaign of 1896 Mr. Debs and many of his lieutenants supported Mr. Bryan, but this year they are hostile to him—partly because his programme is not sufficiently radical, but chiefly because his antagonism to trusts shows him to be " at heart an individualist." The Socialists welcome the trusts almost as much as the monopolists, for they believe that domination by private monopoly will necessarily introduce domination by public monopoly; in other words, that the success of trusts will prepare the way for State Socialism. The Outlook is so far of the same opinion as to believe that the remedy for trusts is not a return to individualism, but a forward movement toward a government at once more highly organized and more democratic.

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The Kentucky Situation

The reports from Kentucky during the past fortnight have been highly sensational, but leave the reader certain of very few facts. Two Republicans implicated in the alleged conspiracy to kill Mr. Goebel have turned State's evidence, and are reported to have given testimony incriminating the Republican Secretary of State and other party leaders. The latter have been held for trial, but the character of the witnesses against them is too doubtful, and the rewards for testimony of this kind are too great, for any judgment to be passed until the court has tried the case. Unfortunately, this trial may be postponed for several months. The defense, it is reported, will demand that the case be transferred from the Frankfort courts to some part of the State where public sentiment is less hostile to the accused. As regards the case involving the legal rights of the Republican and Democratic claimants to the Governorship, one of the State courts has decided that the decision of the Legislature is final, and the Court of Appeals is expected to reaffirm this view. In that event the Republican Governor will try to appeal to the Federal Supreme Court, but Judge Taft's recent decision indicates that the Federal Courts will not interfere. At present both claimants are exercising the functions of Governor, and different State and Federal officials are recognizing whichever their party preference dictates. Governor Nash, of Ohio, has refused to honor requisitions from Kentucky unless they are signed by both " Governors."

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The Grand Jury and the Police

The presentment handed in by the New York March Grand Jury, of which Mr. George Haven Putnam was the energetic foreman, cannot be disregarded by the Tammany officials in this city. It has too much weight behind it, it is too definite, and it is too confirmatory to prevalent impressions of the revival of the old-time connivance between city officials and crime, and of the revival of the system of revenue which flows from the unnatural combination of the keepers of the law with its violators. The extraordinary spectacle has been presented in this county of the failure of the District Attorney to give any aid or help to the Grand Jury in its work; indeed, so clear was their conviction that he was a hindrance rather than a help, that the Grand Jury felt compelled in certain cases to exclude the District Attorney from its sessions. In their attempt to arrive at the facts respecting the charges that money has been paid to members of the Police Department in return for immunity from prosecution, the Grand Jury declare that they found themselves constantly obstructed by the District Attorney. The presentment recites a series of facts which seem to show the grossest maladministration of the Police Department, and charges police officials either with criminal ignorance or criminal negligence. These charges are so definite in their character as to make it impossible for the District Attorney to rest under them. Either he must meet them or he must be removed. There could hardly be a greater scandal in city government than such a state of things as the presentment of the Grand Jury charges against the prosecuting officer of the county and the responsible officers of the police force.

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The New York Franchise Assessments

When the New York statute passed a year ago permitting local boards to assess municipal franchises at their market value was modified so as to transfer this power to a State board, there was general fear among anti-monopolists that the cities would not secure the revenue to which they are entitled. Last week, however, the State Board appointed by Governor Roosevelt reported its assessments, and these show that the spirit of the law has been followed with rare fidelity. As was expected, nearly all of the valuable franchises are in the great cities, and the great bulk of them in the metropolis. The assessments given out by the Board for this city indicate how large a mass of "intangible" property belonging to corporations has hitherto escaped taxation. The list is as follows:

	Last Assessment.	Franchise Valuations.
Brooklyn Heights system	$7,660,000	$30,766,770
Manhattan Elevated	27,945,000	55,499,300
Metropolitan system	5,030,000	62,068,930
Third Avenue system	2,174,750	19,728,100
Harlem steam	4,175,000	12,192,000
Brooklyn Union Gas	2,865,000	9,516,170
Consolidated Gas	5,635,000	15,828,600
Standard Gas	1,419,000	3,439,790
New York Mutual Gas	735,000	2,703,110
New Amsterdam Gas	1,775,000	5,561,750
Edison Electric of New York	2,404,000	9,111,298
Miscellaneous corporations	9,100,275	34,157,188
Total	$70,918,025	$260,573,006

These later assessments are not exorbitant. The Metropolitan system, which last year was assessed at but $5,000,000 and this year at more than $60,000,000, is to-day worth in the market about $150,000,000. In a similar way, the Consolidated Gas Company, whose assessment has been raised from $5,000,000 to $15,000,000, has outstanding over $40,000,000 of securities, all of which are above par. Most of these corporations are assessed at a lower rate than are the great body of real estate owners, whose property gets no value from any special privilege received from the city. The new law is moderate as well as just in its provisions, and will doubtless serve as a precedent for similar statutes in other States. The whole country is to be congratulated that the law is being administered in the spirit of its framers.

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The Filipino Friars' Memorial

We have received, apparently from a Roman Catholic subscriber, a copy of the "Rosary Magazine," published by the Dominican Fathers in Somerset, Ohio, which contains a copy of a memorial of the Philippine friars addressed to the Spanish Government, apparently just preceding the American war with Spain. This memorial contains the friars' statement of their case, and it is the only statement emanating from them which we remember to have seen. It frankly recognizes the hostility, not only of the Filipinos, but of Spanish residents in the Philippines, to the religious orders in the archipelago. It attributes this hostility to the influence of the Freemasons, to whom it charges the organization of the Katipunan revolutionary society. It affirms that "if we had given the faintest mark, not of sympathy, but even of toleration, to the men who were scattering broadcast false notions of liberty condemned by the Church, the religious congregations would never have been disturbed." It attributes the hostility to the orders to the fact that "our standard is no other than the syllabus of the great Pontiff, Pius IX., so frequently confirmed by Leo XIII., wherein all rebellion against the legitimate powers is so energetically condemned." It demands the support of the religious orders as "the sole Spanish institution, pre-eminent and deeply rooted, which exists in the islands, a vigorous oganization well adapted to those regions." It implies that the hostility of the Filipinos to the orders is due to their passionate desire for the principles represented by the watchwords "Free Thought, Liberty of the Press, Secularization of Education, Ecclesiastical Liquidation, Suppression of the Privileges of the Clergy." It indignantly denies the charges of impurity and immorality which have been brought against the orders, and "as not worthy of a reply the impudent assertion that in the country parts we are despots." At the same time it does more than acknowledge, it emphasizes, the hostility of the people to the orders, and demands, at least by implication, that opposition to the orders and their teaching shall be prevented and punished: "Of what use is it for us to teach the people to be docile and submissive, when their worst passions are excited by others who tell them to make nothing of our teaching? What professor could teach efficiently if his pupils were met outside the class-room by respectable persons who told them to despise his lessons? The civil authority, according to the teaching of the Church, ought, as far as possible, to be a bulwark to religion and morality. If the Government, therefore, does not protect us from the avalanche of insult hurled against us, if it does not root out the secret societies, if it allows our sacerdotal character to be trodden under foot, while our enemies destroy the fruit of our labors, we regret to say that we cannot continue our ministry in the islands." And again: "We prefer to abandon our ministry and see ourselves expelled rather than continue our mission in the islands if the situation does not better itself before long."

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An Estimate of Its Value This memorial of the Philippine friars confirms all that has been said by American correspondents respecting their unpopularity in the archipelago; it confirms the impression which those correspondents have given to the country, that one main reason for the revolt is a determination to be rid of the religious orders; it adds to the conviction that there can be no peace in the islands if the religious orders are left with the politico-ecclesiastical powers which they have possessed under Spain. Most Americans will not believe that this hostility is causeless, or that it is due simply to revolutionary agitation emanating from the Freemasons. Such agitation would be powerless if the friars had not by their conduct given some reason, or at least some excuse, for the popular feeling against them. Most Americans also will agree that the Filipinos are quite right in having a passion for "Free Thought, Liberty of the Press, Secularization of Education, Ecclesiastical Liquidation, Suppression of the Privileges of the Clergy." These watchwords of the Filipinos are watchwords of all true Americans, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. If the friars remain, they must remain subject to civil law; if they continue to teach, they must meet as best they can the opposition of others who tell the people to make nothing of such teaching and to despise the lessons taught. In short, the friars must take their chances in the Philippines as they have to take their chances in America, depending, not upon sacerdotal power, not upon the suppression of free speech, not upon any bulwark erected by the Government, not upon any political protection from an avalanche of insults, not upon any authority rooting out secret societies, but wholly upon governmental protection of the liberty of all men to teach, and upon such influence as they can exert through their personal character and their beneficent ministrations. We wish that some organization would print this memorial of the Philippine friars and circulate it widely through the country. It would help to make clear to the people the issue which America must meet in the Philippine Archipelago, an issue which can be solved only by the fearless and consistent application of American principles in the American spirit—a free field for all religious orders and organizations, and special favor to none.

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Railroad Discriminations in Massachusetts Massachusetts has so long held a front rank in the matter of regulating railways as well as factories that the Commonwealth has suffered a severe shock from the revelations made before the Legislative Committee on the Boston and Albany lease. It will be recalled that the ratification of this lease—giving over the Boston and Albany to the New York Central for ninety-nine years—required the consent of the Legislature, and a majority of that body adopted a public-spirited resolution calling upon the State Railroad Commission for certain information about the conditions of the road to be leased. The Commission, among other things, was asked to explain why the receipts per ton-mile on all classes of freight were not one-half the average of the published rates to the various stations on the road for the cheapest class of freight, namely, coal. In reply, the Commission surprised almost every one except a few favored shippers by declaring that the freight carried on February 28, taken as a typical date, was charged on an average forty per cent. less than the published rates. The Commission reported that these discounts were open to all shippers sending freight "under similar circumstances and conditions," but the testimony gathered by Professor Bemis and Professor Commons, of the Bureau of Economic Research, seems to show that no shipper knew what rate his rival was getting. Some shippers of even large amounts, Professor Bemis testified, declared that they obtained no discounts whatever from published rates. When this testimony was submitted, Mr. Samuel Hoar, attorney and director of the Boston and Albany, replied, with no apparent sense of the startling character of his statement, "I suppose it is true that no shipper knows what his rival is getting. I suppose it is true. But what of it? What has that to do with the lease?"

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The Rights of the State In one sense it had nothing to do with the lease, but it had a great deal to do with the underlying question whether the State would be amply protected by its Railroad Commission if it ratified a contract giving over the Boston and Albany road to the control of a foreign corporation for three generations. Other testimony submitted bore directly upon the same question. Among other things, a letter was read from Inter-State Commerce Commissioner Prouty showing that the tank cars of the Standard Oil Company were being billed within the State of Massachusetts at twenty-four thousand pounds, though their actual weight was nearly twice as great. The evidence was so conclusive as to the unsatisfactory character of the report of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission that the Committee invited the Chairman of the Commission to state how he secured the data upon which that body based its conclusion that all shippers under similar conditions were treated alike, and that there were no discriminations beyond the car-load. To this question the Chairman made the astonishing reply that the Board has not directly investigated the matter at all, and that the answers submitted to the Legislature as coming from the Commission were really the answers of the traffic manager of the Boston and Albany Railroad. In other words, this Commission, which was famous for its leadership in railroad questions in the days of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has now no information about railroad discriminations save what the railroads are pleased to give it. The Springfield "Republican" declared this to be a "travesty on public regulation," and the protests throughout the State were so general that doubt was expressed whether a referendum vote would not show a popular majority in favor of the purchase of the Boston and Albany by the State. Meantime, through the hearings, which have been widely printed in the State, the people have learned that such investigators as Professors E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia, F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, and R. T. Ely, of Wisconsin, are a unit in saying that in no one of the thirty or more countries in the world where public ownership and operation of railroads prevails is there any considerable or powerful element of the population desirous of returning to private ownership. It is also being recognized that Massachusetts has one of the most favorable opportunities ever presented in this country for undertaking the public ownership of railroads, and greatly reducing and simplifying freight and passenger rates, and that even if the State is not ready to accept this policy at once, it should keep the question open rather than virtually to close it for a long time by putting the stamp of legislative approval upon the pending lease. It looks more and more as if the Legislature might be forced to subpœna shippers, investigate secret discriminations, and submit to the people the opportunity to vote either upon State purchase of the railroad, or at least upon the propriety of the proposed ninety-nine-year lease. It is clear to The Outlook that the question of State ownership ought to be submitted to a popular vote; it is certain that the result of a legislative act ordering such a vote would be a campaign of education such as the State has rarely known, and that it would be an education for other States as well as Massachusetts.

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Death of General Joubert By far the most serious loss the Boer cause has sustained in the war is the death of General Petrus Jacobus Joubert. Even the defeat and captivity of General Cronje become of insignificance as compared with the loss of this single truly great man. In every way Joubert was the most striking figure in the present war; even Kruger, powerful as has been his influence, is recognized as Joubert's inferior in mental power and in soundness of judgment. General Joubert will be succeeded as commander-in-chief of the Boer forces by General Botha. Joubert was of French-Huguenot origin, was born in Cape Colony about 1831, and, like most of the Boer leaders, was for the greater part of his life a farmer. His educational advantages were small, but were utilized with great eagerness. He was first brought into prominence by his skill and success in the frequent fights between the Boers and the natives. Later on, he accompanied President Kruger to London, and traveled extensively in England and on the Continent. His military fame leaped into existence when, with wonderful force and brilliant military tactics, he planned and carried out the defeat of the British forces under Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill in 1881. It should be noted that through the difficulties between Great Britain and the Transvaal General Joubert has been conservative. He was decidedly and positively opposed to President Kruger in many of the latter's acts; for instance, in 1884, it is related that Joubert refused to lead Boer armies against Bechuanaland because he considered that the Boers were violating their treaties with Great Britain. "I positively refuse," he said, "to hold office under a government that deliberately breaks its covenants—and we have made covenants with England." With regard to the outbreak of the present war, General Joubert did all that he could to render war unnecessary, while at the same time he strained every nerve to prepare the Transvaal for the war which he believed, despite his own wishes, was close upon her. If Mr. Chamberlain and President Kruger had been actuated by the motives which governed General Joubert, there cannot be a reasonable doubt that war could have been averted without the slightest difficulty. Unfortunately, both were bent upon war. To General Joubert is due in great measure, if not altogether, the purchase by the Transvaal of the splendid new artillery which has made the campaigns waged by the Boers possible. To him also in person is due the greater part of the military credit for the extraordinary defensive campaign carried on against the British in Natal. Personally, General Joubert was a man of remarkable appearance, of unusual strength, and of marvelous endurance and activity. His death, it is stated, was due to peritonitis, how incurred is not known.

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The South African War There are indications that a movement forward by Lord Roberts is imminent. Whether this forward movement is to be in the direction of the slight advances already made (namely, northward from Bloemfontein) is open to question. It is not impossible that the immediate advance masks a turning movement to the northwest. On Friday of last week fighting took place six miles beyond the Modder River, on the road from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad. The result was the retreat of the Boers to Brantford, after some lively skirmishing which entailed the loss to the British of eight officers and one hundred men in killed and wounded. The next day British forces under Colonel Broadwood were ambushed by the Boers some miles east of Bloemfontein, and seven guns were captured by the enemy, who also took many British prisoners; the total British loss (killed, wounded, and captured) was about 350. This is the first repulse suffered by the British for some time; it appears to have been due to lack of careful scouting; its significance is in the indication that a large Boer army is still within a few miles of Bloemfontein. The latest estimates indicate that the effective British forces now in South Africa are about 135,000 men and 336 guns. An interview with President Kruger has appeared in the New York "World;" in answer to the question when the war would end, President Kruger said: "Never, if I must ask for peace without independence. It may be six months; it may be ten years. God only knows how long it will take the English people to see that they are engaged in an unholy struggle." He declared his hope that "the Transvaal would soon be able to take its place beside the United States as a free and independent nation," and added: "My burghers are fighting for their wives, their children, and their country. Those who are fighting against them are looking for medals, Victoria crosses, and a shilling a day. My burghers are the best soldiers in the world, because they do not receive a penny for their services. They fight with their hearts, and an army of hearts is invincible." There are, however, many indications that many Orange Free Staters are ready to welcome peace under the British flag; semi-official declarations are reported from Europe that no intervention can be expected from any European State; and few even of the most enthusiastic friends of the Transvaal outside its territory will share in the sanguine expectations of independence so confidently expressed by its President.

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The Delagoa Bay Award We noted lately that the Delagoa Bay Arbitration Tribunal, after ten years' leisurely consideration of the matter intrusted to it, was about to issue an award in favor of the American and English contractors and stockholders of the railway between Delagoa Bay and the Transvaal, unjustly seized by the Portuguese Government, on the ground that the construction contract had not been fulfilled to the letter. The award has now been made. It gives (in addition to $140,000 already paid by Portugal) the sum of $3,062,800 to the claimants, with interest at five per cent. from 1889. This is generally considered a decidedly small award, although the London "Times" says: "The company and its creditors will doubtless consider the sum awarded far from adequate, but it is probably as much as they can reasonably have expected to recover, and as much as Portugal can manage to raise without assistance." We are sorry to see that some of the English papers regard what they consider the insufficiency of the award as an argument against international arbitration; it would hardly be possible to please beyond cavil every one concerned in an arbitration, and the avoidance of international difficulties by this arbitration has been, in point of fact, a decided triumph of principle.

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Archibald Forbes The veteran war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, who died in London last week Friday, may almost be said to have founded the modern school of descriptive war correspondence. He will be remembered, not merely because of his personal courage, his enterprise in seeing all that there was to see and in getting his copy into his editor's hands with almost miraculous precision and rapidity, but also because he wrote notably strong and good English. He was one of the few newspaper correspondents who have made a mark because of their ability to write tersely, pictorially, and even brilliantly at times, without giving way to the temptation to write in heroics and to overemphasize with adjectives and epithets. Mr. Forbes was the son of a Scottish clergyman; he enlisted as a private soldier through a spirit of adventure, and served ten years in the British army as private and corporal. This personal experience gave him the intimate professional knowledge which afterwards stood him in such good stead. His most noted correspondence was sent to the London "Daily News" during the latter part of the Franco-Prussian war, and during the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877. Hardly any living soldier has seen as much service and taken as many battle risks as had Archibald Forbes. He saw as much of the Franco-Prussian war as was possible for one man to see; he was at Sedan, at the surrender of Napoleon, at his funeral, and finally with Prince Napoleon in Zululand. The Servian insurrection against Turkey, the fighting in Spain after the abdication of King Amadeus, the battles of Shipka Pass and Plevna, the Afghan campaign of 1878, the war in Zululand, and the battle of Ulundi (after which Forbes took his famous continuous ride of a hundred and twenty miles through the enemy's country to get his copy on the wire for London)—such were a few of his many experiences. Mr. Forbes's books, made up largely of his correspondence, had more than an ephemeral value, because he was skilled, not merely in reporting facts, but in showing their significance and the trend of political and international events.

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Dr. Hillis on Election The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in a sermon Sunday before last, read, and denounced with great vigor, that clause in the Westminster Confession of Faith which declares that God has been pleased to pass by the non-elect without making provision for their salvation, and that the number of those for whom he has made provision is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. As Dr. Hillis was, at the time of preaching this sermon, a member of the Chicago Presbytery, from which he had not then taken his letter, it is not, perhaps, strange that other members of the Presbytery took umbrage at his declaration that this doctrine of particular election is inconsistent with the love of God and the spirit of the Gospel; and since he is now pastor of a Congregational church, he has done well so far to accede to their criticism as to withdraw from the organization. At the same time the incident appears to us to illustrate afresh the fundamental principle that agreements rarely or never are permanent which are founded on the use of standards in a double sense. The doctrine of particular election which Dr. Hillis so vigorously condemned was condemned with scarcely less vigor, years ago, by Mr. Albert Barnes, by Charles G. Finney when still a Presbyterian, and by Dr. Lyman Beecher when President of a Presbyterian theological seminary. It was because the Old School branch of the Church insisted on this doctrine, and the interpretation of the Confession which emphasized this doctrine, and the New School branch of the Church repudiated this doctrine, and insisted that it was no integral part of the Confession, but only an incident, that the division in the Church took place; and the reunion of the Church ought never to have taken place unless either both branches had agreed upon one or the other interpretation, or each branch yielded in liberty of interpretation to the other. The spirit in the Church which demands that such men as Dr. Briggs, Dr. McGiffert, Dr. H. P. Smith, and Dr. N. D. Hillis shall withdraw because they are not literalists in Biblical criticism and Calvinists in philosophy, is the same spirit which put on trial Albert Barnes and Lyman Beecher; and the controversy in the Presbyterian Church will not be settled until there is a definite and explicit agreement that both the old and the new method of interpretation of both Bible and creed shall have liberty within the Church, or until the creed itself is set aside as a standard, though left as a historical monument, and a simpler and more catholic creed substituted.

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Rabbi Wise Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, who died in Cincinnati last week, was a pioneer and leader in liberal Judaism. He was also a man of marked individuality of character, of extraordinary and varied reading, and of distinct power as a writer and speaker. He was born in Bohemia eighty-one years ago, and was educated at the University of Prague and at a Jewish theological seminary. His knowledge of English was acquired, it is said, by reading the Bible, Shakespeare, and Cooper's novels. He came to this country in 1846, and even then was strongly impressed with the urgent need of freeing his race and Church from the dry-as-dust ceremonialism and scholasticism to which it was addicted. He found a slender movement for reform and religious vitalizing of the Jewish churches, and at once entered into it with vigor. His basic belief has been thus stated: "Religion is intended to make men happy, good, just, active, charitable, and intelligent, and whatever tends to this end must be retained or introduced, and whatever opposes this must be abolished. Judaism will die out in this country if the young people are not attracted to its houses of worship. The English language must take the place of the Hebrew in the prayer-books, and English-speaking rabbis must occupy our pulpits." His practical reforms included liturgical changes, the broadening of education, recognizing the work of women in the Church, and the lessening of the superstitious reverence paid by the rabbis generally to the Talmudic teaching. Naturally, he met with strong opposition, which continued through his life; but his work was an increasing one, and the results have grown to be comprehensive and valuable. Since 1853 he had held the pastorate of a church in Cincinnati, and there, in 1873, a convention of reform delegates organized the union of American Hebrew Congregations, out of which grew the Hebrew Union College, of which Dr. Wise became President. The list of books and tractates put forth by Dr. Wise is a long one.

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Preaching Dr. Albert J. Lyman, of Brooklyn, has just commenced an interesting course of six lectures at Hartford Theological Seminary on "Preaching in the New Age: Its Office and Art." Lectures on preaching have become so common that it would seem almost impossible for a new lecturer to give any new message. Dr. Lyman has, however, succeeded in making a unique course by his method of preparation. In order to reproduce the point of view of the seminary student, he has obtained by conference and correspondence from a great number of such students a statement of their answers to the question, "At what points are the problems of our great vocation pressing upon you?" In his opening lecture he reports forty-four of the questions which he has received in reply to his request. Three or four of these questions may serve here as types of all: "To what extent can the modern minister use the tone of authority formerly common?" "How far ought one to recognize the demand, sometimes heard, that ministers inform the people as to the present status of Biblical criticism, and do the people care for such information?" "How can I reach the unrepentant sinner in the congregation?" "What should be the relation of the preacher to social problems and political issues?" "What I want is knowledge of the field from the man who has been there." If Dr. Lyman succeeds in answering these and kindred questions which have been addressed to him, he will make a valuable series of lectures, and we hope that they will be put into book form, that they may reach not only other theological seminaries, but others than theological students, for these are the kind of questions which the earnest preacher is always asking himself.

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Congress of the Disciples The Annual Congress of the Disciples of Christ, whose rapid growth has made it now the fifth in numerical rank among American Protestant bodies, was held at Indianapolis March 27–29, inclusive. The Congress was noteworthy for the pre-eminence it gave to two of the great problems of to-day, the Biblical and the social. To the former three of the eight sessions were devoted, in addresses and discussions upon the "History of the Doctrine of Sacred Scripture," the "History of the Interpretation of Sacred Scripture," the "Methods and Results of Textual Criticism," and the "Methods and Results of the Higher Criticism.' After the first two of these subjects had been handled at the opening session, there was a strong ferment of suppressed feeling against the alleged rationalism of "college men," which was let out the next day when the remaining topics came up. Although the Disciples accord with Chillingworth's dictum in the seventeenth century, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants," and look to it, especially to the New Testament, as their basis and bond of fellowship rather than to a creed, it is, of course, to the Bible as they understand it. Hence they do not escape the present conflict between older and newer understandings of the Bible, any more than their "creed-bound" brethren. Between the older and the newer views a very warm but also an entirely good-natured discussion ensued on the second day. Conservatives seemed to be in the majority, but much applause greeted Professor Willett, of Chicago, who spoke for the critical school. This he declared was "giving and destined still more to give us a new evangelism, which shall lose none of the fervor of the old, but shall supply elements of instruction never sufficiently recognized." The burning question that evening was of a political kind—the arrest of State Auditor Sweeny, of Kentucky an esteemed member of the Church, for alleged complicity in the murder of Senator

Goebel. This was denounced as a political trick, and the Congress by a rising vote unanimously approved the sending of a telegram to Mr. Sweeny expressing its entire confidence in his integrity, and its sympathy with him in his present difficulty. Without expressing any judgment respecting Mr. Sweeny, we doubt the wisdom of any ecclesiastical assemblage in endeavoring thus to prejudge a member of the Church who is brought before the civil tribunals for trial. "Benefit of clergy" belongs wholly to a past age.

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The Social Problem As the Congress gave the Biblical problem precedence at its opening, it gave prominence in its closing sessions to the social problem. In the main address at the last afternoon session Mr. A. W. Taylor, of Cincinnati, affirmed that a social crisis is upon us; that its solution is in the translation of the principles of Jesus into social life and institutions; that individual righteousness depends on the social righteousness of the individual; and that the pulpit must strive to create a social conscience. "The Civic and Social Obligation of the Church" was the subject of the evening, and Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago, deeply stirred a great audience by its presentation. Describing the social function of the Church as formative rather than reformatory, Professor Taylor defined it as first in the inculcation of the ideal of human relationship exhibited by Jesus, next as in the organization of social movements inspired by that ideal, and lastly as in the sacrificial spirit vitalizing the whole. "The religious life," said he, "goes up no higher on the perpendicular than it goes out on the horizontal. In the whole evangelical movement we have come to a dead center. We are not keeping pace with the world. There is not enough of the reality of religion in our relations with our fellow-men. There is a demand for social democracy. What is wanted is real brotherhood." The church-order of the Disciples being of the Congregational type, their Congress is for conference and fellowship, not for legislation or discipline. The denominational questions discussed concerned the needful expansion of their educational institutions, and the advisability of consolidating their missionary, educational, and benevolent enterprises. Seldom, if ever, does an assembly of this kind devote itself, as in this case, more to questions which concern all churches than those of peculiar concern to its own. It should be added that the Disciples are a peculiarly American organization. Of their 1,118,396 communicants, all but about 43,500 in the British dominions are Americans. About one-eighth of the whole reside in Missouri, and their strength is in the Central States. Their flourishing growth, their evangelistic zeal, their educational enterprise, and their social-democratic spirit must be reckoned prominently among the hopeful auguries for the future of the great valley where the seat of political power is.

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"The Works of Satan" The latter half of the sixteenth century was a period of religious intolerance and persecution. Sects hated each other only less than they hated liberal thinkers. Protestants and Roman Catholics alike were keen to detect and punish heresy. No torture was too severe, no agony too intense, for those who sought to discover truth. It was quite in accordance with the spirit of the age that Giordano Bruno, after being kept in prison eight years, was burned at the stake in the Campo di Fiori, at Rome, on the 17th of February, 1600 A.D. He was born at Nola in 1548, entered the Dominican order at the age of fifteen, and was ordained a priest in 1572. Four years later, being brought to trial on charges, some trivial and some unknown, he left the order, put off his gown, and was excommunicated. He passed the next sixteen years of his life in Switzerland, France, England, and Germany, learning and teaching, investigating and writing. At last he was decoyed to Venice by a false friend, Mocenigo, and, as the Venetian Inquisition did not display sufficient keenness, was turned over to Rome. But even his death did not satisfy clerical animosity. In 1889, when a statue of the heretic was unveiled by Italian Liberals in the same Campo di Fiori and in full view from the windows of the Vatican, the Pope declared that the Holy See had been subjected to the "greatest insult of modern times.' And last month he again illustrated the immutability of the hostility of the Roman Church to free thought by asserting that the recent demonstrations in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Bruno were "the works of Satan."

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Death of Dr. Mivart Dr. St. George Mivart, who was a recognized authority in scientific circles and until very recently a devout and faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church, died in London on Sunday last. His name has recently appeared before the public prominently in connection with his controversy with Cardinal Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. The correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan grew out of articles contributed by Dr. Mivart to the "Nineteenth Century" and "Fortnightly Review," and in this correspondence he definitely declared his conviction that modern scientific conclusions and Roman Catholic traditions cannot be reconciled, in which conviction the Cardinal agreed with him. Dr. Mivart's severance from the Church was, therefore, almost a matter of course; but the correspondence, the gist of which was reported in The Outlook of February 17 last, was of significance because it emphasized the conflict between science and ecclesiastical tradition from both the scientific and the ecclesiastical points of view. Dr. Mivart was a scientist of high standing and a specialist in zoölogy.

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Death of Count de Benedetti Count Vincent de Benedetti, who died in Paris last week, will always be remembered chiefly if not solely from his connection with the events leading to the breaking out of war between Germany and France in 1870. At that time he was the French Ambassador to Berlin, and it was because of the failure of negotiations between Benedetti and Bismarck that war became inevitable. The picturesque account of the final interview between Benedetti and the King of Prussia in the Gardens at Ems, long accepted as historical, has of late years had some doubt thrown upon its accuracy. At the very beginning of the war Benedetti had published in the London "Times" a secret treaty between France and Prussia. After the defeat of the French, Benedetti published a statement in which he threw the responsibility of the failure of the negotiations directly on Bismarck; and in view of the recently published letters written by Bismarck himself, there is now no question that nothing would have displeased Bismarck more than to have had the peace negotiations successful.

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The Ramapo Scandal

The fact that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty receives a new and striking illustration in the case of the Ramapo Water Monopoly. The case interests very directly the people, not only of New York City, but of the entire State; it also indirectly interests the people of every State, because it is an illustration of the methods through which the rights and property of the people are liable to be transferred to private owners while the people and their guardians sleep.

By successive acts of legislation the Ramapo Water Company has been created and given powers which enable it to seize all the water of the State of New York not now in actual use. It can do this either by private purchase or by condemnation proceedings. This water it can sell "to any city, town, or village, and to other corporations, and to any person who may lawfully contract therefor." It has already secured options which, it is said, give it control of the essential water rights in thirteen counties of the State. Not only the city of New York, therefore, is made practically dependent on this monopoly for its water-supply, but in these counties any village or town desiring water-supply for its own use can secure it only by the consent of the Ramapo Company, and on such terms as the Ramapo Company may be willing to concede. Nor is this all. This water-power can be used for other purposes than water-supply. In many localities electric lighting is practicable only as water-power can be used for generating electricity. Thus the Ramapo charter gives a private corporation power to secure a practical control of the water-supply and the electric lighting for the entire Empire State, except in those towns and villages which already possess a water-supply or an electric plant, or both. "He wants the earth" has been heretofore supposed to express the highest measure of cupidity. The Ramapo Company wants more than the earth; it wants the water-supply and the water-power of the entire State. And through the political skill of its agents, and perhaps the corruption, perhaps only the carelessness, of the agents of the State, it has the power to secure, without further legislative action, the exclusive control of such water-supply and water-power. It is clear that all the people of the State have an interest scarcely less than that of the three or four million inhabitants of New York City in releasing the State from the engagement so carelessly or corruptly entered into. It is clear, too, that other States are interested in the case as an object-lesson of the perils to the people from the commercial greed of the age and the carelessness or the corruption of their public representatives.

What should the people of New York State do about it? To that question three answers have been given in three measures introduced into the New York Legislature: the Fallows Bill; the Demarest Bill; the Morgan Bill.

The Fallows Bill forbids the city of New York from entering into any contract with a private corporation for a water-supply without the consent of the Comptroller, and allows any taxpayer to appeal to the courts, whose approval of such contract must then be secured to make the contract legal. The Demarest Bill repeals the extraordinary powers conferred by the Legislature in 1895 on the Ramapo Water Company, which enable it to secure a monopoly of the water-supply and the water-power of the State. The Morgan Bill gives the city of New York the right to go into any part of the State and take the "surplus water" of any district upon giving such compensation as the courts may adjudge, much as private property may be taken for highways and railroads or other public uses.

The first bill has been passed. It is absolutely right; but it is also entirely inadequate. It will probably suffice to prevent any fraudulent or grossly unfair contract from being entered into by the city of New York with the Ramapo Company. But it does nothing to give the city of New York any other means of securing water than by contract with that company. The city is left dependent on the corporation for that water-supply which is absolutely essential to the life of its citizens. This bill will halt the proceedings which, had they not been halted, would have given the city over bound hand and foot to the monopoly; but it does nothing more.

The second bill has not been passed, and probably will not be passed by the present Legislature. The Ramapo interests were able to bring very strong personal and political pressure against this bill, and the public pressure for it is not very strong. But it must be conceded that there are honest arguments against it. In the eye of the lawyer a charter is a contract; and the lawyer's argument is very simple: The State having entered into a contract with the Ramapo Company, and money having been expended and stock sold on the credit of that contract, it is not honest for the State to set that contract aside. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not," is a description of honesty which applies to the State as well as to the individual. The Outlook recognizes the weight of the argument. We agree that such a contract ought not to be set aside for light reasons. A State ought not to be vacillating. But in this case the reasons are not light. The Legislature never ought to have given to a private corporation the rights of the people of the State to their water-power and their water-supply. Whether it did this corruptly or carelessly, or whether the transfer was due partly to carelessness and partly to corruption—which is probably the case—the transfer is one which never ought to have been made. If a guardian had made such a gift of the rights and properties of his ward, the courts would promptly set aside the gift on the application of the ward. The Legislature is the guardian; the people are the wards; and the people have a right to demand that so careless a gift of its wealth, so dangerous an infringement of its liberties, so perilous an impairment of its life, be at once set aside. If innocent purchasers have suffered by the carelessness or corruption of the guardian and by the folly of the people in intrusting their interests to such guardians, let the people make good the loss. But no argument based on the rights of innocent purchasers can justify the endurance of so great a public wrong as that involved in the permanent alienation to a private corporation of the water-supply and water-power of a great State.

The third bill is not so clearly right. It protects the city; but it leaves the country unprotected. A bill which allows the municipality to go into any district of the State and take its "surplus water" makes no account of the fact that country districts may want their surplus water for their own use. To illustrate: In the Highlands of the Hudson the water-supplies furnished by two sources in Orange County have been within the last ten years taken, one by West Point, the other by the village of Cornwall-on-Hudson, for their own water-works. The latter also relies upon its surplus water for its electric lighting. If the municipality of New York had taken this water-supply for its own use, West Point and Cornwall would have remained without water-works, and the latter without lights. It may be said that it is not *essential* that a village should have a water-supply, and that such supply is *essential* to the city; that the city cannot live without it. That is true. But it does not follow that the city should be permitted to take the water wherever it can find it, regardless of the inconvenience which it may inflict on the country districts. The opposition from this measure does not come alone from the Ramapo Company; it does not come chiefly from that company. It comes from rural communities which object to making their water-supply dependent on the will of the city, much as the city objects to making its water-supply dependent on the will of a private corporation.

No prophet can foretell to-day what twenty-five years hence will be the demand for the surplus water of the State. It is probable that every considerable town, and not improbable that every enterprising village, will by that time have its water-works and its electric plant. The statesman should look further ahead than five years. He should consider more than the interests of the city of New York. He should not be thwarted in his endeavor to secure the highest and best life of the entire State by a too exclusive regard for innocent holders of Ramapo stock. He should seek to devise a plan by which the water of the State may be justly and wisely used for the purpose of the people, and all the people, of the State, in country, town, and city. This is not the work of an hour. To a consideration of what those interests require we may return hereafter. Here we record, for the direct benefit of all the people of the State of New York, and for the indirect benefit of the people of other States, the peril which threatens, not the city only, but the State; and with it our conviction that the State should not be contented with simply protecting the city from the covetousness and corruption which endanger its life, which it has partially done by the Fallows Bill, but should protect itself from what has been well called the Ramapo octopus, by taking away from it the extraordinary powers conferred upon it so carelessly by the act of 1895. The people of the State ought to own and control the water-supply of the State. That seems to us axiomatic. They ought to give it neither to a private nor yet to a municipal corporation. How they can wisely and efficiently accomplish this result is a question which we leave to be considered hereafter.

Good Friday

The inner history of the life of Christ is suggested in its entirety during the successive weeks of the Lenten season. The awakening to the consciousness of oneness with the Father; the message from the Father; the divine power with which that message was enforced and re-enforced; the sudden and decisive contact with the world, as man has made it, in the temptation; the victory of the spirit over the lower aims of the world; the long self-denial, patience, loneliness, and revelation of ultimate truth in perfect character; the descent into the shadow of death, and the reascent into life: all these deep mysteries and typical experiences are recalled and commemorated between Ash Wednesday and Easter. The instinct which has given the place of first importance to the death of our Lord has not been wholly wrong in result, though at times it has been misleading in doctrine, ritual, and symbol. In Catholic countries it is impossible to get away from the physical aspects of Good Friday: from the crucified body, the thorn-crowned head, the drooping and smitten figure. The terrible tragedy is reproduced and kept in mind by a realism which is often appalling and sometimes repulsive. One is made to feel as if the uncounted years of the life of the Lord were thrown into permanent eclipse by the three hours' agony on the cross. And in a large part of Christian theology the fall of man instead of the breathing of the divine life into him has been the starting-point of human history, and man's sin rather than God's love has been made the foundation of what has been called "the plan of salvation;" as if salvation were something devised outside a man instead of being the true and normal fruition of his nature and life. In the literalism of Catholic art and of Protestant theology the gloom of Good Friday has overshadowed the glory of Easter.

In this long-continued over-emphasis of the death of Christ instinct has found justification in the searching light which Calvary throws on sin. The cross was but an incident in the limitless life of Christ; death has no place in the divine experience. From the divine side the immense importance attached to Good Friday is a monstrous exaggeration; but from the human side Good Friday still looms and will always loom portentous and awful on the field of history. On that day human hands frantically strove to destroy human hope; men would have killed God if hate, blindness, greed, and cowardice could have done it. They turned with rage on the one Helper among all their helpers who had not only light for the mind but life for the soul. And the most awful aspect of this denial and crucifixion of the Divine lay in the fact that the Roman was only the executor of the will of the Jew. Christ was rejected, not by the world, but by the Church; not by moral outcasts, but by priests, Pharisees, and scribes. Let religious people study that awful fact, and ask what it means. The hideousness of sin; its moral loathsomeness; the black horror of it; the death at the heart of it as the final fruit of its corrupting processes; its gradual defilement; its slow blinding of the eyes; its insensible withdrawing of vitality from will and spirit—this is the revelation of Calvary; and Good Friday is black and portentous, not in the life of Christ the sufferer, but in the life of man the executioner. In the shadow of the cross sin stands uncovered—the antagonist of the loving God, the betrayer of the Christ, the mortal foe of men.

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A Light-Bringer

Out of a beautiful old home in the heart of one of the loveliest of old New England villages she has entered into the larger life. Fourscore years of integrity, courage, widening sympathy, and dawning light have at last liberated her. Her whole life had been one of emancipation. Instead of depleting her vitality, advancing years transmuted it into something more spiritual and tenacious; every decade found her further on the path to freedom. She moved steadily forward into clearer knowledge and so into more tolerant and deeply human relations with others. She had always loved the best, for she was born to rectitude and refinement; but she confirmed the bent of her nature by her own choices; she grew out of fine, unconscious purity into conscious harmony with the best in life and thought. Her opportunities were of the best, but she was always greater than her opportunities; her associations were fortunate and enriching, but her real fortune was in herself.

From her earliest youth she seemed to hear a voice calling from beyond the narrow boundaries of her conscious life, and she followed with instinctive loyalty. She loved life and light with a passion of soul which seemed to bear her silently on into ever larger spheres. It was pathetic at times to see her standing, eager to pass on, but compelled to wait and learn. She wanted all life and light now, and to be held back in a pursuit in which she never grew weary was at times a sore trial. It is easy to imagine the burst of joy which came to her when she found the barriers down at last and the sky clear from horizon to horizon. It will be bliss enough for her, for many and many a day, to sit still in the unshadowed Light and sun her soul. There was a fellowship between her nature and the sun; she loved high lights; she used to call herself a fire-worshiper; her whole nature kindled and glowed when warmth or light of love or thought touched her. So deep was her idealism, so victorious her aspiration, that faith and hope radiated from her. She carried weaker and poorer natures with her by sheer force of superior vitality. She was life incarnate, and now that she has gone to the source of life her whole career lies like a broad beam across the years. She was a child of the light, and it shone from her as she walked along the ways of men. Of such as she—born lovers of God and of their kind—there is, at the end, no association with earth; the heavens are so near and real that the mind instinctively recalls the words which fitly commemorate the light-bringers:

> The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament,
> And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

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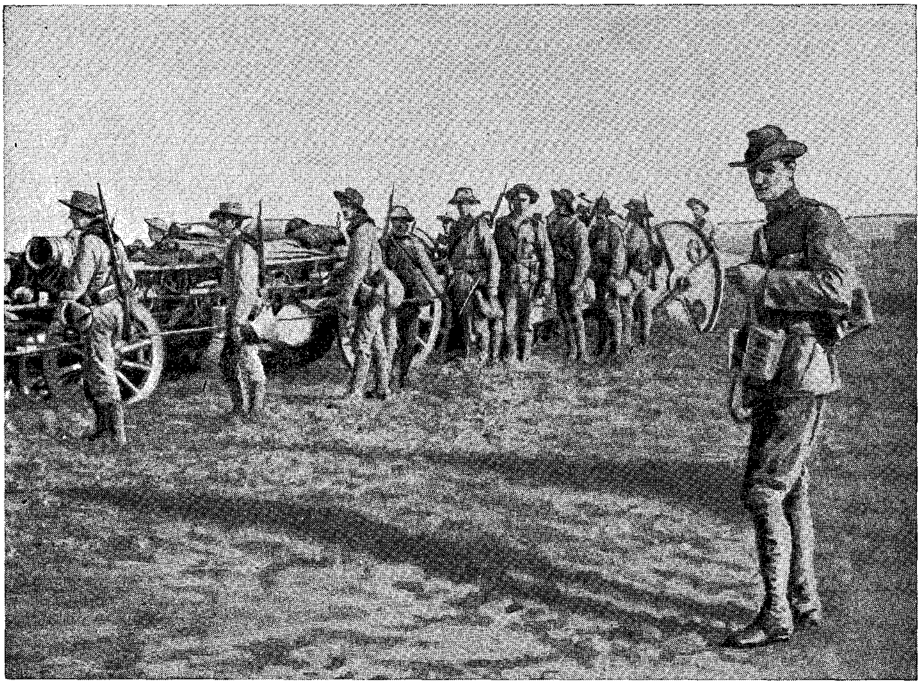
Unused Power

One of the most interesting things in life is the unexpected development of power which sometimes takes place in people who have before shown little or no promise of exceptional energy or ability. This development is sometimes as great a surprise to the man in whom it takes place as to his friends. He awakes to find himself in possession of a force the presence of which, even in the germ, he did not suspect. What happens in such a case is not the sudden appearance in a man's nature of something which was not there before; it is the sudden disclosure of something which has hitherto been concealed. Men do not begin life fully developed. Occasionally a man appears who is as mature at twenty-five as at sixty, but this rarely happens, and when it does happen it is a distinct limitation. Young men, as a rule, are bundles of undeveloped possibilities. They grow by putting forth their strength; and the fullness and symmetry of their unfolding depend largely upon the completeness with which they give out what is in them. When a man suddenly discloses a power the presence of which he did not suspect, he is simply putting forth what was always in him. He has created nothing new, he has taken nothing in from without; he has simply used his own.

It is probably true that the great majority of men never fully realize their own powers, because they never completely put them forth. Society is full of undeveloped, or partially developed, personalities: men who have possibilities to which they have not given full expression, powers which they have not thoroughly trained, capacities which they have not adequately recognized. It is true that some men overwork; that is to say, they do one thing too continuously, or they do many things without adequate refreshment and variety; but very few men work to the top of their power. Very few men completely unfold all that is in them. As the earth is full of treasures of all kinds, the existence of which is not yet suspected in many localities, and which are presently to bring private fortunes and general prosperity to those localities, so there are men and women the world over who are rich in power of the highest kind, but who have no suspicion of the fact because they have never given themselves full development through activity. More men and women fail by reason of underestimation of their power than by reason of over-valuation. As a rule, people of conscience do not take themselves at an adequate valuation; they do not believe enough in themselves. If they believed more in their own resources, they would make more out of their lives. It is astonishing how outward circumstances will sometimes evolve unsuspected energy from a man who has heretofore been regarded as essentially commonplace by his neighbors and by himself. When such a man feels the pressure of conditions, he often awakes to the possession of a power which responds quickly and adequately to a call from without. Every great crisis calls, and does not call in vain, for energy, self-sacrifice, and genius; but these things ought to come to the light by virtue of inward impulse; they ought not to depend on outward conditions. A man ought to put forth all that is him as a matter of loyalty to himself and consecration to his fellows. He ought to lead in the evolution of spiritual energy rather than allow himself to be dependent on some bugle-call from without. To believe in ourselves in the sense of regarding ourselves as full of the germs of growth is not only to secure the highest growth, but it is to render the finest service which a man can render to his fellows.



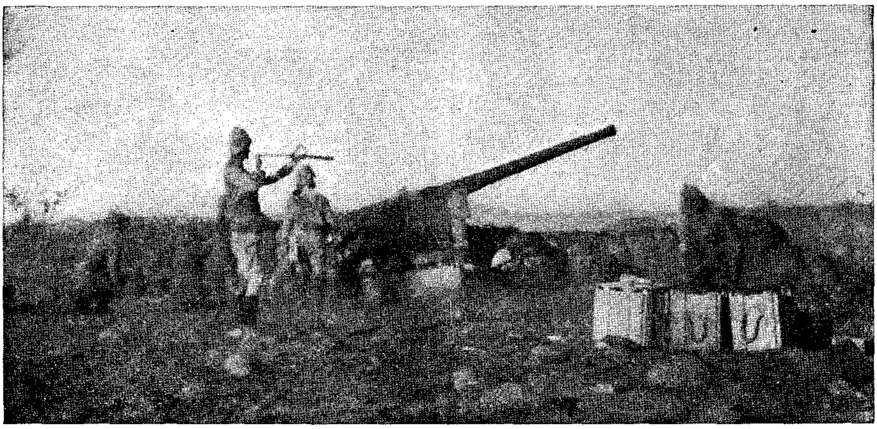
THE NAVAL LYDDITE GUN. MR. BARNES IN THE FOREGROUND

The Boer War in Pictures

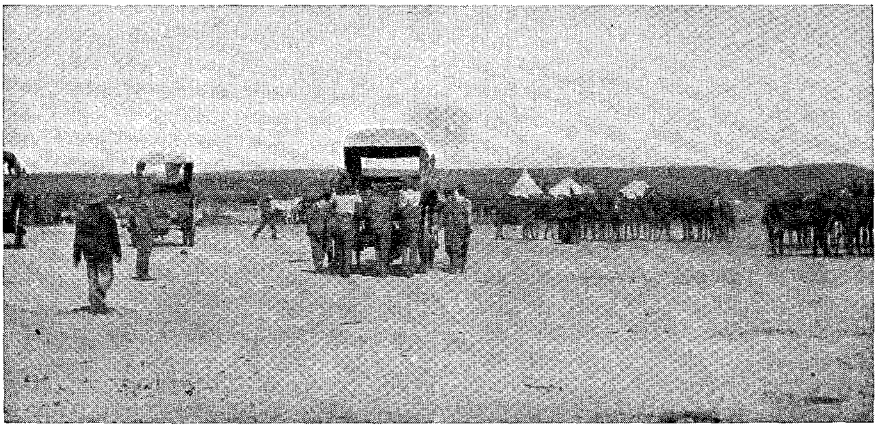
[Mr. James Barnes, the special correspondent of The Outlook in South Africa, four of whose articles have already appeared in this paper, is now at the front with Lord Roberts. From his private letters we learn that several articles, written since that last published, have been forwarded by him to The Outlook. Unfortunately, either through the action of the military censorship or through the failure of native runners to get these articles to the post, none has reached us in time for this issue. The present article is, therefore, chiefly pictorial, and offers some interesting glimpses of camp life and of the fighting-line as shown in photographs sent by Mr. Barnes. With the pictures we print some extracts from a personal letter written under date of February 9.—THE EDITORS.]

I AM just back here [Modder River Station] from the battle of Koodoesberg, and rode in over the veldt, some thirty miles, in a little over three hours. The Highland Brigade had a smart little fight out there, and if it had not been for a slip, we would have brought back perhaps a thousand prisoners and a gun, for at one time we had them, to all appearances, in the hollow of our hand. I was sick at heart on Tuesday and Wednesday, for I lost one of the best friends I had made here—" Freddie " Tait, lieutenant of the Black Watch, and ex-golfing champion of England. Such a fine chap, and such a good-looking, brave, jolly soldier! He had been severely wounded at Magersfontein, and had returned to his regiment, was scheduled for promotion, and was in command of his company. He was about twenty-six, but he had with all his boyishness and simplicity a great deal of dignity and force, and his men worshiped him. We left here on Saturday, about four thousand strong, to go down the Riat River to Koodoesberg Drift, for what reason I don't know, except that the enemy were there. Well, we camped first at Thorn Hill, and next day, Sunday, made a forced march (we had only four hundred lancers with us and one battery of field artillery, almost all Highlanders) to Koodoesberg. I shall never forget that march. It was scorching hot—blazing, glaring heat, without a breath of wind. Of course the Highlanders drank up all the water in their water-bottles in the first hour, and then it began. They fell out literally by scores; the ambulances could not begin to carry them, and there was no shade nearer than the river, two miles away, and the Boers even said to be there. Men went off their heads with heat and lack of water and fatigue. I was riding my old horse Julien, who is a big, strong beast, and I gave him up and loaded him with some poor kilties' things, and out of curiosity I put on the straps, cartridge-boxes, and all, and took a fellow's rifle.

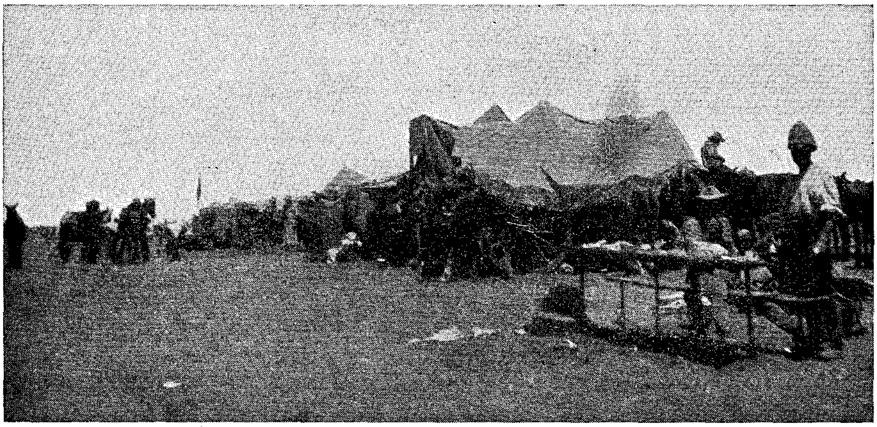
No wonder the poor chaps fell! They were loaded down with 150 rounds of ammunition, blanket, greatcoat, haversack, rations for two days—total weight fifty pounds, besides their rifles. They were soft from their long period of inaction in camp, and had been marched the last seven miles without a halt. Before long affairs looked serious. As we headed to the north, we neared the river, and the men began to drop out and make for the water. At one place I counted over a hundred. They wouldn't leave. They just lay there and drank. It was almost two o'clock; the lancers' patrol reported that the Drift was held, and we expected to have a fight on our hands by four. The column struggled on, and soon the Drift was in sight. We heard shots ahead, but luckily there were only a handful of the enemy there, and the lancers drew them off. As soon as we had forded the stream I ceased my soldiering, and sought shelter and food in a big mud-brick house. A correspondent generally picks out the best place he sees for headquarters, and then the General comes along and turns him out; and this is what happened here—but I digress. Parties were sent back to gather in the stragglers. But many did not get in till midnight, and some not at all. One poor chap was found three days later out on the veldt—some fools of lancers filled him full of water at once and killed him; one man died, one has never been found, and two have just come in from a native kraal. The kilt is the most foolish dress for this country, and is responsible for much discomfort and actual suffering from sand and sun. Next day we had a fight, a little one; next day a bigger one, next day a bigger one yet, and on the fourth we cleared out, and at one time I had my doubts if I would ever see Modder River. The Highlanders redeemed themselves, for they fought stubbornly and eagerly against odds, for the Boers attacked us each day and tried to force us back. Thanks to General MacDonald's cool leadership and example, we held our position, and, as I say, mighty near bagged the lot on the kopje where our men had been fighting them for two days. I must say the Boers fought bravely, but they will not come into the open, which is wise, to say the least, for at hand to hand Tommy can beat them. Poor Tait had raised himself a little to look over the ground, and a Boer marksman saw him (the fight was at about twelve hundred yards, over ground strewn with great boulders), and a Mauser bullet went through his chest from side to side. He just said, "They have done for me this time," and pulled his helmet over his face. It was impossible to move him or even to sit up. Not far behind him, but not in quite such a hot place, lay Captain Blair, of the Seaforths. Two Highlanders lay alongside of him trying to keep him from bleeding to death from a horrible shell wound in his throat, but to no avail. Later in the day I helped carry his body down the hill, but poor Tait could not be moved until after dark; he was still alive, but died at twelve o'clock. This is about what war is—long-range firing with smokeless powder at an almost invisible enemy—a whining, buzzing, and cracking in the air, and here and there a man says "Oh," and the next day he is buried. And now for a sudden change. The crisis has come here; before three or four days have passed Lord "Bobs" will have fought the biggest battle, maybe, of the war. We have 40,000 troops here, and we move soon.



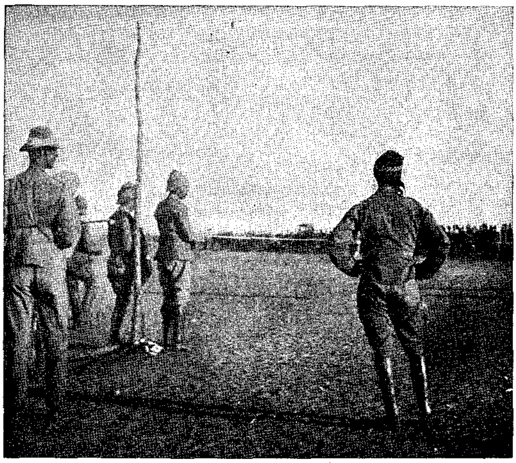
SIGHTING A BIG GUN



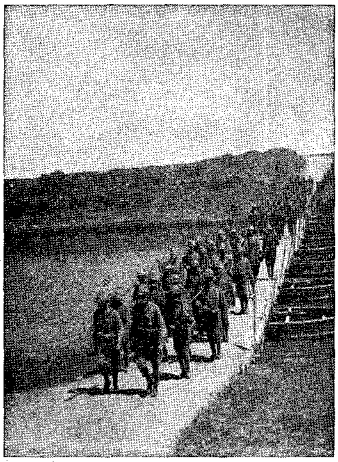
A FUNERAL TRAIN AT ORANGE RIVER



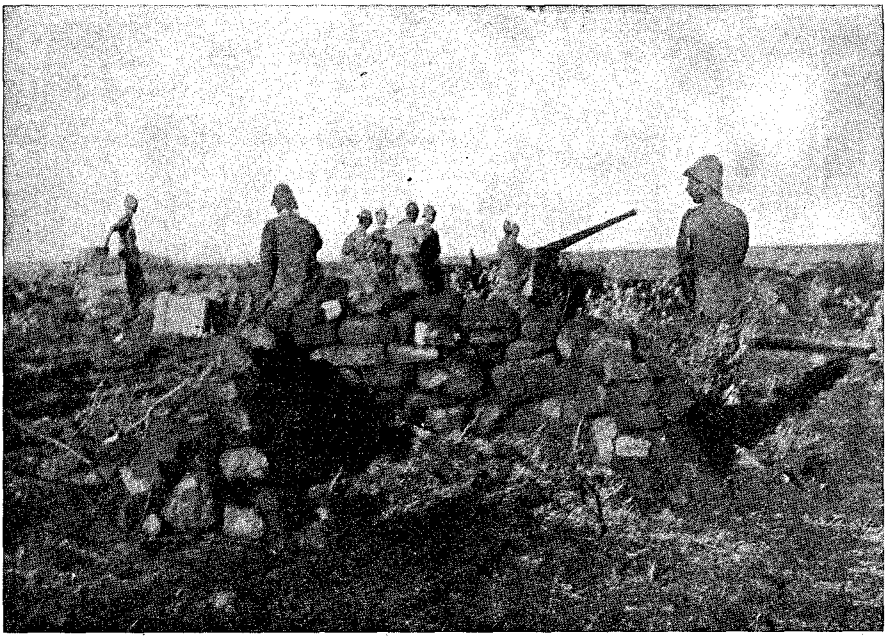
CAMP OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS



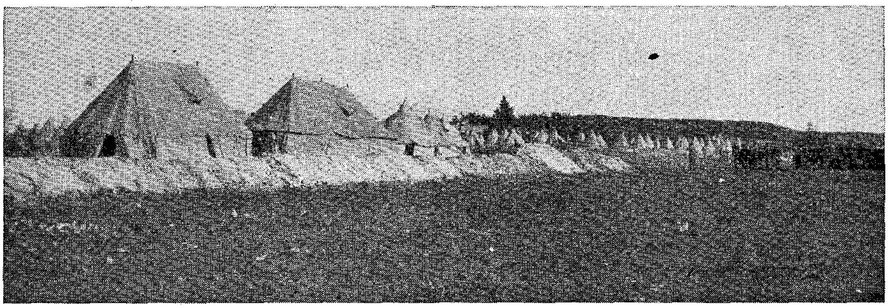
THE SPORTS. JUDGES AT THE FINISH



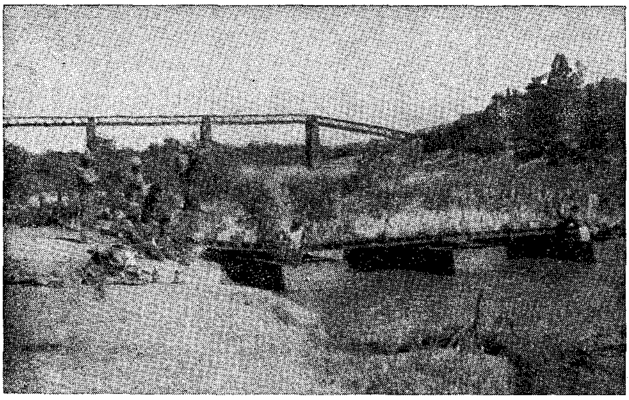
CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE



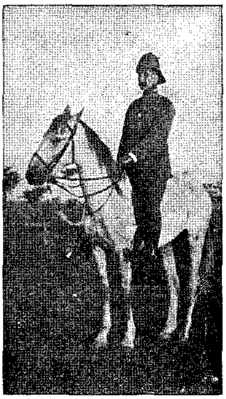
NAVAL LYDDITE GUN FIRING ON THE BOER POSITION



CAMP OF HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY



PONTOON BRIDGE AT MODDER RIVER

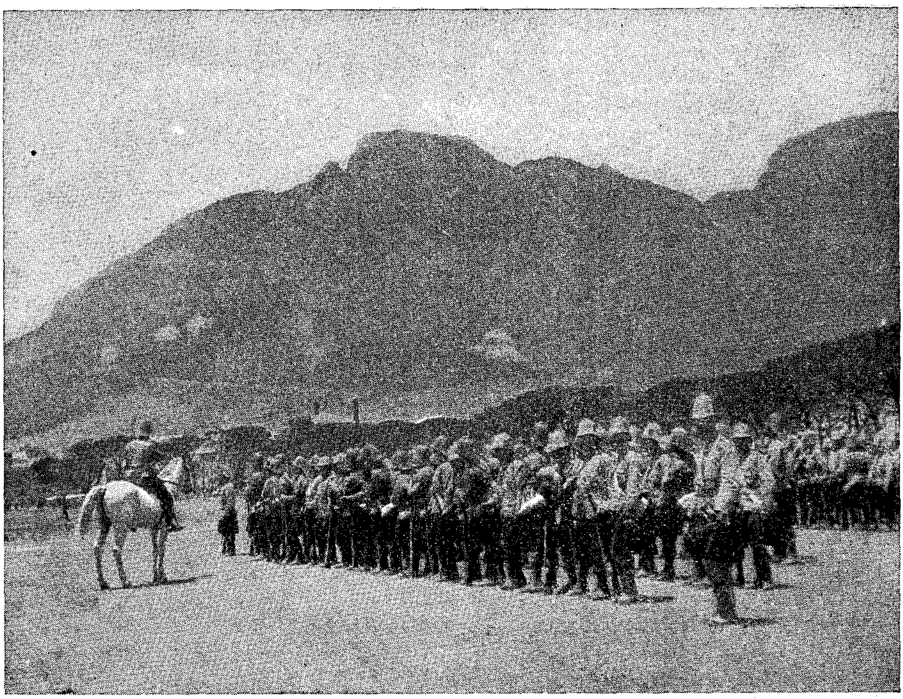


CHAPLAIN ROBERTS

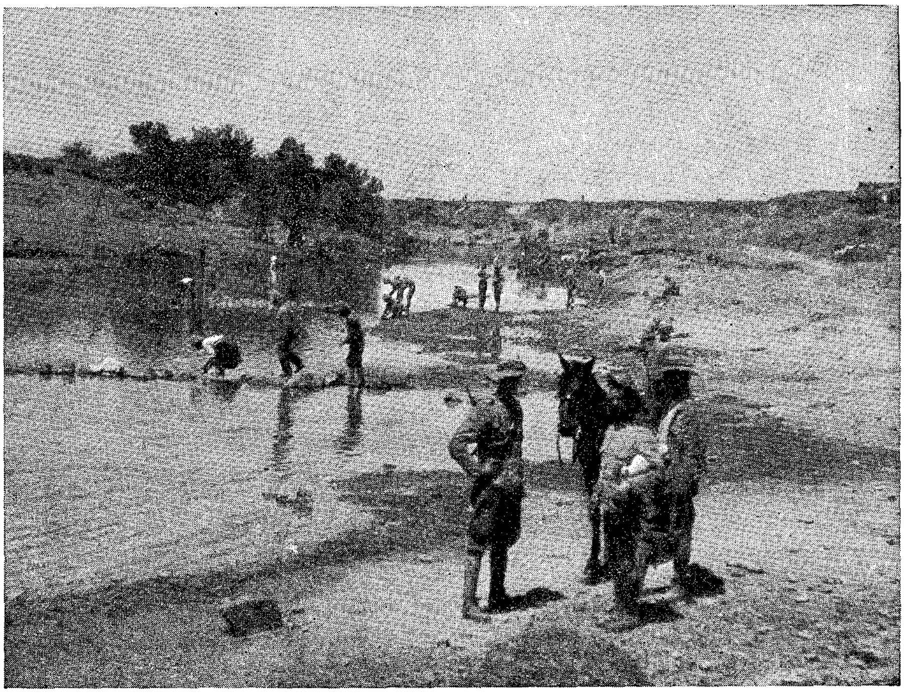
BRITISH OFFICERS

SCOTS GUARD PIPER

A SQUAD OF HIGHLANDERS



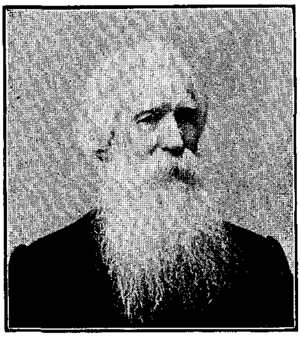
CAPE TOWN VOLUNTEER HIGHLANDERS



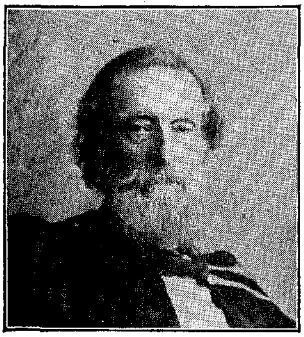
TROOPERS AT MODDER RIVER, THREE SPECIAL SCOUTS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE ECUMENICAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE OF 1900

BY JAMES M. WHITON



REV. JOHN G. PATON

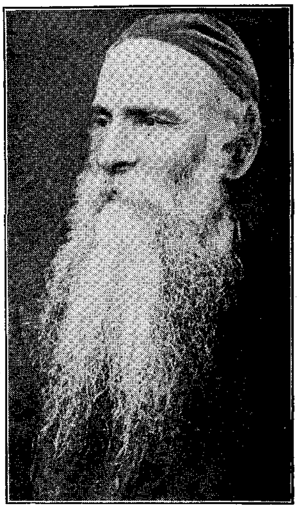


REV. JAMES STEWART

IN May, 1792, in the back parlor of a widow in an English village, a dozen men, whose leader was a cobbler, William Carey, a name now illustrious, organized the first missionary society which succeeded in rekindling in the modern Church the zeal of the early Church for the evangelization of the non-Christian world. Sixty-four dollars was the total sum to which their offerings for so vast an undertaking amounted. Fifteen million dollars are now annually devoted by the Protestant Churches of Christendom to extend the beginning made that day—a sum annually increasing with the increase of opportunities.

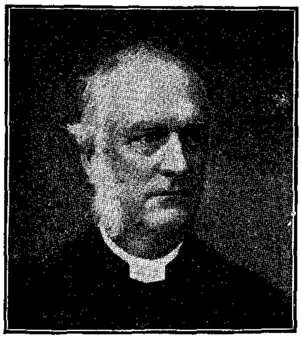
Among the sequels to that village parlor meeting was the formation in 1795 of the London Missionary Society, and in 1810 of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, societies still in the lead to-day. Six young men desirous of entering the missionary field addressed a memorial in 1810 to the General Association of the Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts for counsel and encouragement. This the Association was not loth to give, but prudence was thought to require the striking of two names off the list "for fear of alarming the Association with too large a number." To-day the Protestant Churches of Europe and America are sustaining a missionary force of more than fourteen thousand of their own countrymen and countrywomen, besides four times as many native assistants.

In 1808–09 the pen of one of the brightest wits of the time was heaping ridicule and scorn, in the Edinburgh "Review," upon the "little detachments of maniacs" who had been seized with the "delirious" idea of converting Hindus to Christianity. In 1871–72 the British Secretary of State for India said in an official report: "The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligations under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by missionaries . . . preparing them [the natives] to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell." In 1812 the petition of the American Board for a charter of incorporation was, on its first presentation, rejected by the Massachusetts Legislature. The main objection to it, that "it was designed to afford the means of exporting religion, whereas there was none to spare from among ourselves," was answered by declaring that "religion was a commodity of which the more we exported, the more we had remaining." Of this the records of this missionary century have furnished steadily accumulating proofs in the expansion and development of the American Churches.

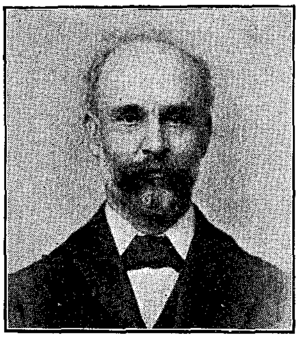


RT. REV. WILLIAM RIDLEY

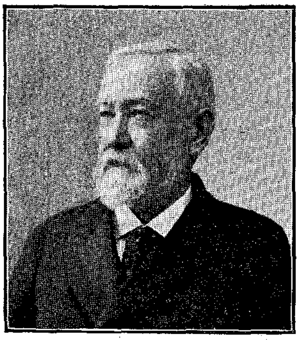
This brief retrospect is reassuring to some, corrective to others, who on the threshold of the twentieth century of



CANON W. J. EDMONDS



REV. R. W. THOMPSON



BENJAMIN HARRISON

Christianity see the non-Christian still far outnumbering the Christian world. It is only in the present century that the Church of Christ has rediscovered her missionary constitution, reawakened to her original design as her Founder's propaganda, and repossessed herself of the long-lost ideal of her youth to bring all nations to His light. The century now closing has been distinguished from many before it, not more by the births of the scientific spirit than by the rebirths of the missionary spirit. Nor have steam and electricity changed the relation of man to nature more than the revival of missions has changed the relation of the Christian to the non-Christian peoples. Nor will any one who is disposed to make a sociological study of results thus far reached—as Dr. James S. Dennis has done in his remarkable volumes on "Christian Missions and Social Progress"—fail to see signs that we are approaching a transition from the slow snowflake stage of advance to the swift avalanche stage.

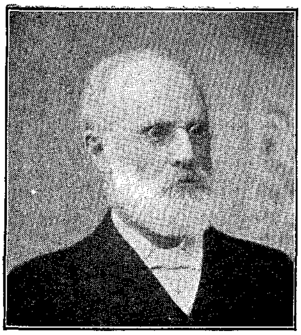
Of such signs the one which is to be looked for at home rather than abroad is in the integration of the previously disintegrated forces, the unifying of the previously independent plans of many various churches in a well-concerted, co-operative advance, the deepening of all the channels of individual or denominational activity by a tidal inflow of sympathy with the united endeavors of all Christians. It is forty years since this process of integration was formally begun, which is nearing a new stage in the Ecumenical Conference meeting this month. Nor has there been any less conspicuous gain in this than in other lines of the missionary advance.

The preliminary step was taken in March, 1860, when a General Conference was convened at Liverpool from all churches and societies in Great Britain engaged in foreign missions. Their conference continued four days, but the meetings were in private.

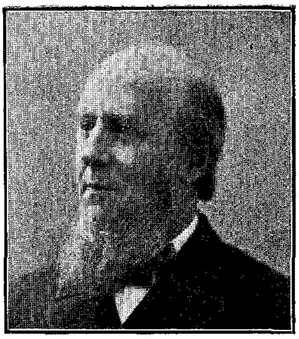
The first public conference of an ecumenical character came in the next decade. It was held at Mildmay Park, in the northern part of London, October 21–26, 1878. That illustrious philanthropist, the Earl of Shaftesbury, presided. Some European and a few American delegates attended, but not many missionaries. In all, there were less than two hundred delegates. The printed "Proceedings" made a volume of 434 pages.

The second Ecumenical Conference, also in London, was held at Exeter Hall, June 9–19, 1888, the Earl of Aberdeen, afterwards Governor-General of Canada, presiding. Special interest attached to it as commemorating a century of Protestant missions. Sixteen hundred members were enrolled—nearly one-eighth of them from the United States—and the printed "Proceedings" made two volumes of 1,184 pages. Discussions of the relation of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and other religions to Christianity showed the clearer light thrown upon missionary problems by the new study of Comparative Religion. Special prominence was given to the principle of comity between the different missionary bodies. "Comity," it was declared, "is now the rule." The stimulating effects of this Conference upon the missionary zeal of the British churches appeared in an increase of fifty per cent. in their offerings within the next two years.

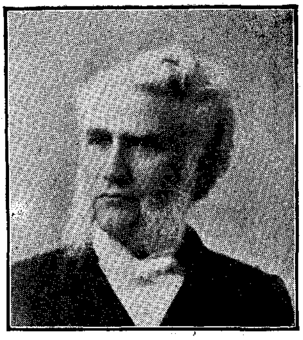
Early in 1896 began the preparation for the third Ecumenical Conference, to be held in this city, April 21–May 1, 1900. When one reflects that there are about



REV. JOSEPH KING



DR. J. B. ANGELL



DR. J. C. HARTZELL

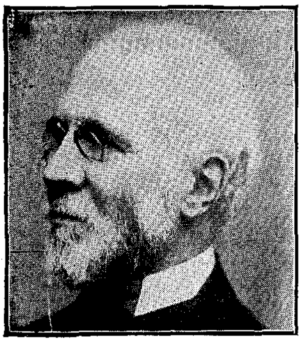
three hundred and fifty missionary societies—great and small—in the Protestant Churches, the immense labor of organizing a conference and making up its programme by correspondence with all quarters of the world is at once apparent. The programme includes a survey of the several missionary fields in all the non-Christian and some papal-Christian lands; discussions of the various branches of work—evangelistic, educational and literary, medical, philanthropic, administrative; the relation of Christianity to other religions, and of Christian missions to social progress, international peace, commerce, colonization, science and discovery, governments and diplomacy; the relations of the several Churches to each other in missionsionary co-operation; the home work required for the basis of the foreign work; the women's auxiliary organizations; the Student Volunteers movement; the training of children to an interest in missions; the translation and distribution of the Bible. In addition to all this, a prominent place is given to the veterans who have returned from their fields in Japan, China, India, the Turkish Empire, Africa, Oceania, and elsewhere, to speak of successes gained and opportunities waiting, and to plead for a tenfold reinforcement to meet the call of nations for light and leading and healing for the body and the soul. Four years have proved none too long to organize suitably for all this.

The place of assembly is Carnegie Hall, most of whose ample space is reserved for the delegates and honorary members. Admission will be by ticket up to a fixed time-limit, after which all unoccupied seats will be thrown open. Here will be the general meetings, morning and evening, where the subjects of central importance will be presented and discussed. Section meetings will be held in the afternoon in smaller halls and churches. To secure adequate time for each of the many topics presented, a twenty-minutes rule has been adopted for the papers to be read, and a five-minutes rule for the discussion of them by volunteer speakers who have previously given in their names. Particulars must be learned from the official programmes, which may be procured by addressing Room 812, 156 Fifth Avenue.

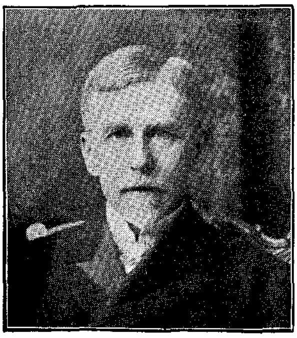
The personnel of the Conference includes many well-known and many noteworthy names. Ex-President Benjamin Harrison has accepted the position of Honorary President, and will occupy the chair at the opening and closing meetings. In the list of those who have accepted places as Honorary Vice-Presidents are President Low, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and the Hon. John W. Foster. President McKinley, ex-President Cleveland, Admiral Philip, Captain Mahan, President Schurman, and Justice Brewer are among those who have accepted honorary memberships. In the list of speakers are many names of eminence in the churches and colleges of this country, such as Bishop Doane, of Albany, President Angell, of Michigan University, President Barrows, of Oberlin, United States Commissioner Harris, of Washington, Dean Emily Miller, of Northwestern University, Dr. Grace Richards, of Vassar, notable for her heroism amid the Armenian massacres. Besides these there will be many "outlanders," whom we shall greet as our fellow-citizens in the Christian commonwealth, who will be the objects of equal attention, with somewhat more of curiosity. These will be more generally from Great Britain and her colonies, for a transatlantic voyage seems to Continental Europeans a very formidable thing.

A specially interesting visitor will be the Rev. Alexander Merensky, D.D., now one of the Secretaries of the Berlin Missionary Society, and from 1858 to 1882 its chief missionary in the Transvaal and adjacent regions. In 1880 he was at the head of the sanitary staff of the Boer forces in their war with England. In 1891 he led a corps of missionaries to the north of Lake Nyassa. Another veteran of varied service is the Right Rev. Bishop Ridley, who was sent to the Afghans in 1866 by the Church Missionary Society (of England), and in 1879 was appointed the first bishop of Caledonia in British Columbia. A much younger but equally significant figure is that of Dr. Harford-Battersby. While in Cambridge University he was active in Christian and missionary interests, and, after graduating with honors and taking his professional degree, he sailed in 1890 as a medical missionary to Africa in the service of the Church Missionary Society. Out of his experience grew the Livingstone Medical College for missionaries, of which he became the Principal. He desires to meet here those who are interested in medical missions, and hopes to see a committee formed here which will take up the subject of the liquor traffic among native races. This has been done in England with good results by the "Native Races and Liquor Traffic United Committee," of which he is the Honorary Secretary. The present scandal of the liquor traffic at Manila makes his visit seem very opportune.

Omitting many more of equal mark, we note the presence of the Rev. R. W. Thompson, of the London Missionary Society; the Rev. W. J. Edmonds, formerly a missionary in India, now a canon of Exeter Cathedral; the Rev. James Stewart, D.D., for thirty years a resident of South Africa, and head of the Lovedale Mission there, also Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland; the Rev. Joseph King, organizing agent of the London Missionary Society in Australasia; Mr. Eugene Stock, of London, for many years Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and organizer of its branches in Australasia and Canada; the Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D.D., Missionary Bishop of the Methodist Church in Africa; also many other well-known missionaries, as Dr. M. L. Gordon, of Japan, and Dr. H. G. O. Dwight, of Constantinople. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McLaren, of Edinburgh, have been for many years active in promoting the missions of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and will speak with authority from what they have observed in the tours they have made to visit their missions in India, China, and Japan. Among other names which we are reluctant to pass over is that of Miss Mary Reed, head of the asylum for lepers at Chandag, India, whose interesting story was lately published by the Revell Company; Miss Irene H. Barnes, of London, representing the Zenana Mission of the Church of England among Hindu women; and Miss Lilavarati Singh, a Hindu lady, who, having taken the

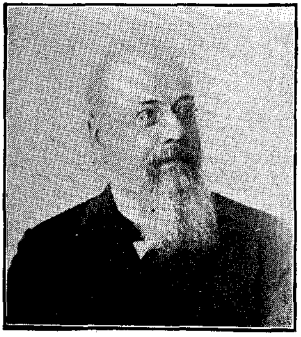


EUGENE STOCK



JAMES S. DENNIS

DR. GRACE KIMBALL



DR. S. MERENSKY

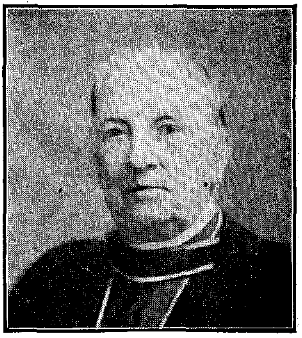
A.B. and A.M. degrees with honor in the University of Calcutta, is now professor of English literature in the Woman's College of the Methodist Church at Lucknow. All these are expected to address the Conference. And probably no speakers will touch the general public with such interest as those who, like the venerable John G. Paton, the Apostle of the New Hebrides, from actual contact with the facts of human life in non-Christian lands, describe the struggle and the achievement of the missionary in lifting that life from lower to higher levels of morality and religion, of intelligence and welfare. The evening assemblies in various places will be largely of this character, while the mornings in Carnegie Hall will be more devoted to subjects requiring deliberation and discussion.

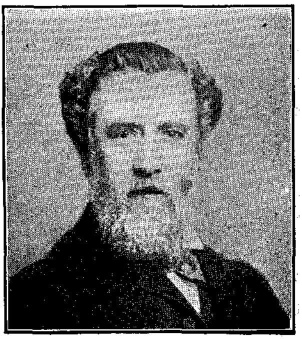
But the names above mentioned, with the others on the programme, are, with few exceptions, British or American. Representatives are there of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, but none from France has as yet been enrolled. There are several French Protestant missionary societies, one of which, since the French conquest of Madagascar, has been doing good work as the successor of the London Missionary Society. Some one of these may yet respond to the invitation to appear. But, as the Conference represents only the Protestant part of Christendom, some have asked, How can it be called "ecumenical," a name which affirms it as representing the inhabited world? Because it is a Conference of missions that are truly ecumenical, of workers who have actually gone into all parts of the inhabited world, and can truly say, with wandering Æneas:

> Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

Because it represents the Protestant missionary societies, whose fields are in all non-Christian lands, in their present endeavor to co-operate in a united forward movement for the evangelization of the inhabited world, it is, in the genuinely Christian sense of the word, more truly ecumenical than any of the ancient councils which are so termed—councils which indeed represented the entire Church scattered throughout the Mediterranean world, but represented no interest in, no missionary undertaking for, the outer darkness of the pagan multitudes that stretched northward, eastward, southward, through the world as then known.

This wide-world interest will be imparted to the coming Conference not only by the personality of the delegates from all quarters of the globe, but also by the representative objects there brought together. A Missionary Exhibit has been prepared, which will visibly illustrate the social and moral conditions of the peoples for whom the Conference is interested, and the actual surroundings of the missionary in his work. It will also be, as far as possible, representative of the actual progress made during this century of missions. The ample Parish House of the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, at 333 West Fifty-sixth Street, quite near Carnegie Hall, has


BISHOP DOANE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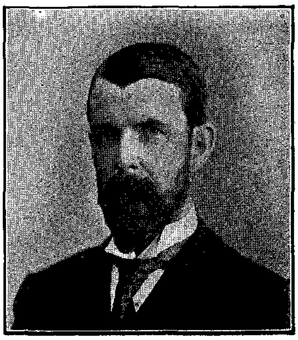

DR. C. F. HARFORD-BATTERSBY

been generously granted for the occasion. To secure the permanence of this exhibit, which is likely to prove as serviceable here as it has been in England, particularly in furnishing loan exhibitions whenever desired to promote interest in missions, a corporation has already been formed.

The Conference will open on Saturday afternoon, April 21, with an address by the Honorary President, Mr. Harrison. The Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., Secretary of our oldest missionary society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, will deliver, as Chairman of the General Committee, an address of welcome, in response to which four addresses will be made in behalf of the British, German, and Australian delegations and the missionary corps. On the two following Sundays the various churches in the metropolitan district will be addressed by delegates and missionaries. Some time during the week, crowded as it will be with the general, sectional, and overflow meetings that are planned, a public reception will be given, which, it is understood, President McKinley will attend, with many others of high position in the public service and other stations. The Conference will close on Tuesday evening, May 1, with addresses on the present situation, the general outlook, and the demand for the twentieth century.

Never before have the churches of this city and vicinity been greeted by the opportunity of such a spiritual uplift as this World-Conference presents. That uplift is most thoroughly spiritual which is most broadly human in its sympathy with the gracious purposes of God for the raising of all fellow-men out of darkness into His marvelous light. In our times new tests of Christian character, different from those that satisfied less philanthropic centuries, must be applied both to individuals and to churches, to whom the physical, moral, and religious destitutions of the non-Christian peoples have been uncovered, and doors formerly shut have been opened by the ubiquitous hand of commerce for access to their relief. In such times as ours the Christianity that cares little for ministry to the needs of the unevangelized parts of the world is not enlightened Christianity; the church that declines its due quota of missionary service is no true church of Christ, led by the Spirit of Christ. That Spirit is essentially a missionary spirit. And the blessing which this World-Conference of Missions brings to the churches of this city and vicinity is precisely in the revival and reinforcement of the missionary spirit essential to the reality of their Christian faith. And now it is high time for very many who as yet are but dimly conscious of the greatness of the opportunity to be fully awake to it before it has passed.

It is both desirable and probable that sympathetic meetings will be arranged in various cities not too far away to borrow from the Conference a few delegates or missionaries for a day. Yet many churches more remote will be gazing hitherward, and regretting the distance that prevents their getting into even the outermost ring of participants. The most distant of these, however, may get coals from our fire. Let such a church select the best member it has—man or woman—for the business of observing and reporting; send that member here as its delegate, expenses paid, and then turn out in full ranks to hear the story of the Conference from him.

This foreword of the Conference must end with a business-like word—a word so far from being an anticlimax to a great subject that St. Paul annexed it to his sublime pæan on the Resurrection: "Now concerning the collection for the saints." This Conference will cost $40,000—a fraction, indeed, of the amount often spent on some popular celebration; a fraction, too, of the amount it will produce, as experience has proved, in the increased returns of coming years to missionary treasuries. One-half of that $40,000 has been guaranteed; less than half paid in; the time has come when the whole should be in hand. Every church should at once send $5, or more, to the Treasurer, Mr. George Foster Peabody, 27 Pine Street, New York. Somebody in every church should concern himself, or herself, to see that it is done the day after reading this. And now, to all to whom this article has appealed to interest themselves in this Conference by due attention to it, as the greatest Christian assembly that has yet been gathered on this continent, there is but one thing more to say. It is not on their business any more than yours that these brethren are coming hither from all parts of the world.

LORD ROSEBERY

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," etc., etc.

LORD ROSEBERY is at the present moment the man in English political life upon whom the eyes of expectation are turned. He is a younger man than most of his political colleagues and rivals, but it is not because of his comparative youth that the eyes of expectation are turned upon him. Not one of those who stand in the front ranks of Parliamentary life to-day could be called old, as we reckon age in our modern estimate. Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli won their highest political triumphs after they had passed the age which Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt have now reached; Mr. Balfour is still regarded in politics as quite a young man, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has but lately been elected leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Lord Rosebery's star is again rising and at the present moment it is the only star that seems to be mounting in the political sky. He has already held the highest political offices. He has been Foreign Secretary and he has been Prime Minister. He has been leader of the Liberal party. No other public man in England has so many and so varied mental gifts, and no other public man has won success in so many distinct fields. We live in days when, for the time at least, the great political orator seems to have passed out of existence. The last great English orator died at Hawarden less than two years ago. We have, however, several brilliant and powerful Parliamentary debaters, and among these Lord Rosebery stands with the foremost, if he is not, indeed, absolutely the foremost. As an orator on what I may call great ceremonial occasions he is, according to my judgment, the very foremost we now have. As an after-dinner speaker—and after-dinner speaking counts for a great deal in the success of an English public man—he has never had an equal in England during my time. Then Lord Rosebery has delivered lectures or addresses in commemoration of great poets and philosophers and statesmen which may even already be regarded as certain of an abiding place in literature. Lord Rosebery is a literary man, an author as well as a statesman and an orator; he has written a life of Pitt which is already becoming a sort of classic in our libraries. There are profounder students, men more deeply read, than he, but I doubt if there are many men living who have so wide an acquaintance with general literature. He is a lover of art, a student and a connoisseur of art, he is an accomplished yachtsman, has a thorough knowledge of horses, is famous on the turf, and the owner of a horse that won the Derby. The legendary fairy godmother seems to have showered upon him at his birth all her richest and most various gifts, and no malign and jealous sprite seems to have come in, as in the nursery stories, to spoil any of the gifts by a counteracting spell. He was born of great family and born to high estate; he married a daughter of the house of Rothschild; he has a lordly home near Edinburgh in Scotland, a noble house in the finest West End square of London, and a delightful residence in one of our most beautiful English counties.

Lord Rosebery is one of the most delightful talkers whom it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He has a keen sense of humor, a happy art of light and delicate satire, and, in private conversation as well as in Parliamentary debate, he has a singular facility for the invention of expressive and successful phrases which tell their whole story in a flash. One might well be inclined to ask what the kindly fates could have done for Lord Rosebery that they have left undone. Nevertheless, the truth has to be told, that up to this time Lord Rosebery has not accomplished as much of greatness as most of us confidently expected that he would achieve. Let it be said at once, on the other hand, that the public, so far from having lost faith in him, are even now turning their eyes to him as to the one man who can be expected to bring England with success through her present difficulties at home as well as abroad. Lord Rosebery is now in very much the same position as Lord Palmerston was at a great crisis during the Crimean War, when everybody saw that somehow or other things were all going wrong, and everybody looked to Lord Palmerston as the one man who must be called upon to take his chance of putting them right again.

I have been, perhaps, somewhat too hasty when I said that no counteracting spell had in any way marred the influence of the gifts which the fairies had so lavishly bestowed on Lord Rosebery. One stroke of ill fortune—ill fortune, that is, for an English political leader—was certainly directed against him. Nature must have meant him to be a successful Prime Minister, and yet fortune denied him a seat in the House of Commons. He succeeded to his grandfather's peerage at an early period of his life, and he had to begin his political career as a member of the House of Lords. He therefore missed all that splendid training for political warfare which is given in the House of Commons. It would not, perhaps, be quite easy for an American reader to understand how little the House of Lords counts for in the education of fighting statesmen.

When Charles James Fox was told in his declining years that the King, as a mark of royal favor, intended to make him a peer and thus remove him from the House of Commons into the House of Lords, he struck his forehead and exclaimed: "Good Heaven! he does not think it has come to that with me, does he?" Fox had had all the training that his genius needed in the House of Commons, and he was not condemned to pass into the House of Lords. Nothing but the inborn consciousness of a genius for political debate can stimulate a man to great effort in the House of Lords. Nothing turns upon a debate in that House. If a majority in the House of Lords were to pass a vote of censure three times a week on the existing Government, that Government would continue to exist just as if nothing had happened, and the public in general would hardly know that the Lords had been expressing any opinion on the subject. An ordinary sitting of the House of Lords is not expected to last for more than an hour or so, and the whole assembly often consists of some half a dozen peers. Now and again, during the course of a session, there is got up what may be called a full-dress debate, when some great question is disturbing the country, and the peers think that they ought to put on the appearance of being deeply concerned about it, and some noble lord who has a repute for wisdom or for eloquence gives notice of a formal motion, and then there is a lengthened discussion, and perhaps, on some extraordinary occasion, the peers may sit to a late hour and even take a division. But on such remarkable occasions the peer who induces the House to come together and listen to his oration is almost sure to be one who has had his training in the House of Commons and has made his fame as an orator there.

Now, I cannot but regard it as a striking evidence of Lord Rosebery's inborn fitness to be an English political leader that he should have got over the dreary discouragement of such a training-school, and should have practiced the art of political oratory under conditions that might have filled Demosthenes himself with a sense of the futility of trying to make a great speech where nothing whatever was likely to come of it. Lord Rosebery, however, did succeed in proving to the House of Lords that they had among them a brilliant and powerful debater who had qualified himself for success without any help from the school in which Lord Brougham and the brilliant Lord Derby, Lord Cairns, and Lord Salisbury had studied and mastered the art of Parliamentary eloquence.

But, indeed, Lord Rosebery seems to have had a natural inclination to seek and find a training-school for his abilities in places and pursuits that might have seemed very much out of the ordinary British aristocrat's way. Until a comparatively recent period, we had nothing that could be called a really decent system of municipal government in the greater part of London. We had, of course, the Lord Mayor and the municipality of the City of London, but then the City of London is only a very small patch in the great metropolis that holds more than five millions of people. London, outside the City, was governed by the old-fashioned parish vestries, and to some extent by a more recent institution which was called the

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, K.G., LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

Metropolitan Board of Works. Now, the Metropolitan Board of Works did not manage its affairs very well. There were disagreeable rumors and stories about contracts and jobbing and that sort of thing, and although matters were never supposed to have been quite so bad as they were in New York during days which I can remember well, the days of Boss Tweed, there was enough of public complaint to induce Parliament, at the instigation of Lord Randolph Churchill, to abolish the Board of Works altogether and set up the London County Council, a thoroughly representative body elected by popular suffrage and responsible to its constituents and the public. Lord Rosebery threw himself, heart and soul, into the promotion of this better system of London municipal government. He became a member of the London County Council, was elected its first Chairman. and later on was re-elected to the same office. Now, I think it would be hardly possible for a man of Lord Rosebery's rank and culture and tastes to give a more genuine proof of patriotic public spirit than he did when he threw himself heart and soul into the business of a municipal council.

Up to that time the business of a London municipality had been regarded as something belonging entirely to the middle class or the lower middle class, something with which peers and nobles could not possibly be expected to have anything to do. A London Alderman had been from time out of mind a sort of figure of fun, a vulgar, fussy kind of person, who bedizened himself in gaudy robes on festive occasions, and was noted for his love of the turtle in quite a different sense from that which Byron gives to the words. Lord Rosebery set himself steadily to the work of London municipal government at a most critical period in its history, and his example was followed by men of rank and culture, and some of the most intellectual men of our day have been elected Aldermen of the London County Council. Only think of Frederic Harrison, the celebrated Positivist philosopher, the man of exquisite culture and refinement, the man of almost fastidious ways, the scholar and the writer, becoming an Alderman of the London County Council, and devoting himself to the work of his position! Lord Rosebery undoubtedly has the honor of having done more than any other Englishman to raise the municipal government of London to that position which it ought to have in the public life of the State.

All that time Lord Rosebery was not neglecting any of the other functions and occupations which had been imposed upon him, or which he had voluntarily taken upon himself. He held the office of first Commissioner of Works in one of Mr. Gladstone's administrations, an office which involves the care of all the State buildings and monuments and parks of the metropolis. He was always to be seen at the private views of the Royal Academy and the other great picture galleries of the London season. He was always starting some new movement for the improvement of the breed of horses, and, indeed, there is a certain section of our community among whom Lord Rosebery was regarded, not as a statesman, or a London County Councilor, or a lover of literature, but simply and altogether as a patron of the turf. Meanwhile we were hearing of him every now and then as an adventurous yachtsman, and as the orator of some great commemoration day when a statue was unveiled to a Burke or a Burns.

A more delightful host than Lord Rosebery it would not be possible to meet or even to imagine. I have had the honor of enjoying his hospitality at Dalmeny and in his London home, and I shall only say that those were occasions which I may describe, in the words which Carlyle employed with a less gladsome significance, as not easily to be forgotten in this world. No man can command a greater variety of topics of conversation. Politics, travel, art, letters, the life of great cities, the growth of commerce, the tendencies of civilizations, the art of living, the philosophy of life, the way to enjoy life, the various characteristics of foreign capitals—on all such topics Lord Rosebery can speak with the clearness of one who knows his subject and with the vivacity of one who can put his thoughts into the most expressive words. I suppose there must be some authors in modern literature with whose works Lord Rosebery is not familiar, but I can only say that if there be any such, I have not yet discovered who they are—and I have spent a good deal of my time in the reading of books. I have seen Lord Rosebery in companies where painters and sculptors and the writers of books and the writers of plays formed the majority, where political subjects were not touched upon, and I have observed that Lord Rosebery could hold his own with each practitioner of art on the artist's special subject. Lord Rosebery does not profess to be a bookworm or a great scholar, but I do not know any man better acquainted with general literature. Such a man must surely have got out of life all the best that it has to give.

Yet it is certain, as I said in the beginning of this article, that the eyes of expectation are still turned upon Lord Rosebery. There is a general conviction that he has something yet to do—that, in fact, he has not yet given his measure. He has been Prime Minister, and he has been leader of the English Liberal party, but in neither case had he a chance of proving his strength. When Mr. Gladstone made up his mind to retire finally from political life, the Queen sent for Lord Rosebery and invited him to form an administration. Now, it is no secret that at that time there were men in the Liberal party whose friends and admirers believed that their length of service gave them a precedence of claims over the claims of Lord Rosebery. There were those who thought Sir William Harcourt had won for himself a right to be chosen as the successor to Mr. Gladstone. On the other side—for there was grumbling on both sides—there were members of the Liberal administration who positively declined to continue in office if Sir William Harcourt were made Prime Minister. These men did not object to serve under Sir William Harcourt as leader of the House of Commons, but they objected to his elevation to the supreme place of Prime Minister. Moreover, there were Liberals of great influence who, while they had the fullest confidence in Lord Rosebery and were not fanatically devoted to Sir William Harcourt, objected to the idea of having a Prime Minister in the House of Lords, and a Prime Minister, too, who had never sat in the House of Commons. Now, it would be idle to deny that there was some practical reason for this objection. The House of Commons is the field on which political battles are fought and won. The commander-in-chief ought always to be within reach. A whole plan of campaign may have to be changed at a quarter of an hour's notice. It must obviously often be highly inconvenient to have a Prime Minister who cannot cross the threshold of the House of Commons in order to get into instant communication with the leading men of his own party who are fighting the battle.

At all events, I am now only concerned to say that these doubts and difficulties and private disputations did arise, and that, although Lord Rosebery did accept the position of Prime Minister, he must have done so with some knowledge of the fact that certain of his colleagues were not quite satisfied with the new conditions. Lord Rosebery had been most successful as Foreign Secretary during each term when he held the office, but it was well known before Mr. Gladstone's retirement that there were some questions of foreign policy on which the old leader and the new were not quite of one opinion. In English political life, and I suppose in the political life of every self-governing country, there are seasons of inevitable action and reaction which must be observed and felt although they cannot always be explained.

To a distant observer the policy of the Liberal party might have seemed just the same after Mr. Gladstone had retired from politics as it was when he was in the front of political life. But just as the policy which sustained him in his early days as Prime Minister was helped by the reaction which had set in against the aggressive policy of Lord Palmerston, so there came, with the close of Gladstone's Parliamentary career, a kind of reaction against his counsel of peace and moderation. Lord Rosebery was believed to have more of what is called the Imperialist spirit in him than had ever guided the policy of his great leader. Certainly some of Mr. Gladstone's former colleagues in the House of Commons appear to have thought so, and there began to be signs of a growing division in the party. Lord Rosebery's Prime Ministership lasted but a short time. The Government sustained one or two Parliamentary discomfitures, and there followed upon these a positive defeat in the nature of a sort of vote of censure carried by a small majority against a department of the administration, on the ground of an alleged insufficiency in some of the supplies of ammunition for military service. Many a Government would have professed to think little of such a defeat, would have treated it only as a mere question of departmental detail, and would have gone on as if nothing had happened. But Lord Rosebery refused to take things so coolly and so carelessly. Probably he was growing tired of his position under the peculiar circumstances. Perhaps he thought the most manly course he could take was to give the constituencies the opportunity of saying whether they were satisfied with his administration or were not. The Government appealed to the country. Parliament was dissolved, and a general election followed. Then was seen the full force of the reaction which had begun to set in against the Gladstone policy of peace, moderation, and justice. The Conservatives came into power by a large majority. Lord Rosebery was now merely the leader of the Liberal party in opposition. Even this position he did not long retain. Some of the most brilliant speeches he ever made in the House of Lords were made during this time, but somehow people began to think that his heart was not in the leadership, and before long it was made known to the public that he had ceased to be the Liberal commander-in-chief.

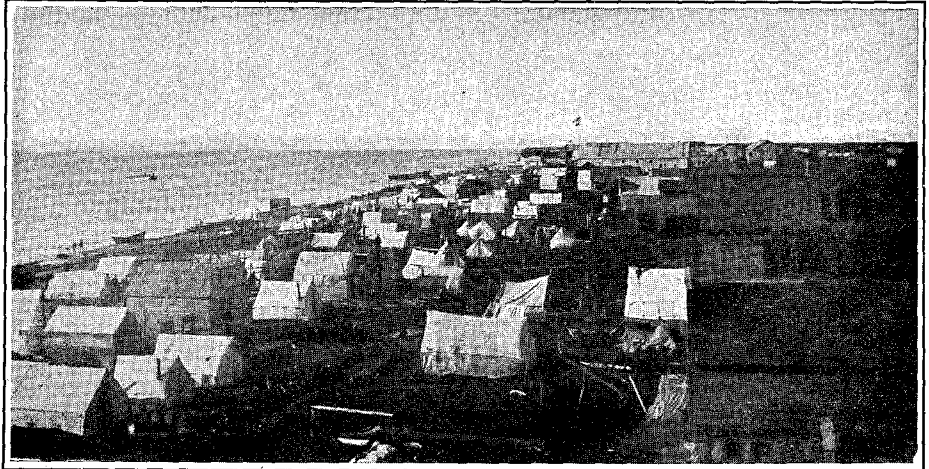
Everybody, of course, was ready with an explanation as to this sudden act, and perhaps, as sometimes happens in such cases, the less a man really knew about the matter the more prompt he was with his explanation. Two reasons, however, were given by observers who appeared likely to know something of the real facts. One was that Lord Rosebery did not see his way to go as far as some of his colleagues would have gone in arousing the country to decided action against the Ottoman Government because of the manner in which it was allowing its Christian subjects to be treated. The other was that Lord Rosebery was too Imperialistic in spirit for such men as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. No one could impugn Lord Rosebery's motives in either case. He might well have thought that too forward a movement against Turkey might only bring on a great European war or leave England isolated to carry out her policy at her own risk, and in the other case he may have thought that the policy bequeathed by Mr. Gladstone was tending to weaken the supremacy of England in South Africa.

Lord Rosebery then ceased to lead a government or a party, and became for the time merely a member of the House of Lords. I do not suppose his leisure hung very heavy on his hands. I cannot imagine Lord Rosebery finding any difficulty in passing his day. The only difficulty I should think such a man must have is how to find time to give a fair chance to all the pursuits that are dear to him. Lord Rosebery spent some part of his leisure in yachting, and gave his usual attention to the turf, and was to be seen at picture galleries, and occasionally addressed great public meetings on important questions, and was a frequent visitor to the House of Commons during each session of Parliament. The peers have a space in the galleries of the House of Commons set apart for their own convenience, and, although that space can hold but a small number of the peers, yet on ordinary nights its benches are seldom fully occupied. But when some great debate is coming on, then the peers make a rush for the gallery space in the House of Commons, and those who do not arrive in time to get a seat have to wait and take their chance, each in his turn, of any vacancy which may possibly occur. I am not a great admirer of the House of Lords as a legislative institution, and I must say that it has sometimes soothed the rancor of my jealous feelings as a humbler Commoner to see a string of peers extending across the lobby of the House of Commons, each waiting for his chance of filling some sudden vacancy in the peers' gallery.

Lord Rosebery continued to attend the debates when he had ceased to be Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal party just as he had done before. His fine, clearly cut, closely shaven face, with features that a lady novelist of a past age would have called chiseled, and the eyes lighted with an animation that seemed to have perpetual youth in it, were often objects of deep interest to the members of the House, and to the visitors in the stranger galleries, and no doubt in the ladies' gallery as well. The appearance of Lord Rosebery in the peers' gallery was sure to excite some talk among the members of the House of Commons on the green benches below. We were always ready to indulge in expectation and conjecture as to what Lord Rosebery was likely to do next, for there seemed to be a general consent of opinion that he was the last man in the world who could sit down and do nothing. But what was there left for him to do? He had held various administrative offices; he had twice been Foreign Secretary; he had twice been Chairman of the London County Council; he had been Prime Minister; he had been leader of the Liberal party; he had been president of all manner of great institutions; he had been President of the Social Science Congress; he had been Lord Rector of two great Universities; he had twice won the Derby. What was there left for him to do which human ambition in our times and in the dominions of Queen Victoria could care to accomplish? Yet the general impression seemed to be that Lord Rosebery had not yet accomplished his appointed work, and that impression has grown deeper and stronger with recent events.

Since the day when Lord Rosebery withdrew from the leadership of the Liberal party the division in that party has been growing wider and deeper. The war in South Africa has done much to broaden the gulf of separation. Lord Rosebery is an Imperialist, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are not Imperialists. The opponents of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley call them Little Englanders. The opponents of Lord Rosebery and those who think with him would no doubt call them Jingoes. The Imperialist, or, as his opponents prefer to call him, the Jingo, accepts as the ruling principle of his faith the right and the duty of England to spread her civilization and her supremacy as far as she can over all those parts of the world which are still lying in disorganization and in darkness. The Little Englander, as his opponents delight to describe him, believes that England's noblest work for a long time to come will be found in the endeavor to spread peace, education, and happiness among the peoples who already acknowledge her supremacy. I am not going to enter into any argument as to the relative claims of the two political schools. It has been said that a man is born either of the school of Aristotle or of the school of Plato. Perhaps an Englishman of modern times is born a Jingo or a Little Englander. I am not an Englishman, and therefore am not called upon to rank myself on either side of the controversy, but I know full well which way my instincts and sympathies would lead me if I were called upon to choose. I could not, therefore, account myself a political follower of Lord Rosebery; and, indeed, on the one great question which concerns me most as a member of the House of Commons, that of Irish Home Rule, Lord Rosebery is not quite so emphatic as I should wish him to be. I am therefore writing the eulogy, not of Lord Rosebery the politician, but of Lord Rosebery the orator, the scholar, the man of letters and arts and varied culture, the man who has done so much for public life in so many ways, the helpful, kindly, generous friend.

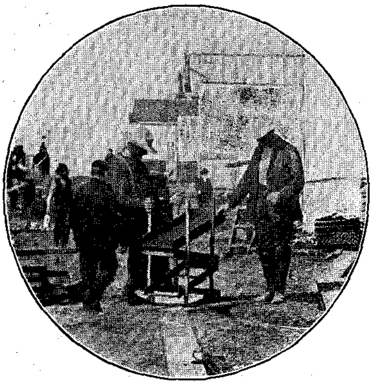
The common impression everywhere is that the Government of Lord Salisbury, as it is now constituted, cannot last very long. The sands of the present Parliament are running out; the next general election may be postponed for some time yet, but it cannot be very far off. Are the Liberals to come back to power with Lord Rosebery at their head? Can the Liberal party become so thoroughly reunited again, Jingoes and Little Englanders, as to make the formation of a Liberal Government a possible event so soon? Or is it possible, as many observers believe, that Lord Rosebery may find himself at the head of an administration composed of Imperialist Liberals and the more enlightened and generally respected members of the present Government? I shall not venture upon any prediction, having seen the unexpected too often happen in politics to have much faith in political prophecy. I note it as an evidence of the position Lord Rosebery has won for himself that, although he became Prime Minister only to be defeated, and leader of the Liberal party only to resign, he is at this moment the one public man in England about whom people are asking one another whether the time for him to take his real position has not come at last.



NOME CITY—A GENERAL VIEW

THE CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS

BY C. EDGAR LEWIS



"THE NEW CRADLE"

THE wresting of gold from rocks and cliffs by dint of hard, strenuous labor, the winning of gold at the cost of gold, and the pursuit of the precious metal at the price of human lives, are common tales; but to make fortunes simply by washing the sands of the seashore is a new and unheard-of thing, yet that is being done to-day along the beach near Cape Nome, Alaska.

The gold there is not secured by quartz mining nor by hydraulic piping, but simply through the aid of the primitive pan and rockers so familiar to those who have read of 'Frisco and the "Forty-niners." Think of going down to a beach reaching for hundreds of miles, and there panning out gold worth from fifty cents to a dollar a pan with as little labor as shaking common sand through a hand sieve!

The testimony of experts sent to the Cape by the United States Government affords ample proof of the existence of gold in considerable quantities. There are certain factors in the case, however, certain drawbacks, which must be taken into account.

A glance at the map will show that Cape Nome is a point on the eastern shore of Behring Sea, or the western coast of Alaska, about 2,680 miles in a direct line northwest of San Francisco. The particular part of Alaska on which the new gold fields are situated is the southern promontory of a large peninsula separating Behring Sea from the Arctic Ocean. The Cape is forty miles north of the 64th parallel of latitude, and within 150 miles of the Arctic Circle. By steamer route it is nearly 2,700 miles from Seattle, which is the starting-point of the majority of gold-seekers.

The geographical position of the new region makes it sterile and barren in the extreme. The promontory is drear and treeless; cold, biting winds sweep its sandy stretches, and during many months of the year it is locked in ice and exposed to the rigors of an Arctic winter. The summer is short, chill, and wet, and in this period myriads of mosquitoes render life almost intolerable.

There is no vegetation except a green and gray colored moss, peculiar to the Arctic, which grows everywhere almost from the water's edge back through the hills and ravines. It is called tundra, and is three feet thick in some places and exceedingly tough.

The gold-washing district extends along the base and sides of a range of hills or promontories that skirts the southern side of Cape Nome, and also for miles up and down the sandy beach. It is this latter that has made Nome famous throughout the world. In the experience of all the old-time gold-miners nothing like it has ever before been discovered.

Before entering into a detailed description, it may be of interest to learn how the presence of the precious metal at Cape Nome became known. Many different stories have been told, but that generally accepted is as follows:

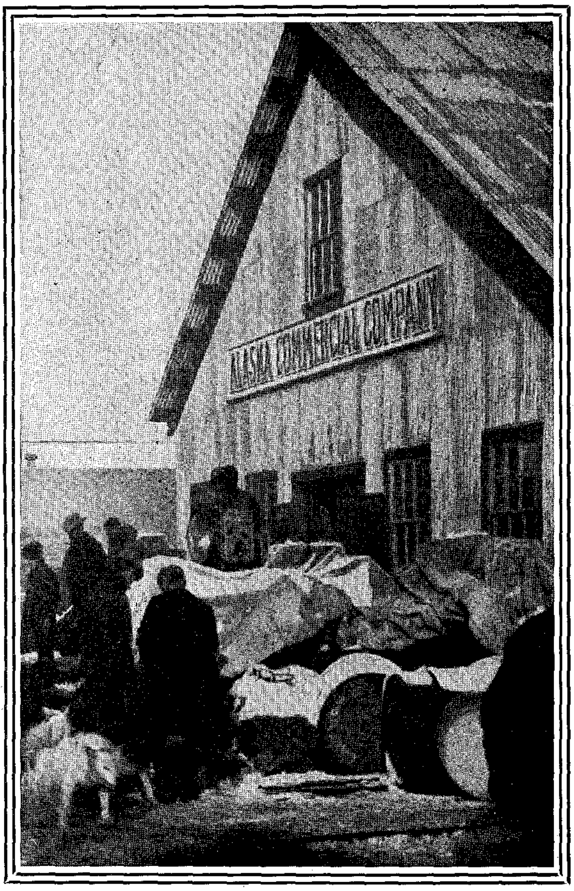
In the early part of 1898 certain rumors began to circulate around Council City and other mining camps. These rumors, principally from Indians, were vague, but they began to take shape in time, and finally a Swedish-American missionary named Hultberg learned from a native convert that gold in plenty could be found in the Cape Nome region.

Hultberg immediately organized a party and started on a prospecting tour up the Chinook River. This was in January, but, notwithstanding the rigorous season, a stay sufficiently long to discover promising indications of gold was made. In September of the same year an old prospector, H. L. Blake, heard of the new diggings, and decided to make a secret investigation. He communicated with several friends and organized another party. Snake River, a stream entering the ocean near the present site of Nome City, was ascended, and the bordering gravel was panned at hundreds of places. On Anvil Creek, a small tributary of Snake River, gold running almost five dollars to the pan was found.

By this time fall had given place to winter, and the growing cold weather sent the members of the inadequately prepared party back to their former town. Each promised to keep the secret of their wonderful find, but the tidings leaked out, and several men, headed by a missionary named Anderson, fought their way over the snow and ice to Nome.

Despite the severity of the climate, the new party went energetically to work, and staked out a number of paying claims. After panning out $1,600 in gold, Anderson and his friends returned to Council City to wait for spring. The news of their success spread like wild-fire, and in a few weeks the word Nome was in the mouths of miners and speculators throughout the country.

Attracted by the wonderful stories told of the place, hundreds of prospectors set out for the Cape without loss of time. It was a stampede through blinding blizzards, across miles of ice, and in the face of a temperature reaching fifty degrees



BUYING SUPPLIES AT THE STORE-HOUSE

below zero. During January, 1899, fully five hundred men reached Cape Nome. They carried tents and other equipage, and built the nucleus of the present prosperous mining camp.

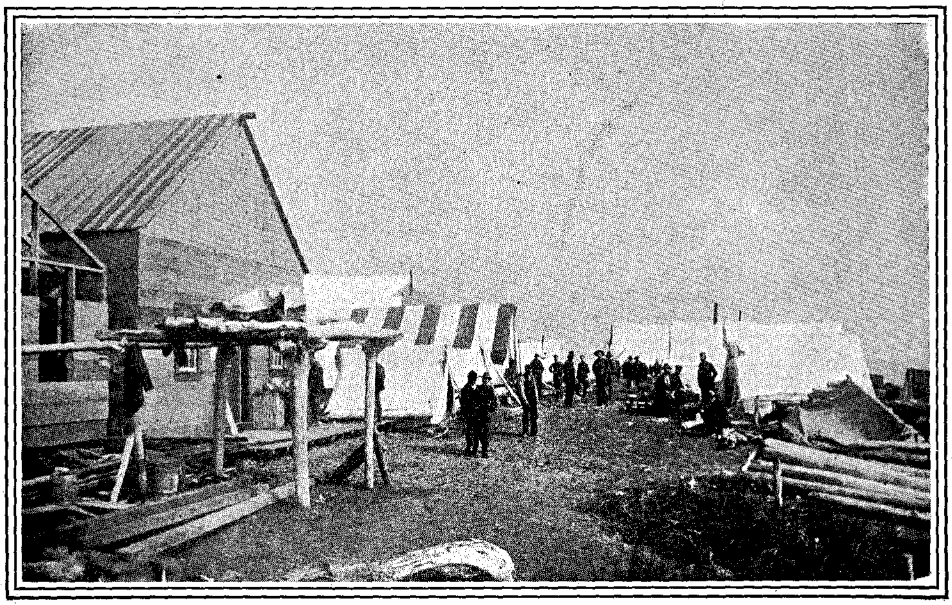
The hardships they endured for the purpose of being first on the ground are beyond description. With insufficient food, thin canvas shelters, and an enforced idleness, they spent a miserable four months before spring brought relief. Some of the experiences related by these early pioneers to the Cape Nome fields read like romance.

One party of three, old fellows at that, had tramped to the new diggings from a camp two hundred miles distant. It was in the dead of the Arctic winter, and each man carried packs of blankets and camp utensils in addition to his share of the food supply. They slept in snow with the thermometer at fifty-eight below, and at times were compelled to travel the livelong day without a bite of food. There were no means of conveyance, no houses, no roads, nothing save a dreary, blizzard-swept stretch of ice and snow and an interminable tramp, tramp, with death for those who faltered, and little prospect of relief at the journey's end.

During the long wait very little gold was panned—just enough to keep hope burning in the breasts of those who were braving the cruel winter. The frozen ground repelled even the pick's sharp point, and it was necessary to remove the tundra to the depth of several feet before the ruby gold-bearing sand could be reached.

With the coming of spring and the opening of navigation miners began to flock into the district. Almost in a day the scene changed from one of desolate, dreary monotony to the utmost bustle and activity. From inland along the Yukon, and from Saint Michael's and the south, parties bearing tents and supplies gathered in the growing settlement. By June the village of tents had assumed some proportions, and when the chill October winds of last year began to sweep down from the north, Nome City boasted of several busy streets.

To-day the town extends a mile or so along the beach. There are no piers, and everything and everybody arriving by ship must be landed in lighters. In appearance the place is like the average mining camp. The winding, lane-like thoroughfares are flanked by rude and hastily constructed buildings of rough pine boards, canvas houses, dirty weather-beaten tents, and cabins built in the most primitive way, with rusty, battered stove-pipes sticking at all angles through side walls and roof. A score of cheap saloons, half as many gambling-hells, five or six dance-places, and a very crude apology for a hotel, constitute the principal buildings.



A STREET IN NOME CITY

THE BEACH DIGGINGS

Prices are high, and will continue to be so for many months to come. Last October coal sold quickly at $70 a ton, and wood for building purposes was scarce at $250 the thousand feet. Articles of clothing such as rubber boots, which are absolutely necessary in the work, sell for many times their value in the States.

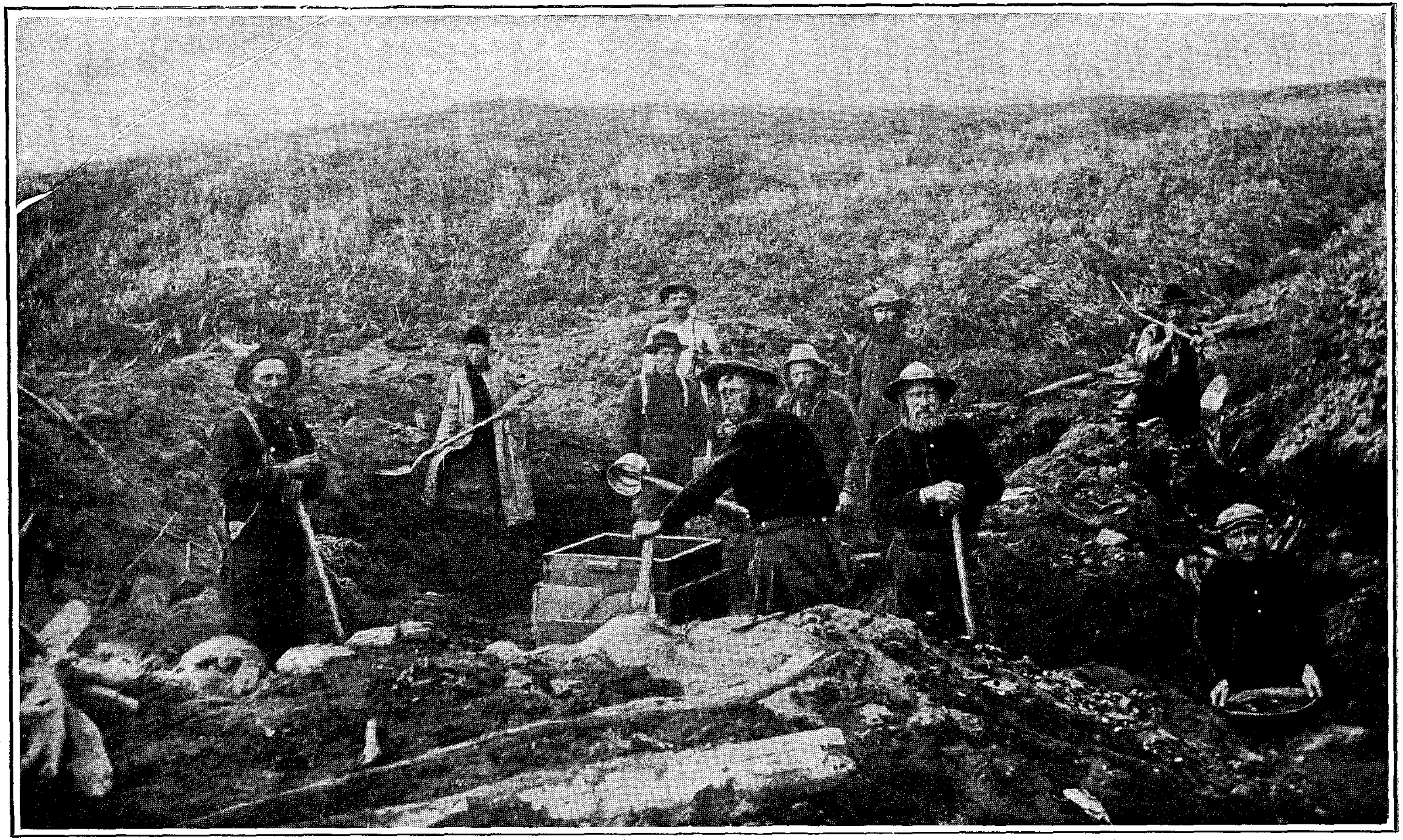
Provisions are equally dear. The housekeeper in Nome City pays during the winter season one dollar for a pound of sugar. A little marketing at the store means a long purse, with ordinary fresh beef worth $1.60 a pound, flour fifty cents a pound, and small hams $10 and $12 each.

The boarding-house proprietors, of whom there are a few, do a thriving business and manage to make a little money by charging $3 for a rude, home-cooked breakfast or dinner. On some of the shanties and even tents crudely painted signs testify that lodgings can be found within. The wayfarer, on entering, learns that he can have a cot without blankets for $1 a night, but if he desires covering he must double the amount. In the hotel the lowest price is $10 for a six-by-nine room. Beer is valued at fifty cents a glass, and very rank whisky costs eight dollars a bottle.

The value of real estate affords one of the most astonishing comparisons. In the latter part of 1897 the whole promontory, if put up, would not have found a purchaser at $100; but less than two years later an ordinary-sized building lot in one little spot had reached a value of $1,000, and twice that amount if it carried with it any kind of a wooden shanty. On Anvil Street in this new town one rough board building, with the ground on which it stood, was sold for $3,500.

Nome is an organized city, with a Mayor and a Council. There is a City Marshal, but, strange to say, his duties are light. Unlike the mining towns of the Western States, this Alaskan prototype is decidedly orderly. The rigorous climate and the hard labor of gold-mining renders every one too tired for deviltry. The chill, damp winds and the pestering mosquitoes of the summer months keep the streets deserted at night, and during the winter the almost daily blizzards, aided by a temperature fifty degrees below zero, have a like effect.

The health record of the town is not of the highest. Malarial fevers prevail because of unsanitary conditions, and on several occasions typhoid has made its appearance. This is due to the bad state of the water, and to the fact that for miles around the land is low and marshy. The isolated territory in which Nome is situated forms one of its greatest drawbacks. During eight months of



MINERS AT CAPE NOME BEACH DIGGINGS

the year it is practically cut off from the rest of the world.

The route overland from the Yukon is almost impassable except in the middle of summer, and the carriage of supplies to any extent must necessarily be left to the steamship companies. With freight at forty dollars a ton, and the steamer capacity limited, there are good grounds for the constant fear that next winter will result in famine and great suffering.

In view of these facts, it is well to state that only persons of robust health and rugged constitutions should fare to Nome City for their fortunes.

The testimony of an expert for the State Mining Bureau of California, Captain L. B. Butler, who recently visited Cape Nome, is that nowhere else on earth are there such rich placer mines.

" The district will astonish the world in two years more," he stated, " and will continue to astonish it yearly for a long time. Nome's output of gold for 1898, its first season of washing, was $900,000, many times greater than that from the Klondike in its first season. In many respects the Cape Nome gold field is the most wonderful yet found. Think of men getting pay dirt a foot below the surface of sand! The whole beach for seventy miles up the shore is staked off in mining claims, and there are even greater riches dug by more effort and more enterprising mining methods in the gulches and along the brooks that seam the hills back from the shore line. You may well imagine what wealth there is in the placers of Cape Nome when California men, who have been miners for a generation and know from long experience what rich and poor diggings are, have paid $50,000 and even $80,000 for single claims upon which less than a month's work had been done.

"The output of gold from this brand-new mining region for four months last summer was between $2,000,000 and $2,300,000. That, too, was all taken out by crude gold-miners' rockers and cruder pans, by about eight hundred men. It is not saying too much to state that four times that amount will be washed out by the Cape Nome miners next summer; and by the summer of 1901, when machinery and modern appliances for gold-washing have been introduced into the Cape Nome region, the annual clean-up will exceed $15,000,000, at a conservative estimate.

" The whole Cape Nome country is a gold field. The auriferous deposits in the Klondike surprised the world in 1897, but Cape Nome is a greater marvel. No men have ever made money faster than the Nomers have made it this past year and will make it in the next few years. No one knows the extent of the gold-bearing territory at Cape Nome, because all the five thousand men there last summer were too busy washing gold from the beach or the hills to lose time in prospecting. In all my experience in gold-mining since 1860 I have never known anything like the promise of gold at Cape Nome. The beach is known as ruby sand. It is extremely heavy, and is dark blue in color. All the miner has to do is to shovel the sand into a rocker, and I have never known a shovelful that did not show some traces of gold.

" How much there is of this gold-bearing sand no one knows. From Nome north to York, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, the beach has been prospected, and some gold has been found in all that distance. But if the area of gold-bearing sand was unknown, the area and richness of the earth in the hills and gulches back from the beach are even more matters of guess. That territory has merely been picked into by the prospectors. It stands to reason that the golden mites which have been washed down from the hills and deposited on the beach through countless ages must be found in larger sizes and greater abundance back from the shore, where they have been retarded by geological formations. It will take money and management, however, to get the riches from the back country at Cape Nome, because water cannot be got to the mines in the hills and ravines without the use of flumes and ditches, and the wood for the flumes and dikes must be brought to the gold fields on steamers. It will take a little fortune to get lumber to Cape Nome for flumes, and you may imagine what enormous prices must be paid for day labor to construct ditches in a country where every man has a chance to do mining on his own account, and make from ten to sixty dollars a day."

Up to the present only three methods

AT THE MOUTH OF SNAKE RIVER

of mining have been followed in Nome. In the gulches back of the town and along the numerous creeks emptying into Snake River, what is known as stripping and sluicing is carried on, while on the beach the gold is extracted almost exclusively by rocking or panning. Here the necessary water is generally taken from the ocean. In some few cases, however, the sea-water has been raised by steam-power, and sluices constructed along the beach.

In the rocker, which is a box-like affair having an upper and lower part, the gold is caught on blankets, and, to some extent, on copper plates coated with mercury. A proof of the extreme scarcity of material in Nome City is the fact that cases have been known where the miners were compelled to utilize silver dollars nailed to the bottom of the rocker, and coated with mercury.

Panning is the original method of mining. It is the least costly, and is performed with a utensil easily carried and easily worked. The pan is literally what the term implies—an ordinary metal pan. The process is rather tedious, but gold enough to make the fortune of a Crœsus has been placed in circulation through it.

In working the pan the miner first shovels a small quantity of gold-bearing gravel into it, which he washes by giving the pan a circular motion, permitting the water and gravel to escape over the side until nothing but the gold, which has fallen to the bottom through its own weight, is left. The gold found in the ruby sand and under the tundra at Nome is exceedingly fine and rather difficult to save.

In prospecting, which, as most know, means seeking traces of gold over mountain and hill, through dale and plain, in all climes, the elementary method of panning is used to discover the presence of gold in the gravel; but, in the majority of cases, after the claim is staked and systematic work begun, the cradle or rocker is used, or else long sluice-boxes are built of boards, the miners usually being obliged to fell the trees themselves and saw out the lumber with whipsaws.

The upper part of the gravel is generally barren, the golden dirt lying directly upon the rock beneath, and often very thin. To get at this pay streak all the upper dirt must be shoveled off; and this preliminary work sometimes requires, especially in the cold stretches of Alaska, an entire season.

The depth of the gravel in the bottom of the gulches varies from a foot up to twenty or thirty feet, and when it is deeper than the latter figure it cannot be worked under present methods. In the winter fires are built to thaw the gravel.

Prospecting in the interior of Alaska is very difficult, owing to the character of the surface, the general formation being soft, the hills having been worn smooth by glacial action, which left a layer over the whole country to the depth of from five to fifty feet. This is frozen the whole year, with the exception of a few top inches in the summer. There is also a growth of moss, dense in low places, which in the summer is wet and makes difficult walking. On the trails it rolls up with the mud in balls.

The method of prospecting under these conditions, which obtain in the hills near Nome as well as in other parts of Alaska, is to sink a number of holes to the bedrock across the bottom of the creek, or to cross-cut it by tunnels and test the dirt every few feet by the panning process, thus locating the pay streak. The lack of water proves a great hindrance in many cases. The seasons are dry except near the coast, and only the glacial drippings can be depended upon to wash the gravel.

Chance cuts a large figure in the finding of a gold-mine. Although gold is found in small quantities all over the world, it has defied attempt to locate it with certainty by any ordinary rules of observation. It is found in such varied companionship that the prosecution of a search for it is made almost a matter of chance. When it is found in its native state, as in Cape Nome, although in such a tempting form, its plentifulness is quite as erratic as when it is present in rock combined with other metals.

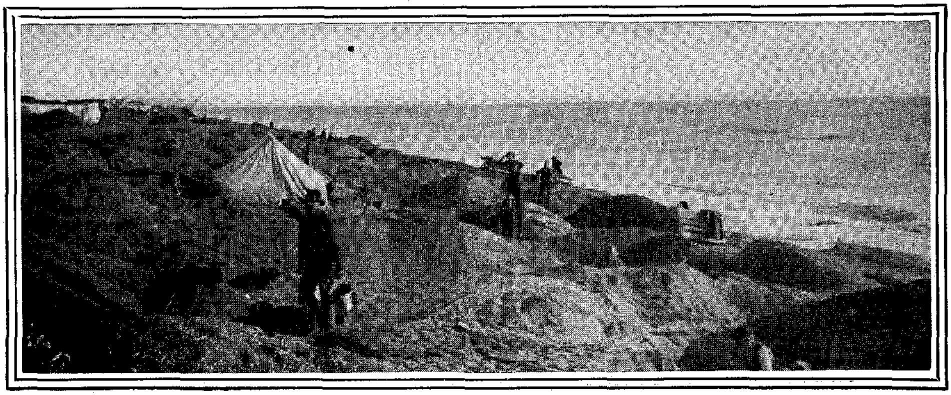
Prospecting must be followed upon certain generally accepted lines, but the miner's best divining-rod in a field like Alaska must be miner's luck. That is shown by the return of lucky ones from Alaska, many of whom never had experience before, while old and experienced prospectors failed.

It was on August 17, 1896, that George Cormack, a "squaw" man, who was fishing for salmon, found a nugget of gold on the Klondike, the announcement of which made millions of hearts beat faster, and caused the word Klondike to become famous throughout the world. It is said that the discovery of the beach diggings at Cape Nome was due to a miner who, disappointed in not securing a claim on one of the creeks, carelessly panned several shovelfuls of the ruby sand bordering the ocean.

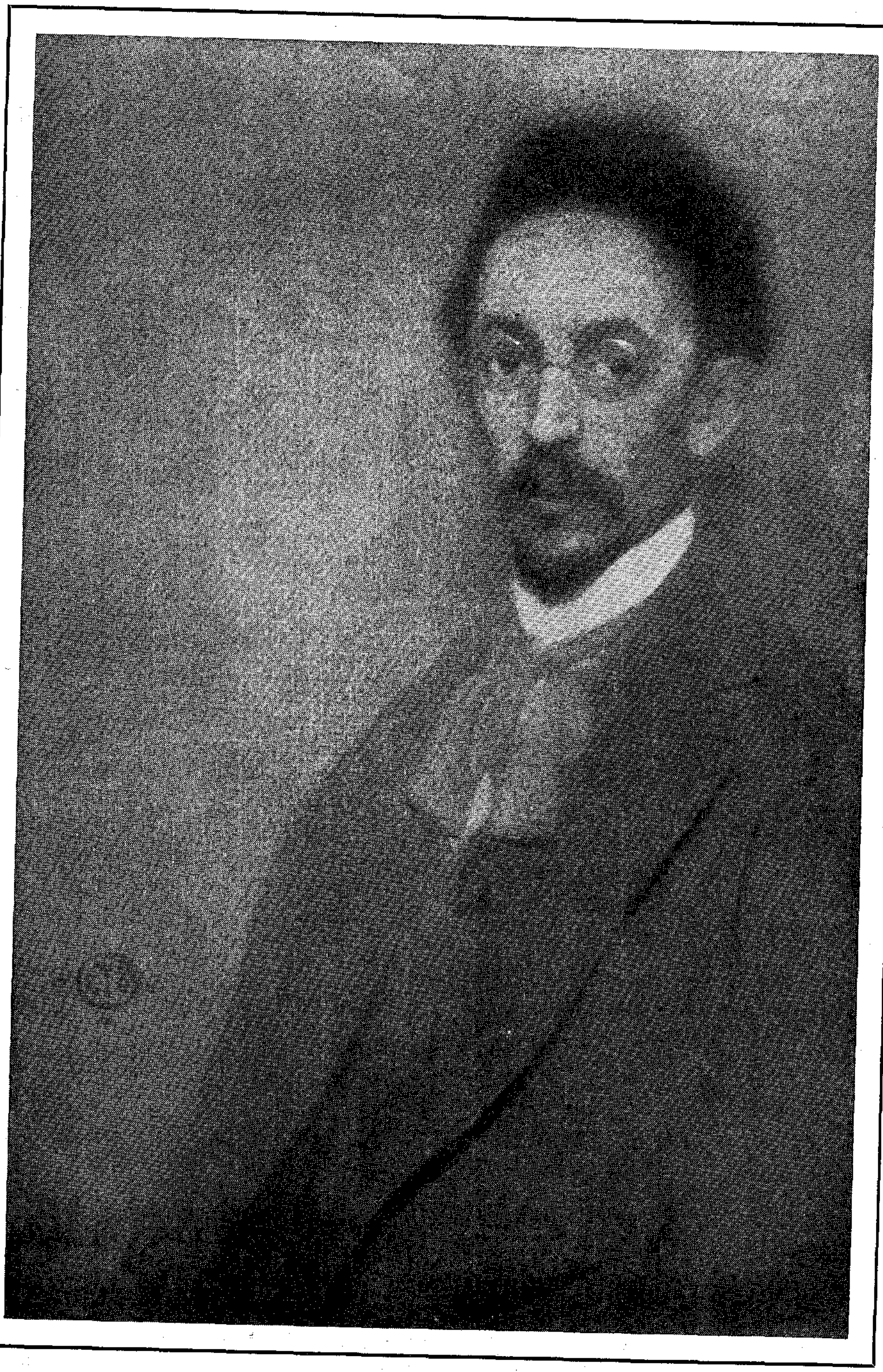
It may be of interest to know how claims are recognized when the proper officials are not in position to carry out the requirements of the Government. In such cases miner's law prevails. In each gulch or creek-bed prospectors are at liberty to stake out claims not already taken, the size of the claims being determined by vote of all the miners in each gulch, according to the richness of the gravel.

The usual length of the claim is about five hundred feet along the stream, and the total width of the gulch bed, which is ordinarily narrow. When a prospector has thus staked out his claim, it is recorded by one of the miners who is elected by his fellows in each gulch for that purpose; this secures him sufficient title.

Conservative estimates place the rush to Cape Nome this summer at twenty-five thousand. It is the opinion of some experienced miners that the coming season's output will exceed that of the Klondike many times over.



CAPE NOME BEACH
Where $18,000 worth of Gold was found.



HENRY O. TANNER

From a photograph specially taken for The Outlook from the portrait by Mr. H. D. Murphy.

A Negro Artist of Unique Power

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

HENRY OSSAWA TANNER is unlike any other artist who ever lived. In the first place, he is of negro blood. He is the son of Bishop Tanner, of the African Methodist Church, and he was born and "brought up" in Philadelphia. He does not live in Philadelphia any more, nor in this country. He lives in Paris, and he does so because here he is reminded of his race, there he is treated purely as an artist. Yet he does not resemble a certain too-often-accepted type. If one study his face, there is seen something which hints of African descent, but his color is brown, his hair and beard are thin, his eyes look at you with a Saxon directness, his nose is Greek, his mouth is sensitive, his physique is supple and light, his manner is quiet, easy, courteous, dignified. He has become more than ever associated with the whites by marrying a white woman. MM. Benjamin Constant, Gérome, and, in short, all the leaders of French painting to-day, have recognized in Mr. Tanner a true artist and man; they have come to esteem him as much for his personal qualities as for those which he has shown in his work. That work itself shows both illuminating intelligence and the ingredients of a noble personality.

Mr. Tanner's religious pictures start out on a true Southern foundation of heartily expressed emotion. This accounts, however, for but half of their appeal to us. The other half is due to the fact that the emotion is expressed with a Northern exactness. As we look at these canvases we detect no obscurities of drawing, no incoherence of color. We cannot escape from the impact of clearness and unity. On this as a foundation, past and present costumes and customs and historical and religious scenes of Palestine—for many of the pictures were painted in that country—are portrayed for us with an accuracy and a realism which a Tissot might employ, yet with no dead weight of over-elaboration. In short, the Tanner work is rarely original, suggestive and inspiring.

Whether judged from its import to the development of painting or to the development of religion, Americans have apparently not yet so fully appreciated the value of Mr. Tanner's work as have the French. His pictures have been hung on the line in many a Salon exhibition, and now the Government of France has crowned the long list of medals and prizes which Mr. Tanner has received by buying one of his most important works, "The Raising of Lazarus," for the Luxembourg Gallery. The picture has already been hung in the Luxembourg, and in the course of time will naturally be transferred to the Louvre, in accordance with the well-known rules of the two great State galleries. Hence, the "Raising of Lazarus" is to most people the best known of Mr. Tanner's religious pictures. It is perhaps the most realistic of them all. Other men in other times have depicted the same scene, but have hardly realized it with so broad yet simple imagination. They certainly have not given to it a greater intensity in the awakening from death to life. Mr. Tanner's picture, however, differs from the wonderful etching by Rembrandt and from almost every other representation of the subject in not making the figure of Christ an overshadowingly prominent one. Christ stands before the body of Lazarus, not nearer to it than any of the others about. The whole grouping has dramatic unity and naturalness. The figure of our Lord, however, does not lose in majesty by such treatment; on the contrary, it really gains. The Christ is not forced on one; he appeals first as man, like any other man, standing alongside other men; gradually he appeals as God, and the longer one studies him the more inevitable seems his power to work such a miracle. For the moment we forget that it is a miracle; it translates us so immediately into the actual incident that it becomes to us a matter of course that Lazarus should die and that Christ should raise him from the dead.

A marked and welcome quality is observable in all the Tanner pictures, whether those of landscapes (showing the width of the artist's range) or those of Bible characters and scenes. That quality is atmosphere. The trees stand out against the landscape; you breathe *around* them. The figures stand out from their environment, as does the head of our Lord in the "Nicodemus," with the sleeping city in the distance, and the beautiful blue, cool, enveloping moonlight all about.

Flashed up from an artificial light burning in a room below stairs, a soft, dim yellow glow falls upon Christ's breast. This combination of the two lights symbolizes as well as anything our artist's all-embracing sense of the realistic, yet apparently ever in the service of the ideal. His quickness in grasping what some artists do not emphasize, as well as his sense of the patently dramatic, may thus be noted, not only in such scenes as the Raising of Lazarus (which would naturally evoke it), but also even in the quiet conversation on the housetop. Such a force it is, evident in unexpected places, which illustrates the potentialities of life.

A similar naturalness, but an even greater force and dignity, characterize the religious canvas exhibited this winter at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, which has now purchased it for the Temple collection. It is a study of Christ and Nicodemus.[1] More quickly than do most religious pictures, it transports us to the spiritual atmosphere of the East. The two figures are seated on the stone roof of a Jerusalem housetop. That of Nicodemus represents a dignified old man, with long beard and flowing robes, bent figure, and head still more bent, leaning forward to listen to the divine words which his younger companion is speaking. Jesus sits on the parapet and immediately faces the spectators of the picture. His face is somewhat ascetic, with straight black hair and beard, high forehead, blazing eyes, decidedly marked nose and mouth, a

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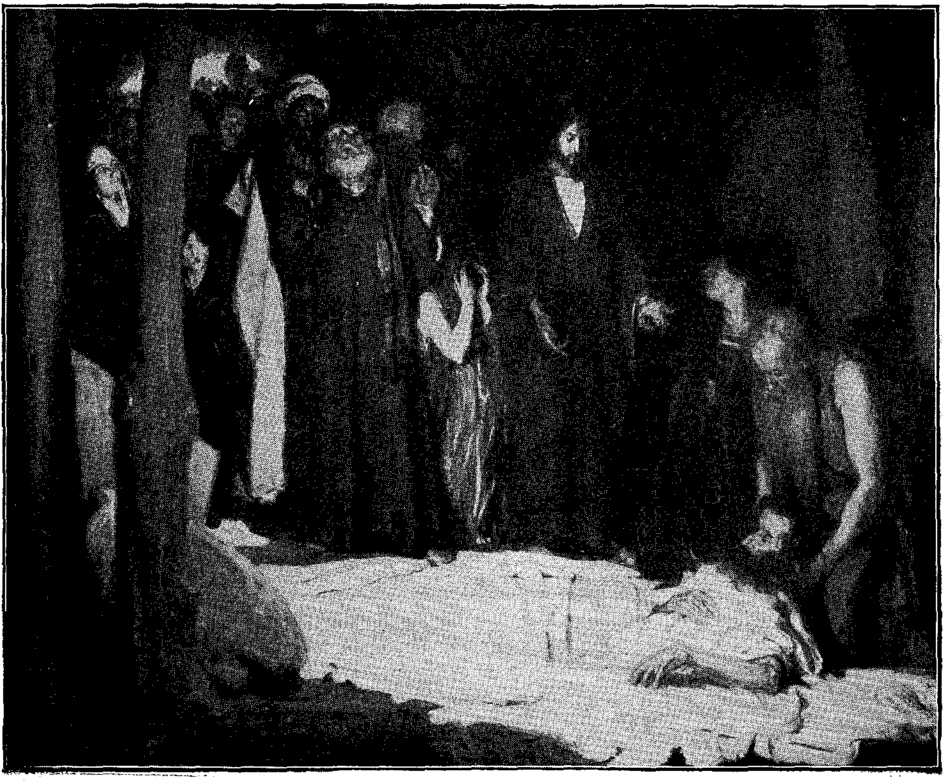
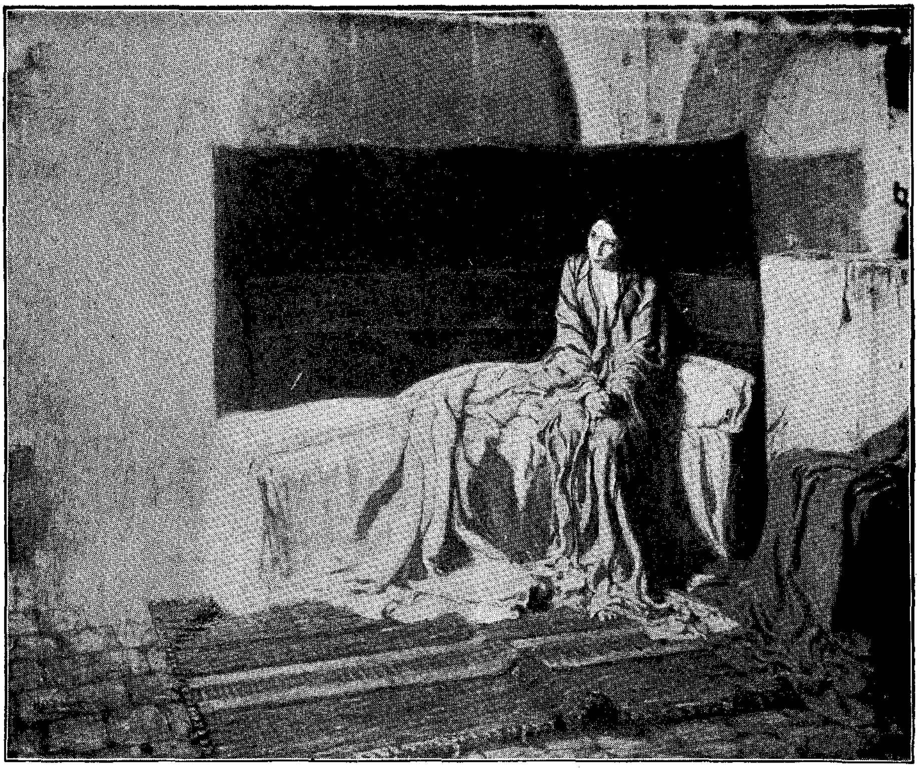
[1] This picture took a medal at the Paris Exposition and it received the Lippincott prize at Philadelphia. It has been owned by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, who was a benefactor of Mr. Tanner in other days when the artist was struggling for recognition. It is understood that Mr. Wanamaker has bought in advance the two pictures which Mr. Tanner will exhibit in the Salons of 1900 and 1901.



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS



THE ANNUNCIATION

certain leanness of flesh, and a patent mingling of sternness and yearning in the expression. While it seems as spiritual as anything Fra Angelico painted four hundred and more years ago, or as anything which M. Dagnan-Bouveret paints to-day, it is more virile than the work of either of those time-separated, spirit-united painters. In religious feeling Mr. Tanner seems nearer to Fra Bartolommeo than to any other artist, past or present. As in Fra Bartolommeo's masterpiece, the soul-moving "Descent from the Cross," hanging in the Pitti Palace in Florence, so here in Mr. Tanner's masterpiece hanging in Philadelphia, so subtle is the painter's power as not only to make one feel that which the characters of the picture, Christ and Nicodemus, are exchanging—one may even dare to think their thoughts after them.

A larger and, from the standpoint of spiritual idealism, very remarkable picture is "The Annunciation," which now hangs in the "Memorial Hall," one of the remaining tokens of the World's Exposition of 1876 at Philadelphia. There is more than a reminder of Rossetti's treatment of the same subject in the girlishness of Mary as she rises, half dreamfully, half wonderingly, from her couch, her drapery falling about her in statuesque, unlabored folds. While Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and the now classic delineators of "The Annunciation" have given a distinct representation of the angel, in Mr. Tanner's picture there is no angel; instead there is a great effulgent light which streams in from the side and awakens the startled girl. An illustration may reproduce the lines of the painting, but no illustration can reproduce Mr. Tanner's beautiful color in this or in any other of his works. It is so clean-cut, thorough, pure, that when we see one of his pictures in an exhibition alongside those by other artists, we gaze upon it with a grateful sense of refreshment. The luminous quality of his paint removes us quickly from commonplace crudity and garishness. It is like the difference between the rich vegetable dyes of an Oriental rug and the miserable aniline colors which we see in cheap carpets. While we may have expected to be more impressed by Mr. Tanner's drawing, in the last analysis it is perhaps his color which stays with us longer; its quality is akin to that of precious stones. "The Annunciation" would appeal to us powerfully from the sensuous fascination of its color alone, even if it were not here in a higher sense a symbol of the greatest event in the Christian world—the Incarnation.

Another excellence which this painter possesses in his religious pictures is that of depicting strictly Oriental and Jewish scenes, and yet giving to us no merely Hebrew types, but world-types. The figure of Nicodemus, for instance, might be that of an old man in any country—a world-craving for knowledge; the figure of Mary in "The Annunciation," that of any young girl—the awakening of humanity by divinity.

Few artists have attempted to represent the flight of Judas after he had betrayed his Lord. In Mr. Tanner's portrayal of this scene (in the Carnegie Gallery at Pittsburg) we see in nineteen-twentieths of the picture a vast Judean landscape, with the battlements of Jerusalem peering over the horizon, and, down in one corner, in one of the deep, rugged valleys, the swinging body of the traitor and the approaching figure of a passer-by, who in another moment will discover the tragedy. Through this simple means the painter conveys the sense of surprise and horror, which otherwise might not be so strong, to us who are looking at the picture. Rarely has any one expressed more completely than has our artist the aridity and desolation of the world which must press in upon the soul of him who has turned his back upon the Holy. In this picture the Tanner idea of dramatic power seems to be carried to the most forceful expression yet achieved; it has the accent of inspiration.

The Watcher

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

From towered battlement I sweep the plain,
And smite the heights of hope with eager cry—
Who wears the crown? Who lie among the slain?
No harbinger as yet against the sky.

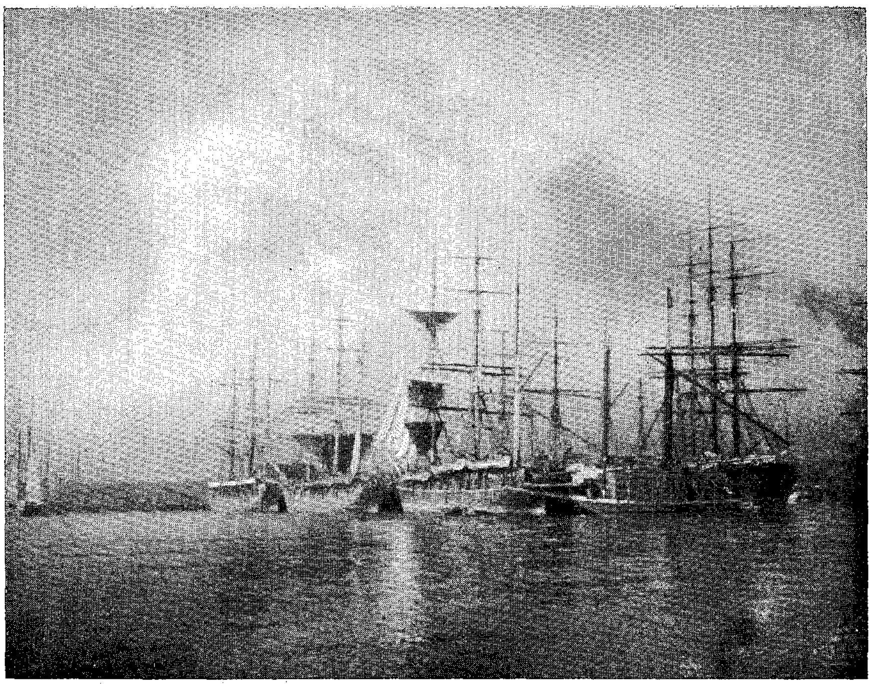
The future sleeps in night's dark hostelry;
A watcher lone, I sound my bugle-call
To speed the chance—whate'er the tidings be—
With soul erect though coward strongholds fall.

The echo wafts no signal from the breeze,
Each wakeful star a sentry's challenge gleams;
Behind me are the silent certainties,
Around me rise the silver mists of dreams.

God of the plain, what bidding wilt thou send?
Again in vain I scan the dim highway—
Shall sword or scepter mark the vigil end?
God of the hills, art thou for peace or fray?

At last! Across the ridge I see him leap
And flash on wing of light unto my gate;
Hail runner Day! Well spurned the fields of sleep—
Thou dauntless sun-clad servitor of fate!

Put off thy sandals! As with bars flung wide,
I meet thy weal or woe on bended knee.
Hail runner Day! whatever may betide
From out the regal hand of destiny!



OLD WHALERS AT MONTEREY

BITS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA

BY FLORENCE E. WINSLOW

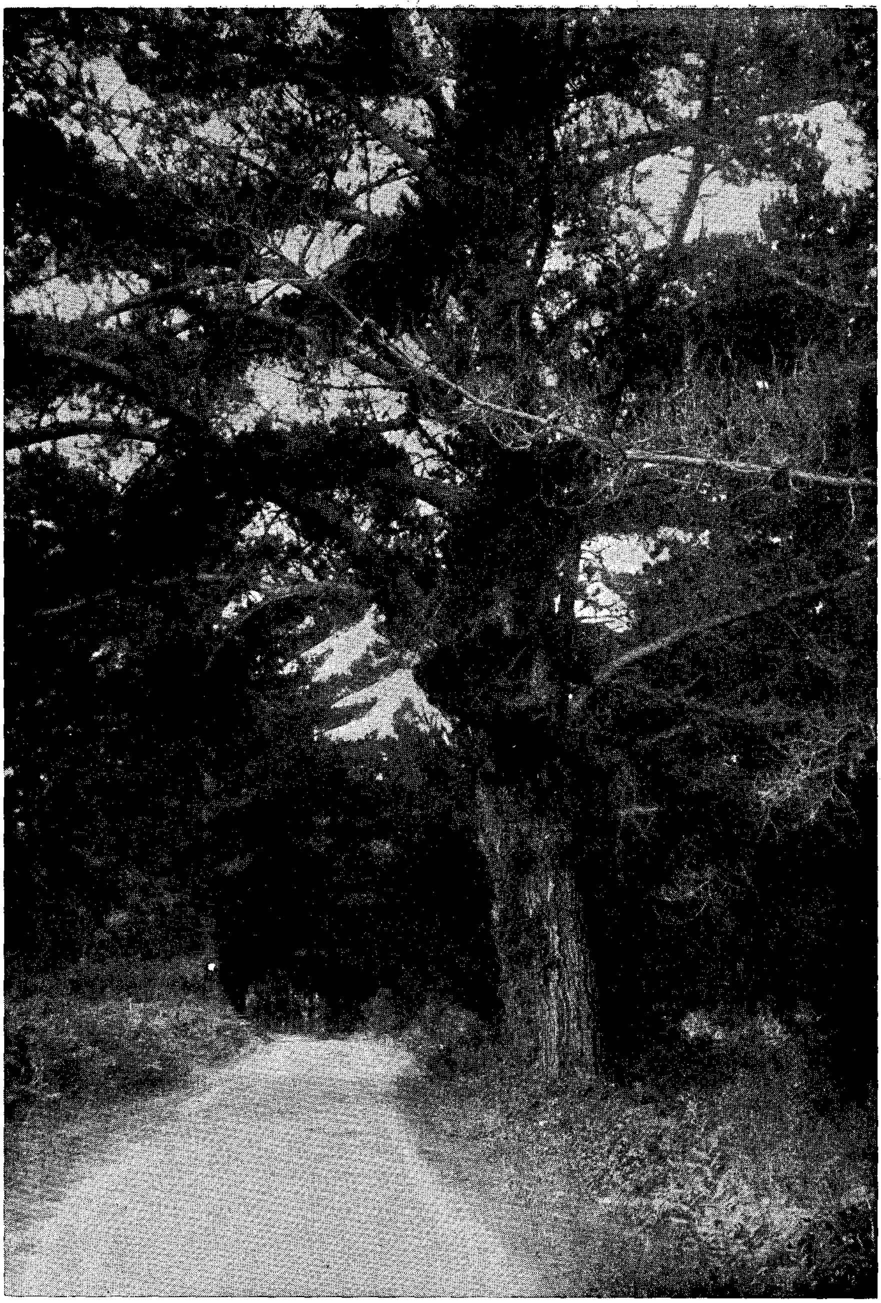
ON the shores of the "Magic Island" of Catalina, twenty miles west of the port San Pedro, the traveler may find sure rest, and peace settles into the soul that lingers long among its mountains. It is the second in size and quite the most interesting in construction of those islands of the Pacific that form the Coronado group. These extend along the coast of California from below San Diego to Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, off Santa Barbara. Shut off from the cold current deflected across from the Aleutian Isles against the coast of San Francisco and Oregon by Point Conception, the Magic Isle floats in blue waters, a series of rising highlands. The temperature of the waves, only 66° in August, varies but four degrees throughout the year, while on the shores of the Atlantic a variation of from 35° to 40° is probable. The great Japanese current, the Kuro Siwa, sweeps its torrent broadly across the ocean from the coast of Asia, in a channel from three hundred to four hundred miles wide, until it strikes the Aleutian Isles, which deflect it from its course, turning its warming waters westward and leaving the northern coasts cold and fog wrapped. By Point Conception the ocean waters are again deflected, and the warm return current from the south rushes between the channel islands and the mainland. In these favored waters the temperature is so equable that the visitor may bathe every day in the year. To a height of three thousand feet the mountains rise abruptly from the sea, forming for the most part a solid front of perpendicular rock. They are visible everywhere from the mainland of Los Angeles County. If the channel islands are a section of the coast range, they formed originally part of a long peninsula extending from Conception to Coronado, and this has no doubt been gradually broken through by nature's forces.

The channel is entirely protected from the winds and waves of the Pacific by the islands, and was, as early as the times of the first Spanish voyagers, navigated by the Pineugnas Indians—men of great height and fine physique, who are described as gentle and courteous for all their prowess and their seven feet of altitude. In the times of the padres large numbers of them, skilled in shipbuilding and living mainly by fishing, dwelt happily in Catalina. The single hotel rests over an ancient Indian burying-ground, and the place is rich in historic remains, mortars, pestles, shells strung for use as money—relics of the gentle race whose home was this island. Avalon, the tiny village, nestles in a vale beautiful as that famed in Arthurian ballad. It lies close to the curved beach of one of the little coves which break the abrupt and rocky shores, and has a picturesque harbor. It is the only settled point on the isle, and, besides the hotel, has only a few stores and a number of cottages which are rented at low rates. Behind the hotel rise hills clothed with a peculiarly fine velvety grass, and here are golf links picturesquely placed. Buried far below the modern teeing-grounds lie the relics left by the race so entirely passed away. Hills rise abruptly beyond, and up the side cañons flowers bloom in bewildering variety, while humming-birds hover above them, looking like animated reproductions of the Mariposa lilies, those fascinating butterflies of the floral kingdom, whose acquaintance one may make here on the Catalina hillside with a freedom seldom enjoyed on the mainland. Further up the tiny cañons are maidenhair ferns, while quail, abounding everywhere, run fearlessly down almost to the doors of the cottages. The hills rise in an amphitheater about Avalon, and so abrupt are they, and so clear the water of the ocean, that from a great height one may look deeply into the clear waters and see large fish swimming.

If the claim is true that California boasts, roughly speaking, of six climates, Santa Catalina is within the range of the best of them. The temperature never rises above 85° or falls far below 65°. There are no enveloping fog, no scorching winds, and no dust. The air is actually drier than on the mainland. The island, twenty-three miles long by seven wide, sometimes narrowing to one mile, lies bathed in sunshine, clothed with flowers and rare shrubs, a bit of the eternal beauty of nature lying here protected by the sea from the ravages of man. If tired of the balmy sunshine, the inviting heights urge the climber toward the open ocean on the west side of the island, but it will be long before he reaches, scaling hill beyond hill, the bluffs above the Pacific and sees the ocean dashing at the foot of cliffs which rise abruptly from their bases two thousand feet toward the sky. Here are the homes of great eagles, measuring, some of them, twelve feet from wing to wing, and of wild goats, the descendants of those left on the islands by Vancouver, now numbered by thousands. These are hunted on horseback. Their normal life is ideal, for they have water in plenty, large freedom of range, and abundant food amid the fresh, dewy grasses of the hills. The wild sheep and goats on the neighboring island of San Clemente fare less bravely, for food is scantier, and they have no water save the moisture of the dew.

A stage drive around the island opens views of mountain and of sea of rare scenic value and beauty, the grim nature of the rocky vistas on the ocean side contrasting sharply with the sheltered beaches and balmy air of the channel; but it is on the latter that the true luxury of existence is realized. Hours may be spent drifting in glass-bottomed boats over the vast salt-water aquariums, whose submarine gardens, seen clearly at a depth of from fifty to seventy feet, gleam with the green, purple, and yellow of kelp anemone and seaweed, with glittering shells and filmy jellyfish shining through.

The great amusement is fishing, and the size and variety of the fish are wonderful. The famous barracuda, immortalized by Kipling in his "Deep Sea Chantey," the yellowtail, whitefish, mackerel, and a brilliant red fish, far larger and more beautiful than the goldfish, are all good eating, and flying-fish skim the waters everywhere. There are no fish stories told here, for reality beggars the imagination of the most experienced fisherman, and great twenty and thirty pound monsters are daily landed by anglers, with respectful admiration, and a rare and beautiful absence of boastfulness. Pelican and seal are the chief enemies of the fish. A circle of seal will sometimes make a drive inshore and devour hundreds at a meal, and the great fish will



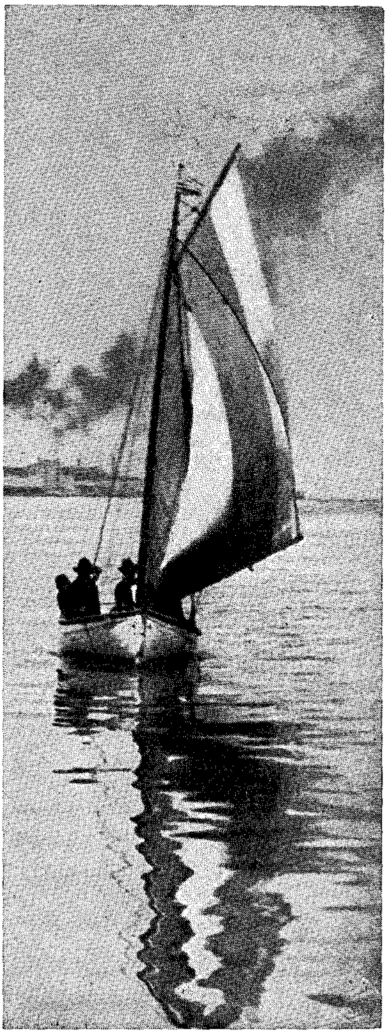
THE DRIVE

be seen leaping from the bay seeking escape.

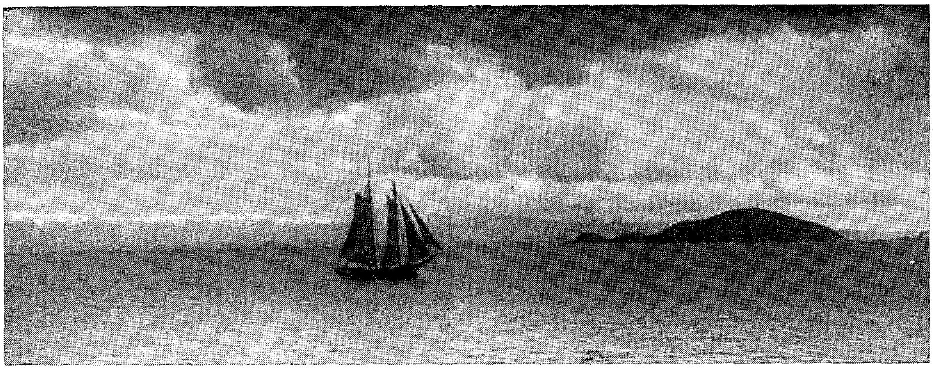
The seal rocks at the southern extremity of the island are best seen from a rowboat; a close approach is possible, and the monsters may be viewed in all their ugliness on the rocks, or in the suddenly acquired grace which is theirs when their short fins, inadequate to the rock-climbing to which their inner aspirations constantly incline them, carry the great bulks with wonderful celerity through the dangers of surf and rock to the open water, where they swim gracefully about.

At the northern end of Catalina the mountains break abruptly into a narrow isthmus, a half-mile wide; and here are ruins of government barracks built during the Civil War, facing on one side the quiet sound, on the other the roaring breakers of the ocean.

Father Palou, in his memoirs, describes the thousands of Indians who lived in this and the neighboring islands when the Franciscans began their work of Christianization, and the insistent modern life of the country gives place in thought to the past, as one considers these tall, gentle savages now so entirely vanished from their ancient homes. On the mainland this delicate mingling of old with new in the life of California appeals most of all to that traveler who, leaving the beaten tourist track, lingers long among the ruins of mission and presidio, giving to their history such appreciative study and love as call forth from the brown old piles the treasures of sentiment and devotion which they conceal. What is to the casual tourist but a pile of tumbling wall and irregular arch, gradually sinking into barren plain or ocean sand, becomes to the enthusiast instinct with life and spiritual force, rising grandly until the vivid blue arc of the western sky can scarce subtend all that the ruins have to tell of sublime courage and wise devotion. These cloistered arches, which measure perhaps no two alike, were made of mud by brown Indians, but the adobe brick and the graceful outline of the ruins have a spiritual history.


A FISHING PARTY

The story of the missions has done much to wipe out in the New World the reproach of a Spanish evangelization which often carried the sword in one hand, the baptismal chrism in the other. It was Serra, Curci, Palou, and their like who beat the sword of the Spaniard into the plowshare of the training-school. It was these wise priests of the missions of Alta California who used the life-giving waters of the land, not alone to mark the Indian in baptism as the child of God, but to bless him in his obedience to natural as to divine law, to make his desert blossom, to provide vast systems of irrigation, to fill his hills with cattle, his vineyards with grapes, and his fields with bread. To take the native, uncivilized, but gentle California Indian and train him in the arts of domestic life, to teach him agriculture and cattle-raising, masonry, blacksmithing, weaving, and a thousand useful trades, was no less an achievement than to elevate his family life, develop his mental power, and bring his spiritual nature into the environment of the Gospel of Christ. Truly wonderful results were attained from small beginnings. Two priests, with a few protecting soldiers, some cattle, seeds, and tools, went to a new location; a cross was set up, a booth was built of branches, bells were hung on a neighboring tree, a grand campanile of the forest, and the whole was consecrated. When mass had been said, the neighboring Indians were gathered, and a few presents made. A few years, and, lo! the mission, with arch and cloister, and clustered homes and schools, and ordered services, and choirs of Indian youth! The converts engaged in useful trades, herding thousands of cattle, gathering mighty harvests, famous as the producers of the best wine and flour and oil of the world, architects, artisans, agriculturists, and Christians.



GOAT ISLAND, IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

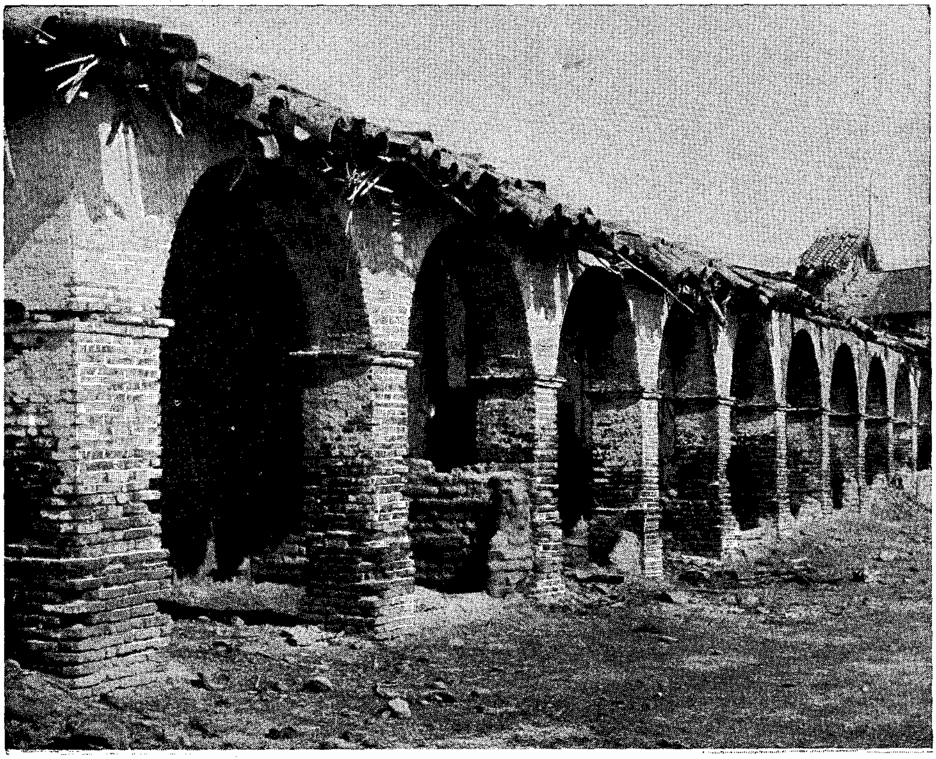
The California missions owed much to the Saint of Assisi, that most unselfish founder of an order the self-renunciation of whose members startled even the devotees of those ages of consecration. One of the most devoted missionaries of the Franciscan Order was Padre Junipero Serra, the superintendent and founder of the Indian Missions. Born in the island of Majorca, Serra sang as a boy in the Convent of San Bernardino, but entered the Franciscan Order at sixteen, taking his final vow in 1730, at the age of eighteen. His passionate desire for a missionary life was shared by three of his fellow-students, Palou, Verger, and Crespi. These four young monks, receiving in 1749 permission to join a body of missionary explorers who were to sail from Cadiz, set forth with great rejoicing for Mexico, under the inspiring motto, *Unus non sufficit orbis.* It was only after nineteen years of missionary service and training in Mexico that circumstances, and his superior officers of the College of San Fernando, allowed Serra, the man of quenchless purpose, to fulfill his lifelong desire of laboring among the Indians on the western shores of the New World. In 1767, by the suppression of the Jesuits, their missions in Lower California passed into the hands of the Dominicans and Franciscans. Serra was at once appointed superintendent of the missions of all California. It was no part of his purpose to linger among missions already established. An old portrait of Serra existing in the College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, shows a delicately sensitive face of great spirituality and tenderness, filled with yearning sadness and pathos, yet strong and radiant with indomitable courage and fiery faith. He was fifty-six years old when he set out with his band of sixteen followers, among whom were his friends Crespi and Palou, on his new quest for souls. So rejoiced was he at this new prospect of sacrifice and of service that he was "unable to speak a single word for tears." There were two land and two sea parties in the expedition, and Serra's division, after two months of journeying over cactus plain and rocky mountain, rejoined the others

THE HEAVY SURF AT "THE ROCKS"

at San Diego, where, on July 16, 1769, by the erection of a rude booth of branches and the singing of the Veni Creator Spiritus, the corner-stone of the civilization of California was laid. Even before this Crespi had set out on his venturous but unsuccessful quest for the Bay of Monterey. Guided only by the old charts of Viscayno, the party passed its goal, and wandered forty leagues to the north, where they claimed San Francisco Bay for their founder and patron saint. If, according to the latest contention, this beautiful sheet of water had been piously preempted by Sir Francis Drake, who gave its shores their first religious service in a form of sound words taken from the English Prayer-Book, St. Francis has no prior claim on the beauties of the Golden Gate. Yet his followers believed that he had pointed out San Francisco as the site of a future mission to his glory by miraculous interposition, leading them past Monterey, which they were seeking, into the northern port, of whose existence they did not know. Crespi's party returned exhausted to San Diego after a terrible six months' wandering, and found Serra restraining, by his indomitable faith and courage, Galvez, the Spanish commander, from returning to Mexico. The arrival of the ship San Antonio provided food, and expeditions by sea and land speedily discovered the point of pines of the beautiful harbor of Monterey.

Founding the mission of San Carlos (now known as El Carmelo), Junipero Serra made it his headquarters, leaving it only when the founding of a new mission or his duties as general superintendent required. The rest of his time was spent on the shores of the beautiful Carmelo Bay working with his Indians in their labors in field or in shop.

Crespi's memoirs give a vivid picture of the zeal and enjoyment of Serra in his work, the abandonment of his self-sacrifice, the vigor of his preaching, when, with the cross in one hand and a sharp stone in the other, he would beat and tear his breast to indicate to the Indians his horror of sin and his desire to tear it from him. Nothing could exceed his delight at the founding of a new mission save his joy in baptizing converts, of whom he was privileged to receive more than a thousand.

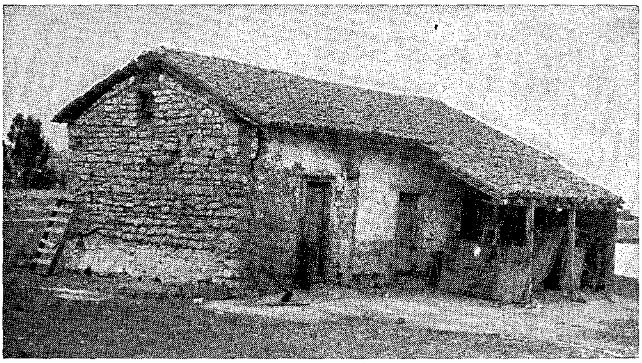


THE ARCHES OF SAN ANTONIO

THE TOWERS OF ST. IGNATIUS

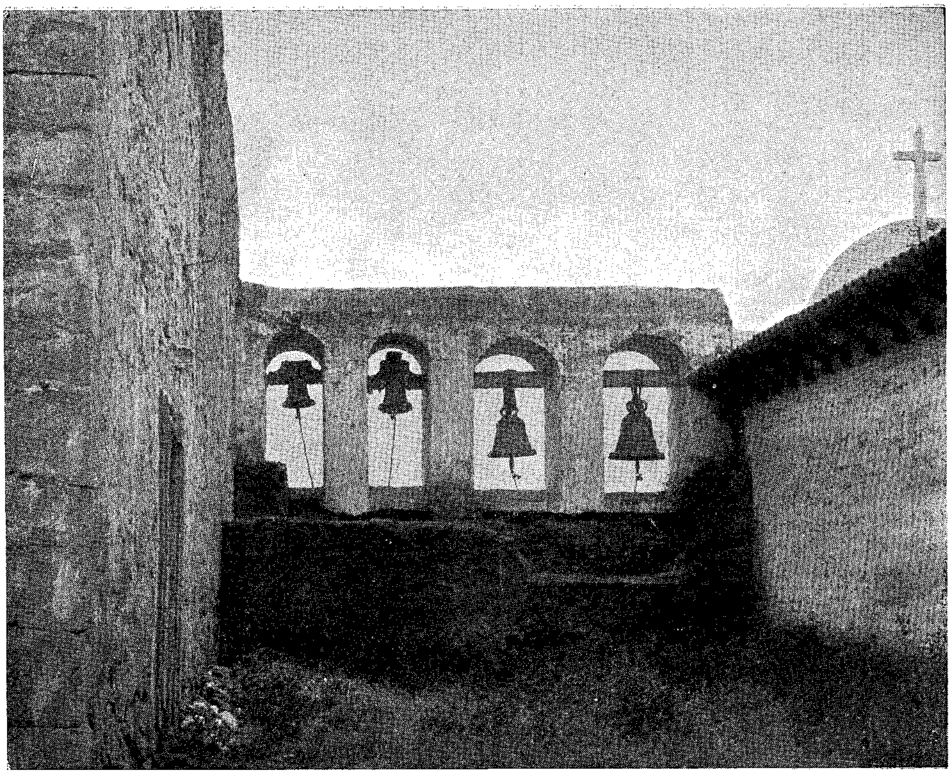
Seeking ground for a new mission, that of San Antonio, Serra wandered into the unexplored wilderness south of Monterey, and, after sixty miles of travel, came upon an oak-shaded plain, with a river full and swift running through it. Hanging the bells which he carried upon a tree, he rang and rang them, joyously shouting, "Hear, hear! O ye Gentiles, come, come to the faith of Jesus Christ!" To the small band accompanying him, who remonstrated that there were none to hear, he replied: "Let me unburden my heart, which could wish that this bell should be heard by all the world, or at least by all the Gentiles in these mountains." And he rang on until an Indian appeared—the first instance in which a native had been present at the foundation of a mission. San Antonio became very rich; there were several large farms, with a chapel on each, and a wonderful mill run by water brought for many miles through a stone-walled ditch and driven by a flume and a large water-wheel, all built and placed by an Indian named Nolbesto, who did the work with his own hands, taking his idea from the balance-wheel of a watch. But it was long before the mission attained its perfection of stone-arched church, surrounded by its Indian homes, its trade shops, its waving fields of grain, its houses and its schools. Not until after the death of Serra did the missions grow rich. Then the severe toil of the padres was mitigated. On his outline map of California stretches the long line of seacoast, with the nine missions founded during his lifetime indicated and connected by roads leading from one to the other. All the rest of the great fertile country from San Diego to Monterey was a blank, save for teeming Indian villages, which he constantly visited, preaching to the people and weeping in grief that he could do them no more good. Twenty-one of these villages existed on the Santa Barbara coast alone.

Serra traveled much on foot, passing over the five hundred miles of country from San Diego to San Francisco, and even walking, although he was afflicted with a great lameness, from Guadalajara to the City of Mexico, where he pleaded the cause of his Indians so well that, returning from his memorable journey, he founded San Francisco, Santa Clara, San Buena Ventura, and San Juan Capistrano, whose superb ruins are the delight of the traveler of to-day. At El Carmelo he died in 1784, strong in courage and firm of will to the last; and soldiers who watched about his coffin could not hold back the throngs of Indians who pressed to touch the garments of him whom they had loved so much on earth. He is buried beneath the chancel of the great stone church which was later built over him, and which is now restored and kept in good repair. It is certainly, for situation, the most beautiful of all the mission churches, and its associations, as the center of the work for the Christianization of thousands of California Indians, are sacred. The stone is tinted a fine yellow, and a Moorish tower and dome rise symmetrically. From the belfry, with its worn steps, may be seen the blue waves of Carmel Bay, and, beyond, the vast rocky cliffs of Point Leobos, pushing down into the Pacific.


THE CABIN ADOBE

Here, too, the great functions of the Spanish Court at Monterey were held at a later day. New governors were received here, and horsemen came across the hills from the presidio, with pomp and circumstance and fair Spanish dames, to receive the blessing of the Church, while priests with troops of acolytes and singing Indian boys went forth from the mission robed in splendor scarcely less than theirs to meet them. For in Monterey, the capital of Alta California, all that was rich, beautiful, and splendid in the life of the country centered, and all did homage to the mission fathers three miles across the hills. Once a year a service is held at El Carmelo Church; it is at night, and the people come from all the country about, and from the Church of San Carlos at Monterey. One cannot easily forget the scene, with its priests and its piety, its people joined in one common purpose; but when all are gone, climb to the gallery under the beautiful star-faced window of the façade, and, looking down, let imagination fill the church with mission Indians kneeling on the bare earth floor as they listen to Serra's last sermon, when the friar beat his heart with the great stone in the fervor with which he pleaded with them; the heart which strained to breaking in his zeal for their salvation, and gave at the last its final tribute of sacrifice in death. And here at the altar he knelt for the last time a few hours before his release, while Father Palou, his lifelong friend, administered the Holy Viaticum, the Indians singing the "Tantum Ergo Sacramentum," the death-song of the Church, in which Father Junipero's voice joined "high and strong as ever."

As the walker nears Monterey he will not pass without awe the Cabin Adobe where one of the old mission Indians lived and lived and lived until his years, far beyond the hundred mark, so accumulated that the oldest inhabitant of the whites dared hardly to name them or to credit the story of his baptism by the old Mission fathers. And as one, after long lingering, passes



THE CAPISTRANO BELLS AND CROSS

out of the town of Old Monterey, he will surely pause at the last by the simple cross, bare in the moonlight, which marks the spot where Junipero Serra claimed for his Master in baptism his first Indian convert of the mission.

To pass the night in an old adobe, still presided over by a Spanish lady of Castilian blood, who was young in the days of Colonel Fremont, and who joined the Pathfinder in planting the historic rose-bush which, the wonder of travelers, now grows a giant across her dooryard, is an experience which is not granted to all visitors. The lady of the Bonifacios speaks no word of English, and her high-bred Spanish enhanced the charm of her beauty as we favored travelers sat at a breakfast under the trees of the adobe-walled garden, while the strawberries, with their accompaniments of fresh bread and butter, prepared the way for a return to modern life.

The whalers which at one time made good trade for Monterey have scattered to more favored ports, but sometimes they revisit the old wharfs, or anchor picturesquely in the harbor. Often, too, the whales enter the bay, and may be seen playing in the bluest of blue waters, while the surf beats over the rocky points, and away in the distance, beyond the shore of Santa Cruz, the mountains Gabilan and Coma Prieta and Hamilton rise, with their serried ridges softened in winter by the snow against the brilliant sky.

It was the scenery of the coast about Monterey that Robert Louis Stevenson so loved; and the delicious combination of ocean and of shore now known as the Seventeen-Mile Drive was set apart at his instance. Here one passes from amidst deep pine forests to a shore girt with rocks and snowy with surf, where great sea-lions ride on the waves along shell beaches habited by sea-birds of varied size, across long stretches of level shingle, where the rollers strike surely and evenly, to rocky points beyond, where the sea is torn to shreds on jagged boulders, or sucked deep in emerald falls into booming caves beneath the rocks. There the Monterey cypress receives the traveler in its weird and dim groves, on the very edges of the rocky points reaching down into the ocean.

The main central valley of California, the San Joaquin, is protected from the sea by the coast range, and by the high Sierras from the desert. The Sierras, which contain the most beautiful mountain scenery in the discovered world, are passed by in winter by the traveler, although to the hardy mountaineer their beauties are accessible in any month. As they rise from the valley into the clouds, their snowy, pearl-gray tops shine in the sun from seven to fifteen thousand feet in height. So infatuated have such men as Muir and Douglas become with the winter aspects of the Sierras that they have spent weeks amid the snows watching for a sight of the marvelous snow banners which, under certain conditions, unfurl their gleaming white folds from the highest peaks, or waiting for the break-up of the waters which reveal the whereabouts of the live glaciers which even now decorate the clefts of the higher peaks. From the long, level plain there is little to suggest the depth and richness of the furrowed cañons through which the glaciers once flowed, nor the sculptured rocks which they left behind them. Throughout this range, five hundred miles long and seventy wide, the glaciers have chiseled the mountains into forms of beauty, while appearing to degrade them nearly a mile in height.

The winter traveler clings to the coast, leaving the ascent of Mount Shasta, that great isolated volcanic peak fifteen thousand feet high, the northernmost spur of the Sierras, the Yosemites, the lakes, and the geysers, for the native Californian. The latter appreciates to the full the wonders of his land, and visits them, and camps among them, and luxuriates in the full, free life which they allow.

Great trees, nearly as large and quite as impressive as the giants of the mountains, are easily accessible on the coast, and may be found within a few feet of a railroad. On a day in midwinter when a mighty blizzard buried the cities of the East as far south as Washington under hopeless drifts, the writer visited the redwood groves of Santa Cruz. Here the towering Sequoia Sempivirens, the twin of the Sequoia Gigantea of the Sierras, grows in immense groves rising in great fluted columns over two hundred feet toward the sky. Under the green summits tossing high in air, well sheltered from the sun—for the January thermometer stood at 80°—one could lie on the dry brown carpet in the soft, odorous air, and, looking up along the line of the great tree forms, realize a little of the grandeur and magnificence of their bulk and height. In such great forest aisles the soul is lifted in a moment toward heights which the aspiring trunks spend centuries in seeking, while the mind travels fast along the past ages seeking points of contact. To the mind attuned, these close-set trunks, rising here in majesty, open vistas of parallel and of contrast, one moment suggesting the Middle Ages struggling toward religious development in the worshipful cathedral, the next the wild Indian seeking here the divine revealed alone by these mighty shafts aspiring toward the gracious heavens. To pass from such communion with nature to hear that this giant has a girth of seventy-five feet, or another a diameter of twenty, that this sapling is five hundred years old, or this broken shaft several thousand, is anticlimax. Yet one seeks at the last the modern city by the Golden Gate, full of its schools and its churches, its pulsing human life of enterprise and endeavor.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE

The Bishop of Amida

By E. Tallmadge Root

[This act of Acacius, Bishop of Amida (the modern Diarbekr), in A.D., 422, helped forward negotiations of peace between Varahran V. and Theodosius, Emperor of the East; and was the more remarkable since the war had been undertaken to save Armenian Christians from "Persia's bigot king." See Rawlinson's "Seven Monarchies," Vol. III., p. 399.]

I.

A sound confused, like tramping feet,
The clank of chain on chain!
The Bishop half rose from his seat,
Then sat him down again.
Eyes fastened on the vellum page
And mind absorbed, he read
Of One who stilled the tempest's rage
And hungry thousands fed.

II.

The sound of countless stumbling feet,
The clank of chain on chain,
Grew louder in the narrow street,
Mingled with groans of pain.
Those groanings pierced the Bishop's ear:
"Who moan? who pass?" he cried;
Stepped quickly to the window near,
The lattice pushed aside.

III.

Like dark flood in a mountain glen,
Down the deep street there surged
A stream of wretched, ragged men,
Driven manacled and scourged.
"Sir Count! Ho! What does all this mean?
What pris'ners do ye bring?"
"Captives we took in Arzanene
From Persia's bigot king!"

IV.

"What is their number? what their fate?"
"Seven thousand lead we here
To mines and galleys of the State,
To slave-marts far and near."
Home left, hope dead, long years begun
Of pain and toil and shame,—
What words could paint the woe of one?
And lo! seven thousand came!

V

The Bishop turned and clapped his hands;
Attendants who obeyed
Received his strange and strict commands,
Respectful but dismayed.
"Go ye, bid every parish priest
And abbot in my see
His altar-vessels, last and least,
In haste to send to me.

VI.

"Ben Ibrim summon. Dark his ways?
Aye! but his wealth is great.
A million soldi must I raise
On gold and silver plate.
Steward, on thee the duty rests
To buy clothes, meat, and wine
Sufficient for seven thousand guests,
This day with me to dine.

VII.

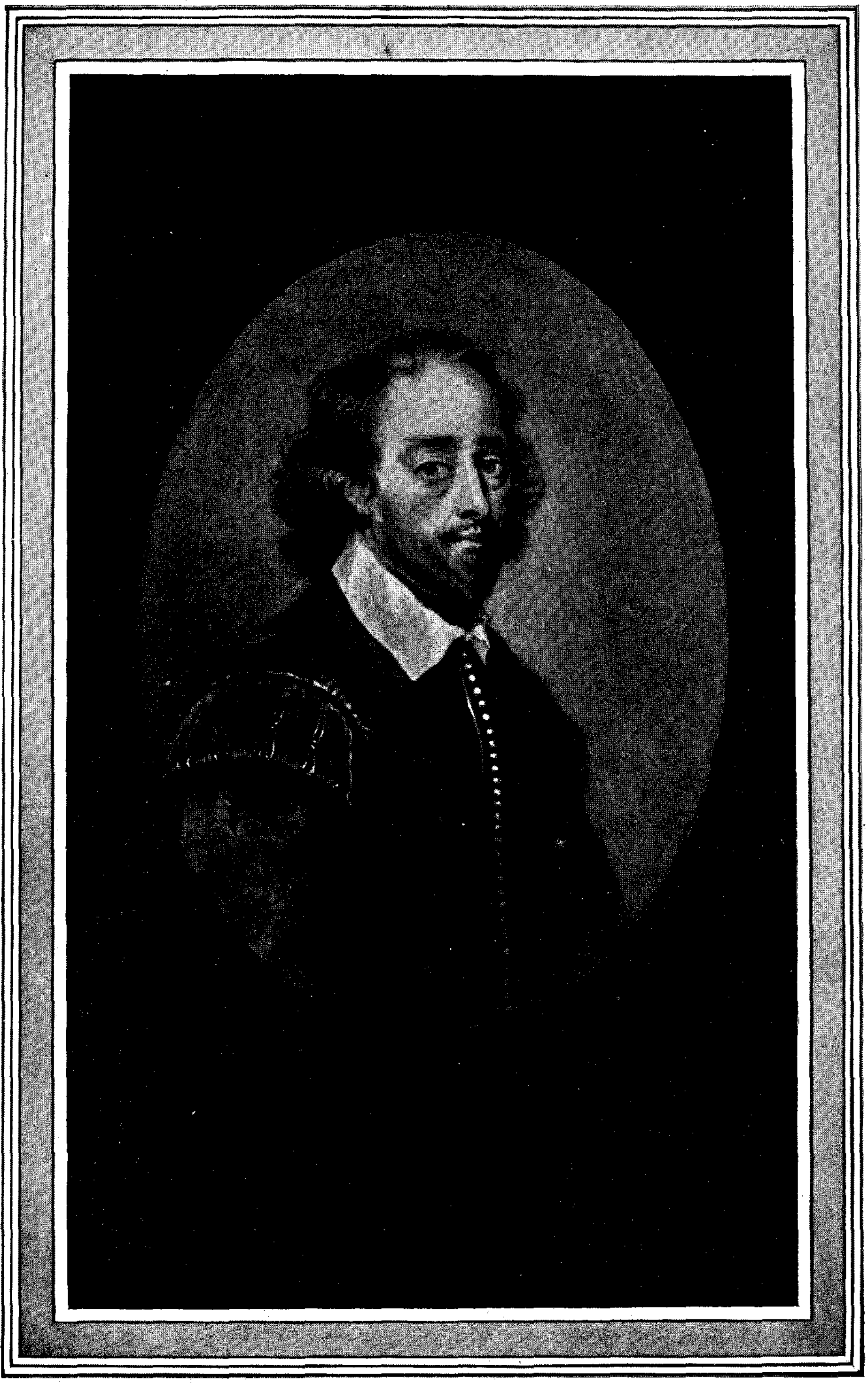
"Our Lord the Duke encampeth near.
My groom and palfrey call.
He holdeth many a prisoner;
I ride to ransom all.
Ransomed and fed, we will release
To seek their homes again.
And Christian love may win the peace
Which battles cannot gain."

VIII.

"But they are ruthless Parsees, Lord!
Sufficient mercy, then,
That they escape our righteous sword!"
He answered: "They are men!"
"Shall Christ be robbed for such as these?"
A priest cried, waxing bold.
"His life He gave: shall it displease
Our Christ to give His gold?"

IX.

Acácius, thy bold words search
Our hearts like winnower's fan!
Make we an idol of the Church,
And sacrifice we man?
It is Christ's Body? But He brake,
Yea, His own body gave!
Then let the Church her ease forsake,
Spend and be spent to save!



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Zoust portrait.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatiſt, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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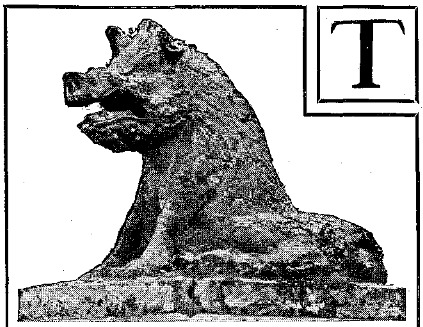
Part IV.—Marriage and London



THE BOAR AT CHARLECOTE GATE

THERE are traditions but no records of the period between 1577, when Shakespeare's school life ended, and the year 1586, when he left Stratford. In this age, when all events, significant and insignificant, are reported; when biography has assumed proportions which are often out of all relation to the importance or interest of those whose careers are described with microscopic detail; when men of letters, especially, are urged to produce and publish with the greatest rapidity, are photographed, studied, described, and characterized with journalistic energy and industry, and often with journalistic indifference to perspective; and when every paragraph from the pen of a successful writer is guarded from the purloiner and protected from plagiarist by laws and penalties, it seems incredible that so little, relatively, should be known about the daily life, the working relations, the intimate associations, the habits and artistic training, of the greatest of English poets.

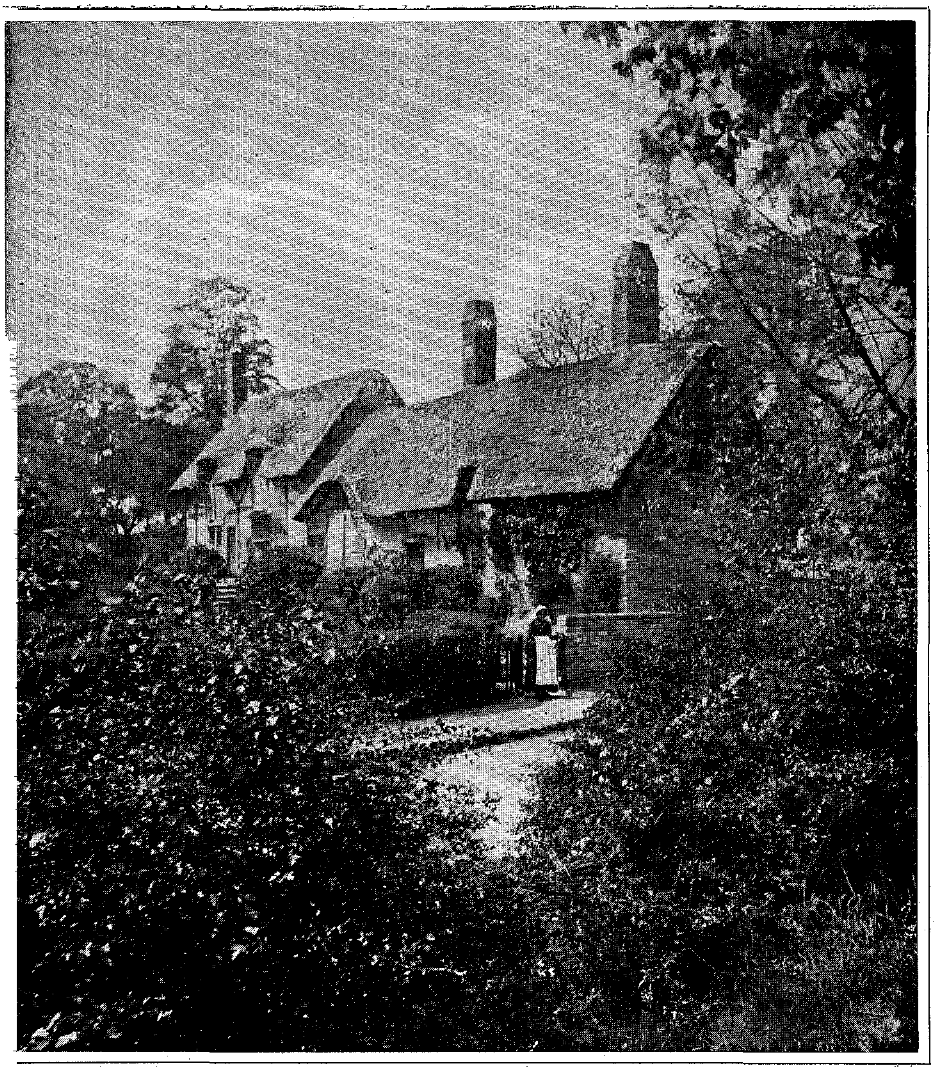
And this absence of biographic material on a scale which would seem adequate from the modern point of view has furnished, not the ground—for the word ground implies a certain solidity or basis of fact—but the occasion, of many curious speculations and of some radical skepticism. Absence of the historical sense has often led the rash and uncritical to read into past times the spirit and thought of the present, and to interpret the conditions of an earlier age in the light of existing conditions. Taking into account the habits of Shakespeare's time; the condition of life into which he was born; the fact that he was not a writer of dramas to be read, but of plays to be acted, and that, in his own thought and in the thought of his contemporaries, he was a playwright who lived by writing for the stage and not a poet who appealed to a reading public and was eager for literary reputation; recalling the inferior position which actors occupied in society, and the bohemian atmosphere in which all men who were connected with the stage lived, it is surprising, not that we know so little, but that we know so much, about Shakespeare.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, one of the highest authorities in this field, has covered this ground with admirable clearness and precision: "In this aspect the great dramatist participates in the fate of most of his literary contemporaries, for if a collection of the known facts relating to all of them were tabularly arranged, it would be found that the number of the ascertained particulars of his life reached at least the average. At the present day, with biography carried to a wasteful and ridiculous excess, and Shakespeare the idol not merely of a nation but of the educated world, it is difficult to realize a period when no interest was taken in the events in the lives of authors, and when the great poet himself, notwithstanding the immense popularity of some of his works, was held in no general reverence. It must be borne in mind that actors then occupied an inferior position in society, and that in many quarters even the vocation of a dramatic writer was considered scarcely respectable. The intelligent appreciation of genius by individuals was not sufficient to neutralize in these matters the effect of public opinion and the animosity of the religious world; all circumstances thus uniting to banish general interest in the history of persons connected in any way with the stage. This biographical indifference continued for many years, and long before the season arrived for a real curiosity to be taken in the subject, the records from which alone a satisfactory memoir could have been constructed had disappeared. At the time of Shakespeare's decease, non-political correspondence was rarely preserved, elaborate diaries were not the fashion, and no one, excepting in semi-apocryphal collections of jests, thought it worth while to record many of the sayings and doings, or to delineate at any length the characters, of actors and dramatists, so that it is generally by the merest accident that particulars of interest respecting them have been recovered."

History, tradition, contemporary judgments scattered through a wide range of books and succeeded by a "Centurie of Prayse," the fruits of the critical scholarship of the last half-century, the record i the Stationers' Register taken in connection with the dates of the first representations of the different plays; and, finally, the study of Shakespeare's work as whole, have, however, gone a long wa toward making good the absence of voluminous biographic material. Enoug remains to make the story of the poet' career connected and intelligible, the record of his growth as an artist clear an deeply significant, and the history of hi spiritual development legible and of absorbing interest.

The kind of occupation which fell t Shakespeare's hands during the five year of his adolescence between 1577 and 158 is a matter of minor interest; the educatio of sense and imagination which he receive during that impressionable period is matter of supreme interest. That he earl formed the habit of exact observation hi work shows in places innumerable. N detail of natural life escaped him; th plays are not only saturated with the spir of nature, but they are accurate calendar of natural events and phenomena; the abound in the most exact descriptions those details of landscape, flora, and animal life which a writer must learn at fir

THE PATH TO SHOTTERY
Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas NcNeille.
Kissing-gate in foreground.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

At Shottery, about a mile and a half from Stratford. A good example of an Elizabethan farm-house.

nd and which he can learn only when
eye is in the highest degree sensitive
d the imagination in the highest degree
ponsive. A boy of Shakespeare's gen-
and situation would have mastered
nost unconsciously the large and thor-
gh knowledge of trees, flowers, birds,
gs, and horses which his work shows.
ch a boy sees, feels, and remembers
erything which in any way relates itself
his growing mind. The Warwickshire
dscape became, by the unconscious
ocess of living in its heart, a part of his
mory, the background of his conscious
. He knew it passively in numberless
lks, loiterings, solitary rambles; and

he knew it actively, for there is every reason to believe that he participated in the sports of his time, and saw fields and woods and remote bits of landscape as one sees them in hunting, coursing, and fishing. He was in a farming country, and his kin on both sides were landowners or farmers; he had opportunities to become acquainted not only with the country, but with the habits of the birds and animals that lived in it.

He loved action as well as meditation, and his life was marvelously well poised when one recalls what perilous stuff of thought, passion, and imagination were in him. It was perhaps through physical activity that he worked off the ferment of adolescence, and went through the storm-and-stress period without serious excess or mistake of direction. Sport would have furnished a natural outlet for such a nature as his at a time when self-expression in some form was inevitable; and the spirit of sport, once aroused in a youth of ardent temperament, was not careful of the arbitrary lines which property draws across the landscape. To the sportsman the countryside is one unbroken field.

There may have been, therefore, some basis of fact for the tradition which has long affirmed that an unsuccessful poaching adventure in Charlecote Park led to the poet's departure from Stratford. This story was told succinctly by Rowe nearly a century after Shakespeare's death. "He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, among them, some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London."

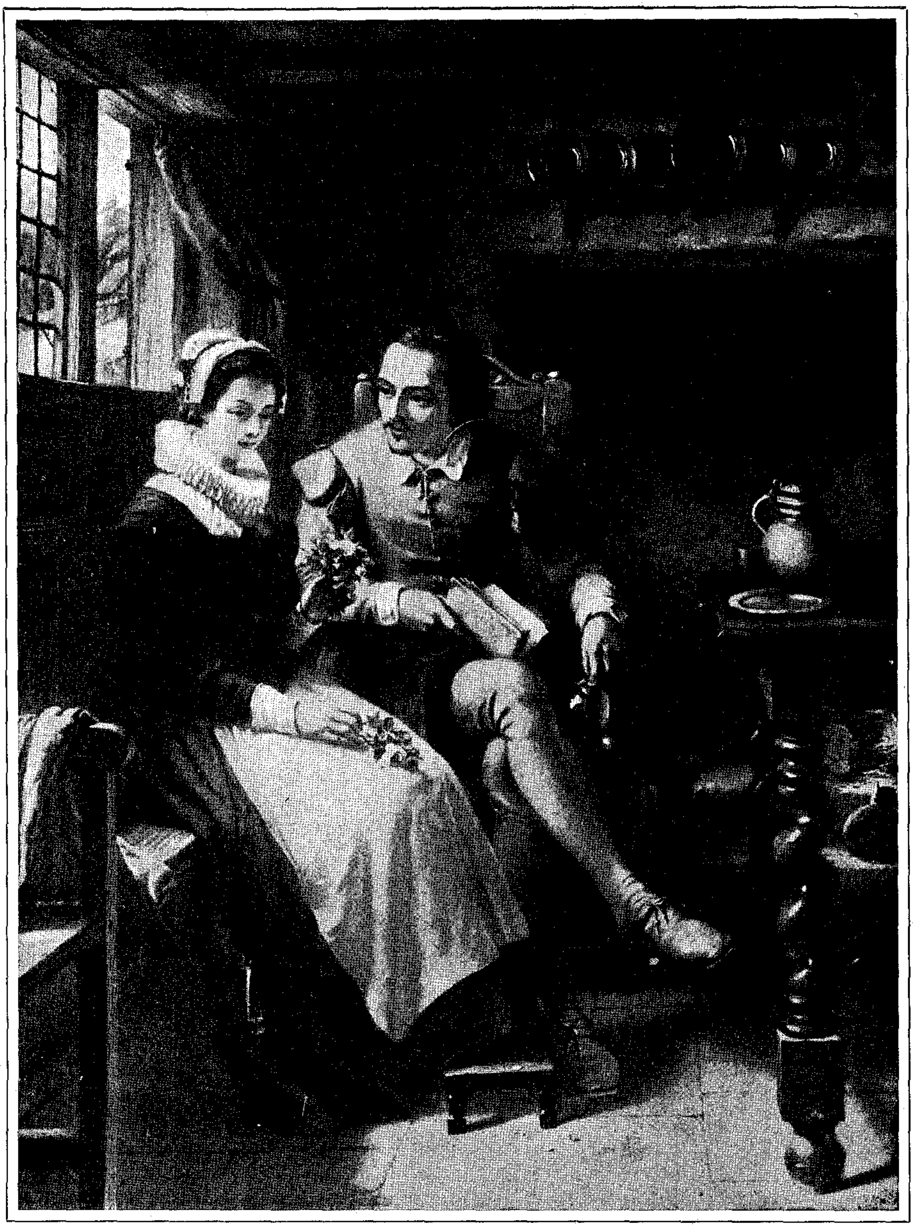
Facts have come to light in late years which seem to show that the deer-park at Charlecote was not in existence until a much later date, and it has been assumed by some, who are perhaps over-anxious for Shakespeare's reputation, that the poaching story is entirely legendary. It rests entirely on tradition; but the tradition was persistent during many decades, and finds some support in the fact that Justice Shallow is beyond doubt a humorous study of the Sir Thomas Lucy of prosecuting temper. No trace of the ballad mentioned by Rowe remains. Poaching of this kind, although punishable by imprisonment, was not regarded at that time as a very serious offense against good morals, although not without grave provocation to landowners. Young men at the universities were not unfrequently detected in the same forbidden but fascinating sport. It is perhaps significant that Sir Peter Lucy, about this time, publicly advocated the passage of more stringent game laws.

The evidence is neither direct nor conclusive, but, taken as a whole, it seems to confirm the poaching tradition. It was, in any event, a much more serious matter for the owner of Charlecote than for the Stratford youth who fell into his hands; for Justice Shallow has been accepted by later generations as a portrait rather than a caricature; and what Shakespeare left undone in the way of satirizing the landowner against whom he had offended, another poet of Warwickshire birth, Walter Savage Landor, completed in his brilliant "Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare." It ought not to be forgotten, however, that the victim of the satirical genius of Shakespeare and Landor wrote these touching words for the tomb of his wife in Charlecote church:

"All the time of her Lyfe a true and faithfull servant of her good God; never detected of any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithfull and true. In friendship most constant. To what in trust was committed to her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing her House and bringing up of Youth in the feare of God that did converse with her most rare and singular; a great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a Woman so furnished and garnished with Virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled of any; as she lived most virtuously, so she dyed most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true. Thomas Lucy."

Sir Thomas may have had the qualities which Shakespeare imputed to him, but the likeness of the author of this touching inscription can have been caught only by the license of caricature in Justice Shallow.

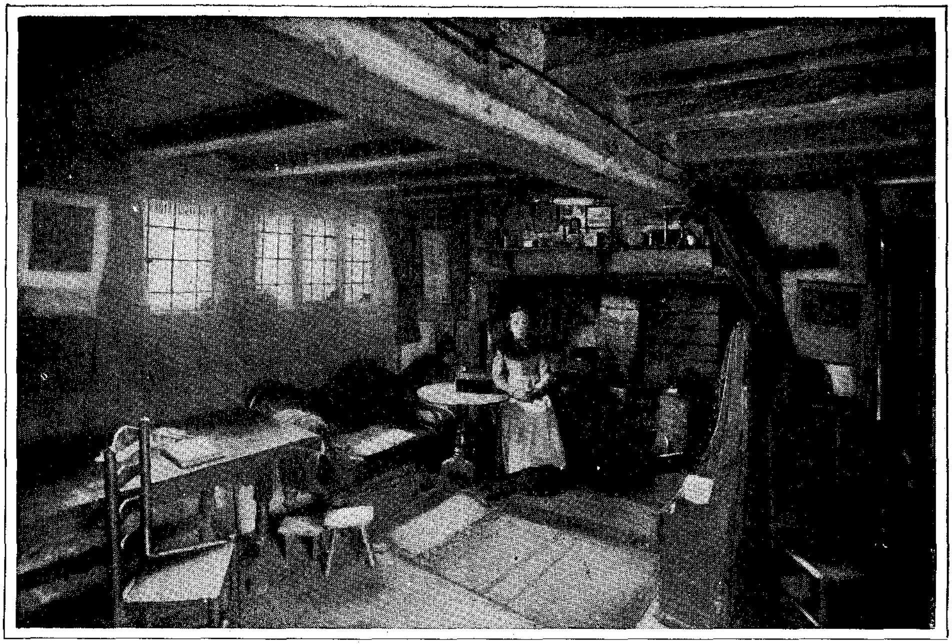
The poaching episode, if it has any historical basis, probably took place in 1585, when Shakespeare had been three years married, and, although barely twenty-one years old, was the father of three children. Richard Hathaway, described as a



THE WOOING OF ANNE HATHAWAY

From a fanciful painting reproducing the interior of the Hathaway cottage.

"husbandman," was the owner of a small property at Shottery, a mile distant from Stratford, and reached not only by the highway but by a delightful foot-path through the fields. The thatched cottage, so carefully preserved by the trustees of the Shakespeare properties, has doubtless suffered many changes since 1582, but remains a picturesque example of a farm-house of Shakespeare's time. It did not pass out of the hands of the Hathaway family until about the middle of the present century, and Mrs. Baker, the custodian, who died last year, was a Hathaway by descent. Although Shottery is in the parish of Stratford, no record of Shakespeare's marriage to Anne, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, has been found in the parish register. In the Edgar Tower at Worcester, however, a bit of parchment



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

The living-room: Mrs. Baker, the custodian, who died last year, a member of the Hathaway family, by the fireplace.

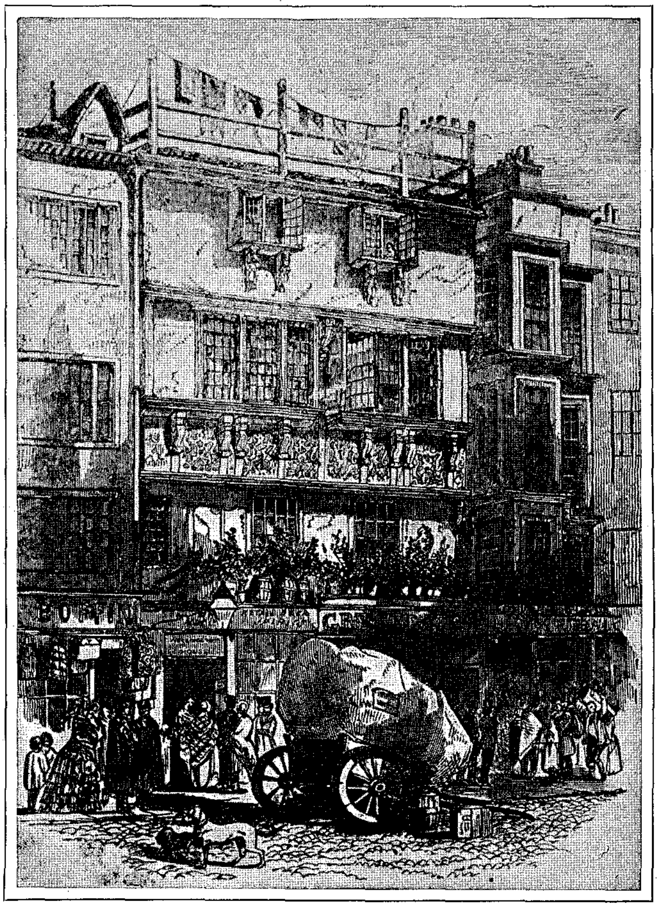
in the form of a marriage bond furnishes conclusive contemporary evidence. By the terms of this bond, signed by Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, husbandmen of Shottery, it is affirmed that no impediment existed to the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. The document is dated November 28, 1582, and the bondsmen make themselves responsible in the sum of forty pounds in case any impediment should be disclosed subsequently. The bond stipulates that the friends of the bride shall consent to her marriage, and, in that event, the customary reading of banns in church may be dispensed with and the marriage take place at once.

Three parishes within the diocese in which the contracting parties lived are, in accordance with the law and custom of the time, named in the bond, in any one of which the marriage might have taken place. The registers of two of the parishes have been searched without result; the register of the third parish disappeared at the time of the fire which destroyed the church at Luddington in which it was kept. Marriage bonds were not uncommon in Shakespeare's time, but they were not often entered into by persons in Shakespeare's position; the process was more expensive and complicated than the "asking of the banns," but it offered one advantage: it shortened the time within which the ceremony might take place. The bridegroom in this case was a minor by three years, and the formal assent of his parents ought to have been secured; the bond, however, stipulates only that the friends of the bride shall give their consent. In such bonds the name of the groom or of his father usually appears; in this case no member of Shakespeare's family is named; the two bondsmen were not only residents of Shottery, but one of them is described in the will of the bride's father as "my trustie friende and neighbour." The circumstances seem to suggest that the marriage was secured, or at least hastened, by the family of the bride; and this surmise finds its possible confirmation in the fact that the marriage took place about the time of the execution of the bond on November 28, 1582, while the poet's first child, his daughter Susannah, was christened in Holy Trinity, at Stratford, on the 26th day of May, 1583. It has been suggested on high authority that a formal betrothal, of the kind which had the moral weight of marriage, had taken place. The absence of any reference to the groom's family in the marriage bond makes this doubtful. These are the facts so far as they have been discovered; it ought to be remembered, as part of the history of this episode in Shakespeare's life, that he was a boy of eighteen at the time of his marriage, and that Anne Hathaway was eight years his senior.

That he was an ardent and eloquent lover it is impossible to doubt; the tradition that he was an unhappy husband is based entirely on the assumption that, while his family remained in Stratford, for twelve years he was almost continuously absent in London, and that he seems to speak with deep feeling about the disastrous effects of too great intimacy before marriage, and of the importance of a woman's marrying a man older than herself:

> Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.

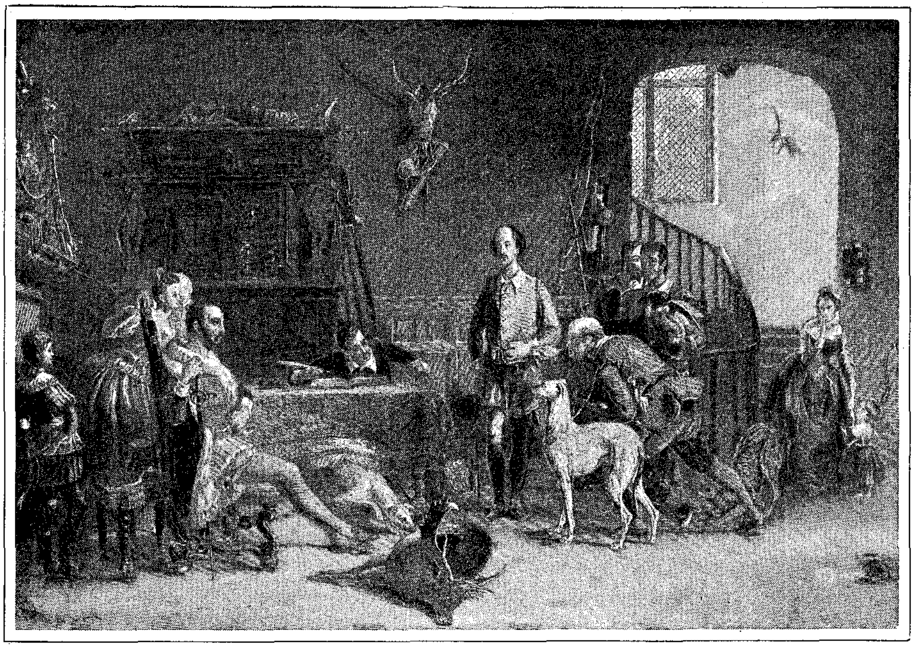
This is, however, pure inference, and it is perilous to draw inferences of this kind from phrases which a dramatist puts into the mouths of men and women who are interpreting, not their author's convictions and feelings, but a phase of character, a profound human experience, or the play of that irony which every playwright from Æschylus to Ibsen has felt deeply. The dramatist reveals his personality as distinctly as does the lyric poet, but not in the same way. Shakespeare's view of life, his conception of human destiny, his attitude toward society, his ideals of character, are to be found, not in detached passages framed and colored by dramatic necessities, but in the large and consistent conception of life which underlies the entire body of his work; in the justice and sanity with which the external deed is bound to the inward impulse and the visible penalty developed out of the invisible sin; in the breadth of outlook upon human experience, the sanity and balance of judgment, the clarity and sweetness of temper which kept an imagination always brooding over the tragic possibilities of experience, and haunted by all manner of awful shapes of sin, misery, and madness, poised in health, vigor, and radiant serenity.



THE CROWN INN, OXFORD

Where Shakespeare stopped on his way to London. From an old print.
This inn has entirely disappeared.

It is perilous to draw any inference as to the happiness or unhappiness which came into Shakespeare's life with his rash marriage. It is true that he spent many years in London; but when he had been there only eleven years, and was still a young man, he built a home for himself in Stratford. He became a resident of his native place when he was still in early middle life; there is evidence that his interest in



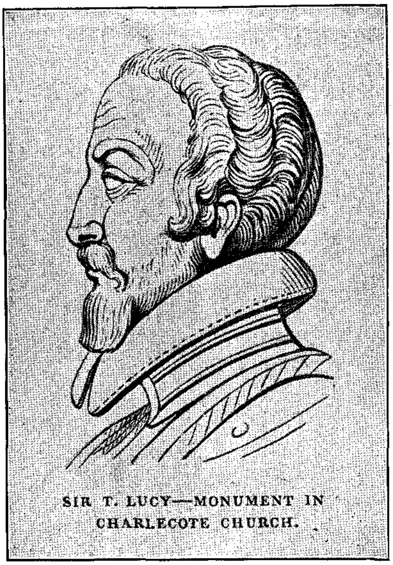
SHAKESPEARE BEFORE "JUSTICE SHALLOW"

Stratford and his communication with it were never interrupted; that his care not only for his family but for his father was watchful and efficient; there is no reason to doubt that his visits to his home were frequent; there is no evidence that his family was not with him at times in London. In this aspect of his life, as in many others, absence of detailed and trustworthy information furnishes no ground for inferences unfavorable to his happiness, his integrity, or his authorship of his own works.

The immediate occasion of Shakespeare's leaving Stratford is a matter of minor importance; the poaching episode may have hastened it, but could hardly have determined a career so full of the power of self-direction. Sooner or later he must have gone to London, for London was the one place in England which could afford him the opportunity which his genius demanded. It cannot be doubted that through all the ferment and spiritual unrest through which such a spirit as his must have gone—that searching and illuminating experience which is appointed to every great creative nature—his mind had moved uncertainly but inevitably toward the theater as the sphere for the expression of the rich and passionate life steadily deepening and rising within him. The atmosphere and temper of his time, the growing spirit of nationality, the stories upon which his imagination had been fed from earliest childhood, the men whom he knew, the instinct and impulse of his own nature—these things determined his career, and, far more insistently than any outward circumstance or happening, drew him to London.

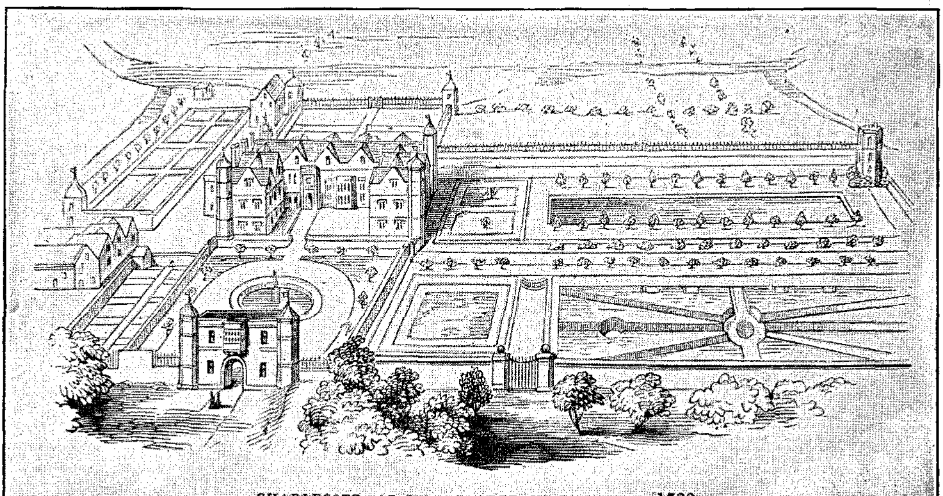
His daughter Susannah was born in May, 1583; in February, 1585, his twin children, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized. He had assumed the gravest responsibilities, and there is no reason to doubt that he felt their full weight. Stratford offered him nothing which would have been anything more than drudgery to such a nature as his. To London, therefore, in 1586 he made his way in search of work and opportunity.

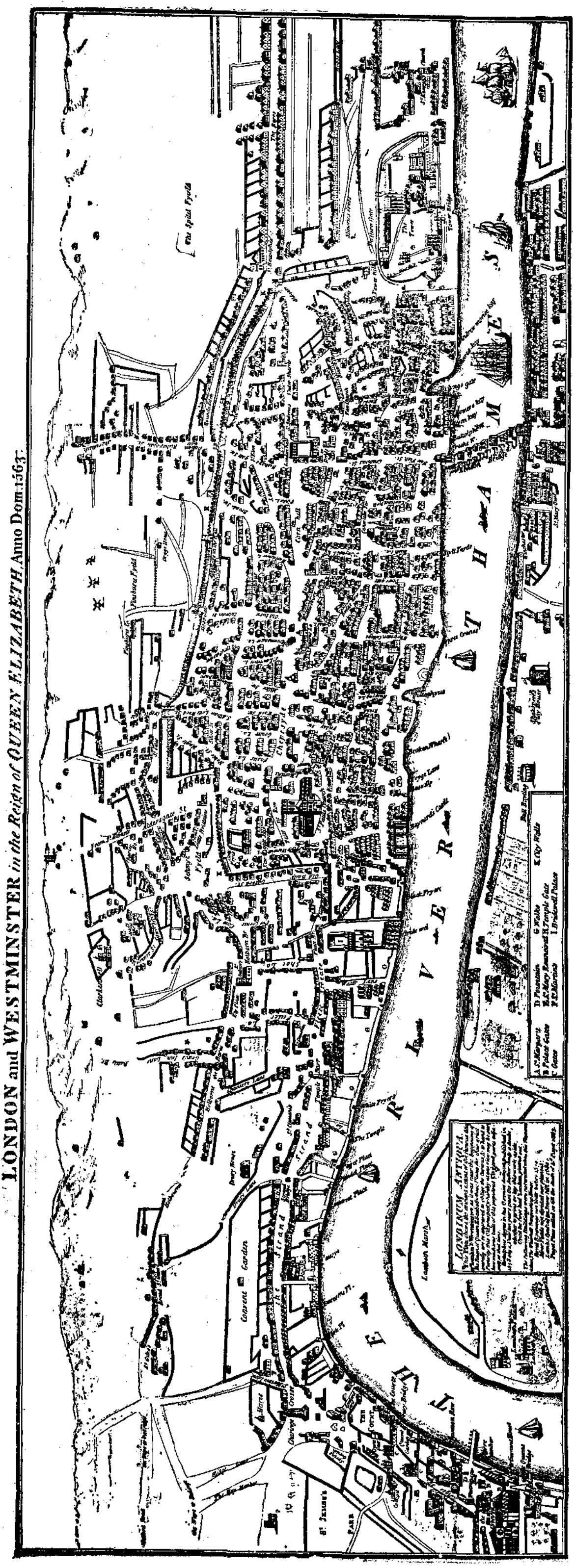
There were two well-established routes to London in that day of few, bad, and dangerous roads; one ran through Banbury and Aylesbury, and the other, which lay a little further to the west and was a little longer, ran through Oxford and High Wycombe. The journey was made in the saddle or on foot; there were no other methods of travel. Goods of all kinds were carried by pack-horses; wagons were very rude and very rare; it was fifty years later before vehicles began to


SIR T. LUCY—MONUMENT IN CHARLECOTE CHURCH.

run regularly as public conveyances. If Shakespeare, after the custom of the time, bought a horse for the occasion, he probably sold it, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests on reaching Smithfield, to James Burbage, who was a liveryman in that neighborhood—the father of the famous actor Richard Burbage, with whom the poet was afterwards thrown in intimate relations. It was the custom among men of small means to buy horses for a journey, and sell them when the journey was accomplished. Tradition has long affirmed that Shakespeare habitually used the route which ran through Oxford and High Wycombe. The Crown Inn, which stood near Carfax, in Oxford, was the center of many associations, real or imaginary, with Shakespeare's journeys from the Capital to his home in New Place. The beautiful university city was even then venerable with years, and thronged with students. Shakespeare's infinite wit and marvelous charm, to which there are many contemporary testimonies, made him a welcome companion in one of the most brilliant groups of men in the history of literature. The spell of Oxford must have been upon him, and volumes of biography might well be exchanged for a brief account of one evening in the commons room of some college when the greatest and most companionable of English men of genius was the guest of scholars who shared with him the liberating power of the new age; for Shakespeare was loved by men of gentle breeding and of ripest culture.

Dickens once said that if he sat in a room five minutes, without consciously taking note of his surroundings, he found himself able, by the instinctive action of his mind, to describe the furnishing of the room to the smallest detail. This faculty of what may be called *instinctive observation* Shakespeare possessed in rare degree; he saw everything when he seemed to be seeing nothimg. It is not impossible that, as Aubrey declares, "he happened to take the humor of the constable in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' in a little town near Oxford." There is no constable in Shakespeare's single fairy-play, and Aubrey was probably thinking of Dogberry or Verges. Shakespeare was constantly "taking the humor" of men and women wherever he found himself, and although Oxford is connected with his life only by a faint


CHARLECOTE, AS IT APPEARED IN THE YEAR 1722.

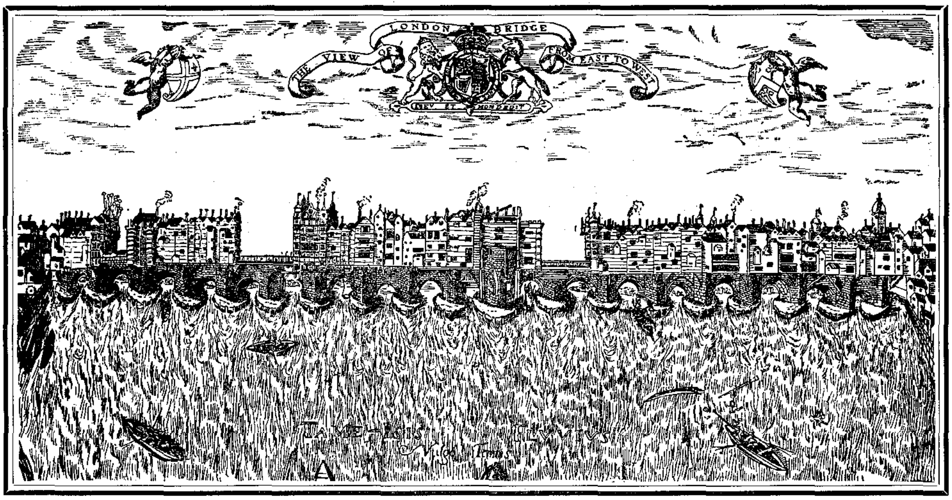

LONDON and WESTMINSTER in the Reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH Anno Dom 1563.
THAMES RIVER
LONDINIUM ANTIQUA
Covent Garden
Strand
Lambeth Marshe

OLD LONDON. FROM A RARE PRINT. SHOWING LONDON AS IT APPEARED IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

tradition, it may have furnished him with more than one sketch which he later developed into a figure full of reality and substance. It would have been quite in keeping with the breadth and freedom of his genius to find a clown in Oxford more interesting than some of the scholars he met; for clowns occasionally have some touch of individuality, some glimmer of humor, while scholars are sometimes found without flavor, pungency, or originality. Shakespeare's principle of selection in dealing with men was always vital; he put his hand unerringly on significant persons.

In 1586 the foremost Englishman reached London, without means, in search of a vocation and a place in which to exercise it. The time was fortunate, and co-operated with him in ways which he did not, then or later, understand; for, however clearly a man may comprehend his gift and master his tools, he is too much a part of his age to discern his spiritual relations to it as these are later disclosed in the subtle channels through which it inspires and vitalizes him, and he in turn expresses, interprets, and affects it.

To the youth from the little village on the Avon, London was a great and splendid city; but the vast metropolis of to-day, with a population of more than five million people, was then a town of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The great fire which was to change it from a mediæval to a modern city was almost a century distant; and the spire of old St. Paul's was seen, as one approached, rising over masses of red-roofed, many-gabled



LONDON BRIDGE
From an old print showing the bridge as it looked upon Shakespeare's arrival in London.
This bridge was replaced by a modern structure in 1831.

houses, crowded into the smallest space, and protected by walls and trenches. The most conspicuous objects in the city were the Tower, which rose beside the Thames as a symbol of the personal authority of the monarch; the Cathedral, which served as a common center of community life, where the news for the day was passed from group to group, where gossip was freely interchanged, and servants were hired, and debtors found immunity from arrest; and old London Bridge, a town in itself, lined with buildings, crowded with people, with high gate-towers at either end, often ghastly with the heads that had recently fallen from the block at the touch of the executioner's ax.

The streets were narrow, irregular, overhung with projecting signs which creaked on rusty hinges and, in high winds, often came down on the heads of unfortunate pedestrians. These highways were still foul with refuse and evil odors; within the memory of men then living they had been entirely unpaved. Their condition had become so noisome and dangerous fifty years earlier that Henry VIII. began the work of paving the principal thoroughfares. Round stones were used for this purpose, and were put in position as they came to hand, without reference to form, size, or regularity of surface. Walking and riding were, in consequence, equally disagreeable. The thoroughfares were beaten into dust in summer and hollowed out into pools in winter; a ditch, picturesquely called "the kennel," ran through the road and served as a gutter. Into these running streams, fed with the refuse which now goes through the sewers, horses splashed and pedestrians often slipped. The narrow passage for foot-passengers was overcrowded, and every one sought the space furthest away from the hurrying pedestrians and litter-carriers and reckless riders. Two centuries later Dr. Johnson divided the inhabitants of London into two classes—the peaceable and the quarrelsome, or those who "gave the wall" and those who took it. To add to the discomfort, great water-spouts gathered the showers as they fell on the roofs of houses and shops, and discharged them in concentrated form on the heads of passers-by.

The London of that day was the relatively small and densely populated area in the heart of the modern metropolis which is known as the City. Its center was St. Paul's Cathedral; and Eastcheap, which Falstaff loved so well, was a typical thoroughfare. A labyrinth of foul alleys and dingy, noisome courts covered the space now penetrated by the most crowded streets. Outside the limits of the town stretched lonely, neglected fields, dangerous at night by reason of footpads and all manner of lawless persons, in an age when streets were unlighted and police unknown. St. Pancras, surrounded by its ancient graves, stood in a lonely place with extensive rural views in all directions.

Westminster was separated from the city by a long stretch of country known later as the Downs; cows grazed in Gray's Inn Fields.

The Thames was the principal thoroughfare between London and Westminster, and was gay with barges and boats of every kind, and noisy with the cries and oaths of hundreds of watermen. The vocabulary of profanity and vituperation was nowhere richer; every boat's load on its way up or down the stream abused every other boat's load in passing; the shouts "Eastward Ho!" or "Westward Ho!" were deafening.

In 1586 London was responding to the impetus which rapidly increasing trade had given the whole country, and was fast outgrowing its ancient limits. Neither the Tudor nor the Stuart sovereigns looked with favor on the growth of the power of a community which was never lacking in the independence which comes from civic courage and civic wealth. James I. said, with characteristic pedantry, that "the growth of the capital resembleth that of the head of a rickety child, in which an excessive influx of humours draweth and impoverisheth the extremities, and at the same time generateth distemper in the overloaded parts." The instinct which warned the father of Charles I. against the growth of London was sound, as the instincts of James often were; but there was no power within reach of the sovereign which could check the growth of the great city of the future. That growth was part of the expansion of England; one evidence of that rising tide of racial vitality which was to carry the English spirit, genius, and activity to the ends of the earth.

A Flight[1]

By Tighe Hopkins

"THIS is some dream," was the man's first thought: "oh, if I could prove it real!"

He lay there in the long, moist grass afraid to move, although the night all about him was so dark, so very dark. What stirred him chiefly was a wonderful sweetness of the air; a clean, fresh savor that he had not known for years. "It was never like that *in there*," he thought.

Without lifting himself, he turned half round, and his eyes strained at the darkness. Then it was that he began to think he was alive and awake. Behind him, not twenty yards away, rose the huge black mass of the prison.

"Blessed be God! it was true, then! He *had* escaped; he was free. All the others were in there, locked in their cells, and every gate and every door locked; and he, he who had endured six years, was free. The liberty that God destined for all his creatures was his at last. He rocked himself for joy, rolling to and fro in the sweet, moist grass. It seemed, all at once, so natural. He had longed to escape, he had dreamed of escaping, and he had escaped.

Then he wondered how he had done it, but he could not in the least remember what had happened since he had quitted his cell for work in the carpenter's shop in the afternoon. It puzzled him, yet it did not seem too strange. He thought he must have slipped in letting himself down from the wall, and fainted on falling But he was not hurt in the least; he had never felt such strength in him, such lightness.

It was a dark, rich night of summer; no moon, and scarcely the shimmer of a star; it was the very night he had hoped to escape in. He sat up in the grass, and considered what he should do; turned it over in his mind, comfortably, without the least anxiety.

He would go home. Home, that had seemed so far when they locked him in at night—every night of six unending years—seemed now no further than the edge of this warm, dark, quiet field where no one was stirring. He was sure he could be home before daylight.

He crept to his feet, and then, black as it was, he fancied that he stood very high. He missed the whitewashed roof of the cell, which he could almost touch with his head, reaching on tiptoe, and the sense of space above gave him a feeling of greater height, and he asked himself if it were possible for him to be seen.

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[1] Copyright, 1900, by Tighe Hopkins.

All this time he had been utterly alone, and this sense of solitude made him think that he had put the prison leagues behind him; but as he stood up he heard a voice, or voices, not very far away. The echo of the voices shook him; he remembered that, when his flight was discovered, he would be pursued. He threw himself in the grass again, and began to steal away, crawling. Then he rose, ran, and stopped.

There were no lights about the prison. He stayed, panting; perhaps they had not yet found out. But he could see shadow-figures growing in the black beyond; he was certain that he saw them; they made marks upon the darkness. If they were warders, there should be lanterns with them; but perhaps they were scouting with their lanterns hidden, and would form a cordon round him, and close in on him. He forgot the hope of home, and ran blindly for safety. He wished, in his terror, that he were back again in prison.

The whistle of an engine sounded; it seemed not very far in front of him, and he ran towards the sound. He remembered that the prison was quite close to London; the train, if he could reach it, might carry him there, or far out into the country.

He was quite sure now that he was being followed, and he ran headlong, with no thought but of saving himself. If he could but reach the railway!

Now and again he stumbled, and once he fell heavily; but he felt no hurt, and was scarcely conscious of the shock; he believed he could run through the night without fatigue. He thought of what would happen to him if he were taken; he could hear the warders' chuckle of revenge as they hammered round his ankles the irons he would have to wear waking and sleeping for six months.

The scrub that he was traversing had no end, and in the dark it was as trackless as a desert; yet in the cell the man had sometimes heard sounds of life out there, music even, and far-off echoes of laughter; and he knew that, desolate and black as it was, he must even now be almost upon London's edge. Streets were lighted, and people going to and fro in them, and shopmen at their doors, it might be not above a mile away.

Then, as he continued running, there traced itself against the obscurity of the night an irregular large outline right in front of him; and the man went weak, thinking he had been moving in a circle, and had reached the prison again. Stealing closer, he saw that this was a place with a low wall, and iron rails above it, and trees overhanging; and he bore in mind the great cemetery of London, and guessed that this was it. More, he was now certain of his whereabouts.

He had stopped right against the cemetery gate, and could see lights in the lodge inside; and he moved away and crouched in an angle of the wall, and fell again to listening. It was so still that the man's heart ceased thumping; he had not lost his freedom yet. Then, again, he heard the siren whistle of an engine, heard it more clearly than before, and knew that he was drawing closer to the line.

He moved along, hugging the wall of the cemetery, which was a definite means of guidance. But the wall seemed to stretch out interminably, and he fancied that if he could climb into and strike across the cemetery he would come out within a little distance of the railway.

With scarcely an effort he clambered over—himself surprised how swift and agile he was grown—and stood amid the dense leafage of the burial-ground. Innumerable white paths showed faintly around him, but he avoided these, and began at once to steer a cautious way among the tombs and gravestones, seeking always the straightest course. He had made but a short distance from his point of entrance, for every step was felt and groped in the utter darkness of the cemetery, when again he had a vivid sense of the nearness of another presence. He stopped instantly, and cowered to the ground. This time he was not mistaken: feet were on the gravel path quite close to him—whether in front or behind he could not tell for certain.

He had reached a space where the soil was as yet untenanted; there was not so much as a headless mound to shelter by. How foolish he had been in entering the cemetery; they would send there at once to search for him. He could still hear the feet moving softly on the gravel, and now they were so near that, though he himself could distinguish nothing, he thought he must surely be perceived. The suspense of this became all at once intolerable; it would be less easy to be taken if he were upright and able to grapple with his opponent; and he rose to his feet and turned round. Another man stood there, so near that he could hear the quick beats of his breath. His own breath almost ceased.

Neither of them moved, and the man in flight wondered if the other man were afraid of him. It made him the more determined to fight hard; if the other man were a warder, he would be armed, but the prisoner would try to get to his neck and throttle him.

"Let's know who you are," said the man on the path.

The voice was rather conciliatory than threatening, and the prisoner did not recognize it. What if this other man should be escaping too? They might fly together.

"It's all right," continued the voice. "I ain't doin' no harm, mister."

What a wild, happy feeling welled in the convict! He felt strong and light-limbed as before.

"All right," he said.

Common speech, the speech of free men which he had not used for years, was strange and difficult to him. It was hard not to say "sir" to the man, who was evidently a tramp.

"I thought maybe you was a cop," said the other, "though I don't see the harm of a chap turnin' in here for a bit o' sleep. I ain't no grave-robber. I'm on'y a tramp."

How the convict wished he could change places with this homeless creature, who had crept in to sleep among the graves! With the wish came the thought that he stood within the danger of the man, who must presently perceive his prison suit. If the man informed against him at the prison, they would give him a reward; and one must be miserably poor to come here for lodging. He stole a cunning glance downwards at himself, and observed amazedly that he was wearing, not the prison clothes, but his own, the suit that he had worn six years ago, on the day he was arrested. He could not imagine how he had effected the change, which gave him so much security, but it increased greatly his feeling of elation. He drew nearer to the friendly tramp, who had addressed him as a superior.

"You wasn't a-goin' to sleep here, I reckon, mister? Maybe lost your way."

The prisoner caught at the suggestion.

"Yes," he said, "I thought this might be a short cut to the station. Isn't there a station over there somewhere? To tell you the truth, I'm in a hurry, and got over the wall."

He felt confident and even safe, wearing his own clothes, and spoken to with deference by this poor outcast. In six years he had scarcely had a word that was not a command.

"Take this path I'm on, and keep straight ahead," said the tramp. "If you climbs the wall at the end, you can see the railway lights. Say, you ain't got a copper or two, sir?"

Money? He had not known the touch of money all the years of his imprisonment. Once, about a year ago, he had seen a warder take some silver out of his pocket, and since then he had never even looked upon a coin.

"I hope you will believe me," he said; "I have not any money whatever with me—not a penny piece. I shall have to beg a ticket at the station."

"All right, mister," returned the tramp. "I believe you. They'll give the likes of you a ticket easy."

"Good-night, and thank you," said the convict.

"Good-night, mister."

As he turned to go, the convict saw something shining on the path behind the tramp. He stooped swiftly, unobserved, and picked it up. It was a sixpence, and he thrust it into his pocket with a feeling of triumph and delight, and no sense at all of guilt. It was not for him to ask how the sixpence had come there. Perhaps it had fallen from his own pocket; it might have been missed when his clothes were searched.

He now began to move with silent speed along the path, abating nothing of his watchfulness of ear, yet with better courage than he had hitherto felt. He thought more and more that his flight had not yet been discovered in the prison.

The wall at the opposite side of the cemetery was reached, and, scaling it, he beheld the lamps of the railway, as the tramp had said, burning on the high embankment but a little way beyond. He footed it quickly to the embankment, crawled up with stealth—for he was now afraid of the lamps—and lay down in shadow to shape his programme further.

The glare of light some two hundred yards along the line—that must indicate the station. Only two hundred yards, or less, from a railway station, and money in his pocket! He felt for the sixpence; yes, it was there, a fortune in silver. If he bought a ticket for two or three pence, he could pretend to sleep in the train, and be carried far out into the country; or an outlay no greater would probably suffice to bear him into the heart of London.

But he reflected thereupon that since this was doubtless the station nearest to the prison, warders and police would to a surety be looking for him there if it were known that he had broken out. The station-master and his staff would have been warned; not one pair of eyes there but would be spying for him; all good people would hunt the convict down. He gnashed his teeth and swore they should not take him.

It would be prudent, however, to retreat a little up the line. There might be another station within an easy walk; if he lay in hiding just outside it, he might contrive to slip into an empty carriage when the train stopped.

He crossed the line, drawing himself over it inch by inch, so as to have the embankment betwixt him and his pursuers.

His peril notwithstanding, it was still most sweet, this sense of liberty under the soft dark sky, and the air blowing so gently on his face. Fancies and images of home came before him again. There would be no one in the room except his mother; she would be sitting at the open window looking out across the soundless fields, thinking of him. He would see no change in her the next day, unless her hair were just a little whiter. She would walk up and down the garden with him, pretending that nothing had happened; but he would have to guard against the suddenness of the shock to her. He had never let her visit him in the prison, but he had kept himself in the first class, so that he could receive the letters she was allowed to write him every three months. He remembered every word that she had written him.

He had started running again; he wanted to be home before daylight.

A train clattered past him, going out from London. He was on the country side of the line, and would stick to that. He ran steadily, and other lights grew in front of him; he was nearing the next station. He faltered in towards the platform, just as the train was starting again; sprang at the handle of the last carriage; and there he was, quite comfortable on the cushions. It was a long, open, third-class carriage, with rows of seats in front of him, but no other passenger. He would be carried out into the country; he would slip away from the carriage as he had slipped in—for he was quite aware that he was riding without a ticket—and then he would run hot-foot across the fields, and be home by daybreak.

He did not know at all at what station he had got in, but it was so large that he thought it must be a junction; and he reckoned that the train must travel far before it stopped again. He did not want to sleep, but he settled himself restfully and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, the carriage was full of people, and they were all watching him. Such, at least, was his first impression; but when he ventured to take stock of his fellow-passengers, it did not appear that he was specially observed. There were women in the carriage, and their presence thrilled the man who had not looked upon a woman's face for years. Most of all was he fascinated by a child in a white frock nursing a doll affectionately on her knee. He would have given anything to speak to her, but he had lived so long in silence, and the dread of being reported for a word, that he scarcely knew how to talk. There were men reading newspapers, and others chatting together; they were free and had no fear. He liked all these people; he felt secure among them; he did not think they would betray him.

The train stopped again, and the man looked out curiously for the name of the station. He did not recognize it, but that gave him no uneasiness; he was confident that all was going right. Then, as the train moved out from the station, a sickening terror fell on him, for in the other corner of the carriage a warder was sitting. The convict had not seen him get in, but was sure he had not been there before.

The warder was in plain clothes, as if he were enjoying an evening off duty, and he held a pipe in his hand. He did not look at the convict.

The convict had a momentary impulse to act defiantly, and engage in talk with the people near him, as if he were free like them. Perhaps this would deceive the warder, who might think he had been liberated; it was even possible the warder might not know him in his gentleman's clothes. But his tongue would not move, and his mind was quite vacant. He had run into a world wherein he was totally a stranger; even if he were able to talk, he had no food for conversation; he did not know what was happening anywhere. He shrank against the door, with his face turned to the window.

The seat opposite to his was empty, and the warder moved down the carriage and took it. Now at last he was recognized. Still the warder said not a word.

The train rolled slowly on. It was not, as the convict had persuaded himself it must be, an express, but a local train, making the tour of the suburbs. When it began to slacken speed again, the man tried to brace himself for a rush; but he found that his limbs had no power to obey his will; he sat under the horrid spell of the warder opposite, and could not move.

The train creaked into the station, and stopped; and, as in a dream, the man beheld his fellow-passengers leaving the carriage one by one, the little girl in the white frock and all of them; he sat and watched them go, and dared not and could not follow them. The guard slammed the door, the train was once more in motion, and the man and the warder were alone. This must be the situation the warder had been waiting for.

He held up his pipe and said, "Can you give me a light?"

Why would people torment him by asking for things which they must know he could not possibly possess? A convict has no money and no matches; if a match were found on him, he would be severely punished. But this reflection was at once driven from his mind by another and a much more vital one. It was that this warder did not belong to the prison from which he had just escaped. That had never struck his thought until the warder spoke. This warder was attached to the staff of a great prison in the south, where the runaway had served three years of his sentence. Perhaps, after all, he had forgotten him; perhaps he did not even know him.

"No," the man replied, "he had not a match about him." Now, would his voice betray him?

"Seems to me," said the warder, looking him full in the face, "seems to me I ought to know you. What's your name?"

How horrible! the man could not recall his own name. This must be fatal, and he gave himself up for lost.

"You're Barrington, ain't you?" continued the warder.

Barrington! Charles Barrington! Yes, that was his name. He nodded.

"Ah! Just so. Let me see, was it five years or seven, your little lot?"

The man bethought him that if his sentence had been only five years he would have regained his liberty before this; and he answered, "Five."

"Kept out of trouble since, I expect," pursued the warder. "You weren't the sort to come back to us. Why, I remember you at Trentlands. You were in the stonecutters' party for a goodish bit. Did your time well, too; though you gentlemen lags often give a deal of trouble."

All this time the convict was in a very agony of tremor; should the warder's memories carry him a point or two further, he might still be unmasked. He must quit the train at the next station.

He had now no notion where he was, but his main hope lay in the distance to which the train must by this time have carried him from the prison.

As it slowed once again, he viewed the scene beyond with all the hope that he could muster. Below the line of railway, on one side, a long street stretched, yellow with flaring lights, booths and stalls on either hand; an open-air market, crowded and bustling. On the other side all lay dark, as though fields began there. Suddenly the warder said: "There's no hope for Gladstone, I suppose?"

"Gladstone?" said the convict; "is he ill?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the warder. "I thought so. Gladstone's dead and buried last year. I just began to suspect something. My man, you've got loose from Wardlock! You'll come with me."

The prisoner wrenched open the door and leapt from the carriage. The platform, as he alighted, was perfectly quiet, but he thought it swarmed with people who had rushed to help the warder. His senses had left him; his plan had been to make towards the left, in the direction, as he supposed, of the open country; instead, he sprang across the line, flung himself over the wooden barrier of the platform, and slithered down the steep bank into the teeming market.

His name was hissed into his ear at every step; he *felt* all about him the pursuers whom he could not see. The market, as he thought, was thronged with faces hostile to him; under pretense of buying, the people had come out to look for the convict who had escaped. Yet how should they know it, at this infinite distance from the prison? For now the flaming street, with its huddled noisy market, had taken on the lineaments of a little town, leagues away, in the dark north country, where he had lived as a boy.

He looked at no one, yet he saw everybody. The people put themselves in his way as he walked, for he did not dare to run; they were afraid to arrest him, but they were doing this to hamper him, until the warder should come up. His mind ran wildly on the best means of getting unobserved into the country; he knew the market street should terminate in a bridge across a river; and just over the river were fields, and there was a wood not a mile away. But the market extended much further than it used to do, and the people kept putting themselves in front of him.

He tried to think of those whom he had known in the town; it was so odd there should be no one friendly to him. Then he remembered what disgrace he was in; he had brought shame upon his family; he had no business out of prison; they all wanted him to be sent back.

He burned with shame; it was monstrous of him to have returned where he was so well known on the very night that he had broken out of prison. Just then he caught a glimpse of a man whom he knew, and tried to get near him. The man was standing at a stall, and, as he turned half round, the convict recognized the tramp he had spoken to in the cemetery. Perhaps if he were to give the tramp the sixpence he had found on the path he would be friendly to him again, and help him away. He pushed forward, and touched the tramp on the shoulder.

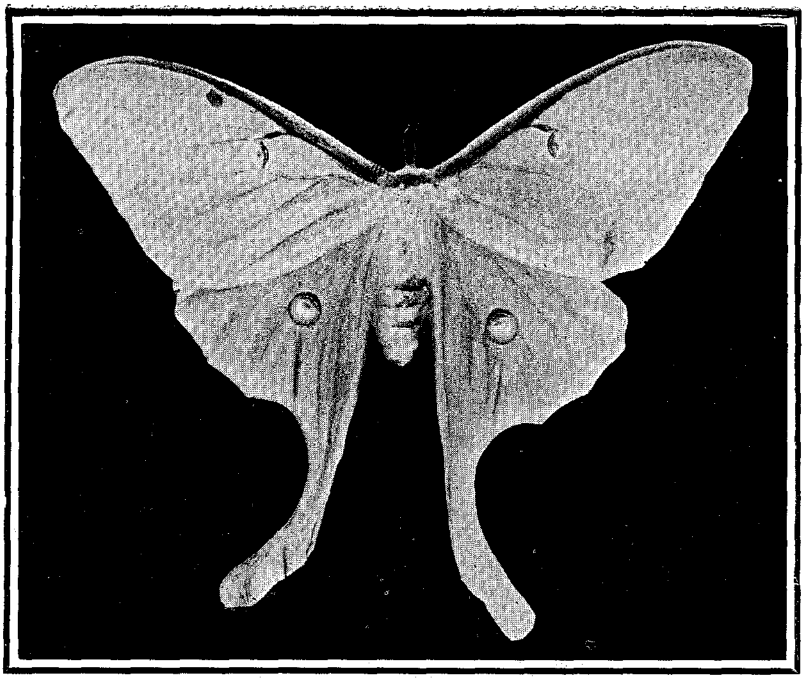
The man turned and stared at him, then shouted: "This is him! This is the man that's wanted. He robbed me. He stole sixpence off me. Stop him! Stop him!"

For the convict had taken to his heels, and was flying through the market between the double line of booths and stalls. In an instant the cry was caught up, and the whole market ran with the tramp behind him. Fast as he went, he scarcely seemed to move, and it amazed him that he kept always in front of the crowd. But the voices at his heels gradually died away, the blazing street melted on either side of him, and the man was coursing through fields again.

He began to sob and choke; his tears were like a rain that blinded and impeded him; they made the ground slippery under his feet; and he cried aloud to the night for shelter and for safety.

The night lifted, and a vague black form of stone that filled the whole horizon rose and grew in front of him; he saw it rising up out of the ground as he ran, helpless, towards it. He knew what it was. He had returned to the prison, and he fell headlong under the conning-tower, with a scream.

Waking in sweat, he struggled up weakly. The room was full of sun, and his mother stood over him, stroking his face and crooning to him as she had done when he was a child. It broke slowly on his mind that he had been released from prison the day before.



THE ACTIAS LUNA MOTH

CATERPILLAR HUNTING

BY CAROLINE G. SOULE

Illustrated from photographs taken by Edith Eliot; those of the Moths from spread specimens, those of the Caterpillars from living ones. Reproductions are two-thirds life size.

SHOOTING and fox-hunting have their chroniclers, and "the gentle art of angling" has been extolled from Walton to Van Dyke, but little has been written of the joys of caterpillar-hunting, although this is quite as interesting, and may be made infinitely more interesting if it is carried on to its logical conclusion—the rearing and studying of the development and habits of the caterpillars. It has not the dreamy charm of angling or the wild excitement of hunting "big game," and it needs no elaborate equipment. Its charms are of another kind, none the less attractive.

Like most pursuits of intrinsic value, its fascination grows with experience and knowledge. It never palls, because it always holds out fresh hopes of success in hitherto undiscovered fields, while even in familiar ones there remains much to be found out, much to be studied.

Like fishing, caterpillar-hunting has its exciting moments, its great disappointments, and its element of chance. Every new species found is a triumph, and one which comes often to a beginner, while the delight of coming upon a rare specimen in good condition is equaled only by the joy of a book-collector when he finds a rare volume for which he has longed. The after-satisfaction is much greater, for the caterpillar grows, develops, and can be watched through its curious changes until it emerges as a moth or butterfly, while the book remains always the same.

He who hunts caterpillars must have seeing eyes and a reasoning mind—for the mere finding of caterpillars is but the least part of it all. He must be able to note the resemblances between the creature and its environment; to see, for instance, how exactly like parts of its food-plant is

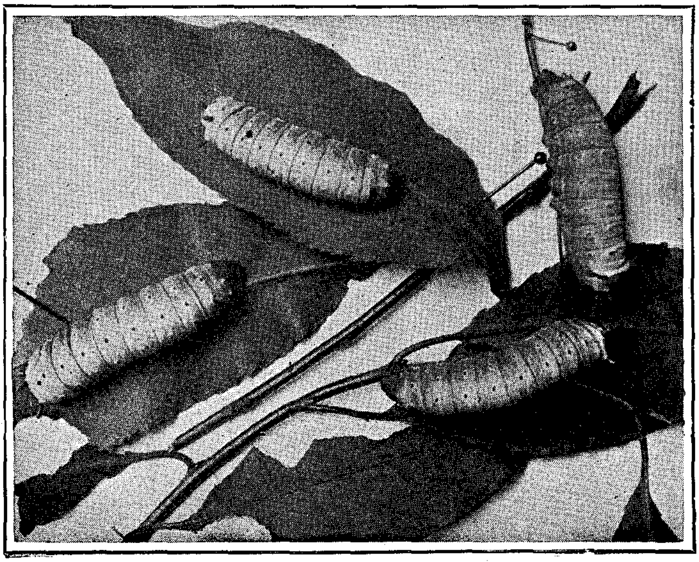
PAONIAS MYOPS

Paonias astylus, which may be found on high blueberry in the autumn, and is green splashed with carmine, as are the leaves, while its caudal horn is of the shape and color of the buds of next year's leaves, and is even bifid at the tip as they are. He must have enough sense of beauty to appreciate the often exquisite coloring, and enough self-control to put aside all dislike to crawling things. He must have patience to provide suitable food for his captives day after day, to keep their pupæ through the winter, and perhaps fail to get, after all, the moth from his rarest specimen, and then to begin again the next season, hoping for better luck. For very much is luck even under the best conditions of knowledge and experience. But the luck is often wonderfully good, as when a famous entomologist wrote to me for eggs of a certain sphinx moth, and within a few weeks, as I was walking along a much-traveled street, I saw projecting from the edge of an upright stone a triangular something which suggested the tip of a moth's wing. On approaching it I found it not only a moth of the desired kind, but a female, and I succeeded in putting it into my pocket tin and then into a cage at home. There it laid eggs galore, and I was able to send scores of them to England, besides rearing many myself and getting the full life-history of the species. My being at that place on that day was clear luck, for I had no reason to expect any moths there. Such an experience is very exciting, and gives fresh hope and energy.

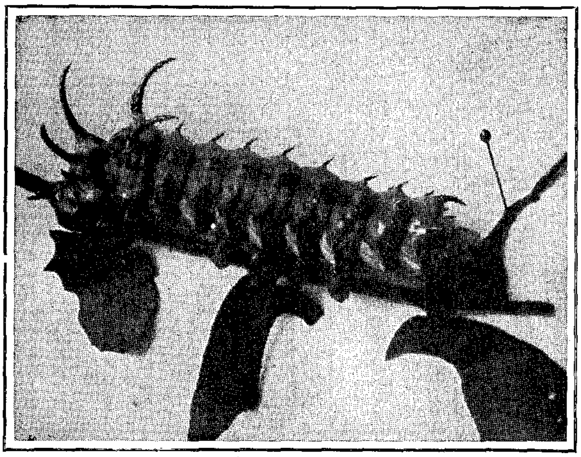
There is no thrilling struggle to capture a caterpillar, but there is sometimes a desperate search for it when it has quietly curled up and dropped into deep grass at one's first touch on the plant.

A caterpillar once found is not likely to get away, as one's largest fish usually does, but it may be found covered with tiny white eggs deposited by a parasitic fly, which means that even if the caterpillar lives long enough to become a pupa it will not emerge as a moth, but will be devoured by the grubs within its body. There is just one chance for it. If the eggs are recently laid and are not too numerous, a human friend can break or remove them before the grubs have hatched and eaten their way into the body of their host, who then will be able to live out his allotted life, as far as they are concerned.

Like fishing, caterpillar-hunting has its good and bad days, and with no apparent cause for the difference. A dull day is usually better, because seeing is easier than when the sun is in



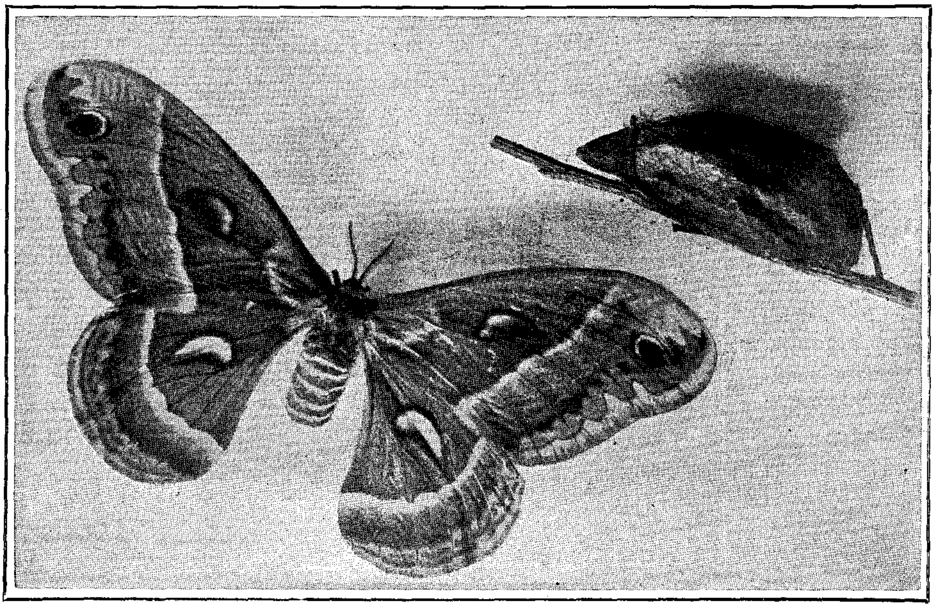
ATTACUS PROMETHEA



CITHERONIA REGALIS

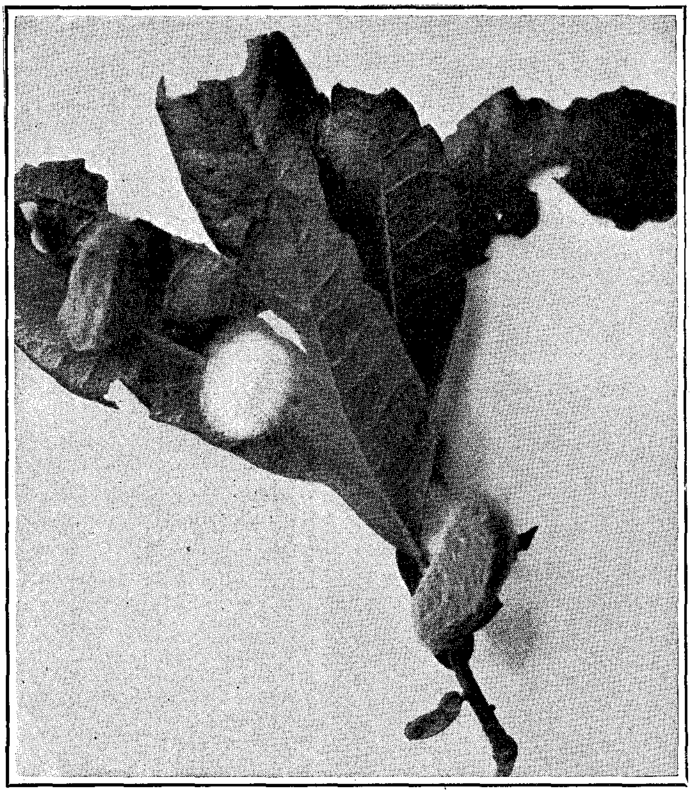
one's eyes, and also because more caterpillars may be found feeding in shade than in sunshine; but some dull days give no specimens.

There is a fascination in approaching a shrub or sapling without knowing what it may have in store, and then finding it a treasure-house filled with spoils. I still remember finding on a Vermont hillside, when I was a beginner, a willow which hung full of gifts, like a Christmas-tree. On it my friend and I found the bright green larvæ of *Papilio turnus* lying on their webs of silk, each on its leaf, their eye-spots glaring at us as if they could really see and meant to frighten us away, instead of being mere marks on their bodies. We found long, slender caterpillars of clear golden-green with a bright yellow line on each side—*Scoliopteryx libatrix*, the "Herald moth." We found one or two caterpillars of *Paonias excœcatus*, and of *Hyperchiria io*, whose mossy spines sting like nettles. But the chief treasure was a beautiful caterpillar lying in a curved line on a leaf, so like a white, fluffy feather that for a moment it deceived us. Its long, silky, white hairs were parted on the dorsal line, and drooped over its sides and head—in fact, over both ends. Beneath the hairs the body was of a blue-green color. We found four of these later, but never succeeded in getting the moth or finding any one who could identify the larva, although we feel sure that it was an *Acronycta* and nearly akin to *A. populi*. When ready to pupate, its white hairs became very gray, and it burrowed a deep hole in a bit of rotten wood, covered the entrance with a parchment-like web of silk, and never emerged. This was the case with all five. Probably they were stung by parasites and the



ATTACUS CECROPIA

Female moth and cocoon.



LAGOA CRISPATA

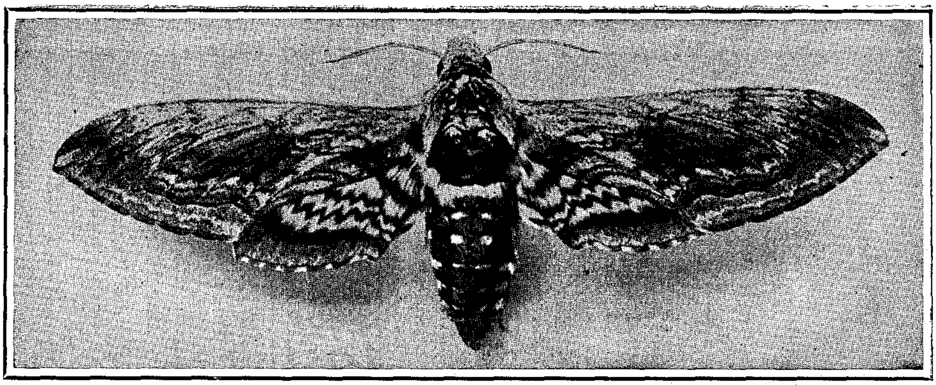
dense hairs prevented our discovering the fact.

A wild-cherry tree may have many treasures to offer, from the larvæ of *Attacus promethea*, very common in the Eastern States, to rare, sphingid caterpillars. *Promethea* is a very comfortable creature to rear, and a very attractive one. I know that many persons can see no beauty in any crawling thing, but it is there nevertheless. These caterpillars are green beneath and have a whitish bloom, making them seem white above. They have dots of polished blue-black in transverse rows, and near the head four tubercles of coral-red with a black ring at the base of each. Near the other end of the body is one yellow tubercle.

When these caterpillars are ready to spin, each selects a leaf, draws the edges somewhat together with silken threads, then covers the stem with silk, and binds it to the twig with a tight band of tough silk. After this it crawls back to the leaf, pulls its edges closer and closer together, and spins a tough cocoon in the tube thus formed. I have often found twenty such cocoons on a wild-cherry tree four feet high, and once I cut a small branch which had forty-seven cocoons dangling from it, each wrapped in its withered leaf. The caterpillars may be found on ash and tulip trees, as well as willow, sassafras, and wild cherry, and they cover the long stems of these leaves in the same way, and bind them to the twig with silk.

Attacus angulifera is so closely allied to them that it has been considered only a variety, though it is now held to be a species, and the caterpillars are so similar that the same figure would serve for both. In color *angulifera* is creamier white and its dots are not raised as much as those of *promethea*. One difference I have always found—the caterpillars have never spun over the stems and twigs, but have drawn leaves together and spun between them, the cocoons falling with the leaves in autumn instead of hanging on the twigs all winter. The moths differ much in color, and slightly in marks, from *promethea*. They are more common in the mid-West than in the East.

The wild cherry may also offer the one-



PROTOPARCE CELEUS

horned larvæ of *Paonias excœcatus*, apple-green in color, roughly granulated, and having yellow oblique lines on each side. *Paonias myops* may be found there, too, apple-green with horn and obliques, and usually having irregular spots of bright carmine, exactly like the red spots on wild-cherry leaves. Sometimes there are two rows of such spots on each side, sometimes one row, sometimes only two or three, as in this specimen. Sometimes the spots are dull reddish-brown instead of carmine, and once in a while they are wanting altogether.

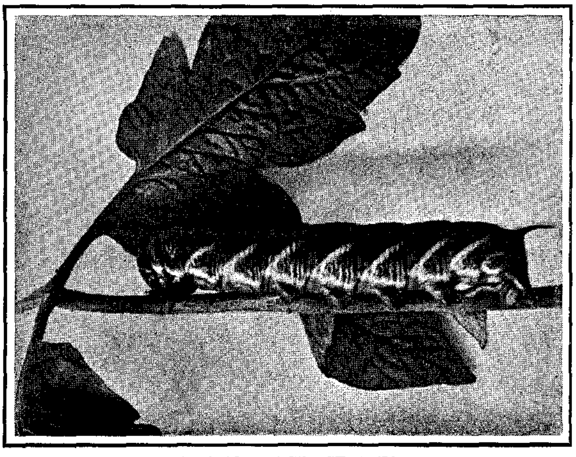
Myops, *excœcatus*, and *geminatus*—which lives on poplar, oak, and willow—are of about the same size and shape, and could be distinguished with difficulty if *myops* lacked the red spots. All the smerinthids burrow in earth to pupate.

Poplars are good hunting-ground for caterpillars, as, besides *geminatus* and *excœcatus*, they may offer *Triptogon modesta*, which is much less common than these, and some of the larger spinning caterpillars, *Actias luna*, *Telea polyphemus*, *Attacus cecropia*, as well as several smaller species.

One of the greatest surprises lying in wait for the inexperienced caterpillar-hunter may be given him by a walnut, butternut, or hickory tree inhabited by *Citheronia regalis*. It is brown of various shades, and its long tubercles are rough with black spines. The one photographed was almost full grown. These are less common in the Eastern States, but may be found in New England occasionally. They go into the ground to pupate, as does their near relative, *Eacles imperialis*, which lives on pine, maple, and some other trees, and is common in the East. It is not as formidable in appearance as *regalis*, and may be either brown or green. Both are easy to rear and make fine large moths.

On the same trees with the formidable-looking *regalis* may be found pale-green sphingid caterpillars, rough with whitish granulation, and having heads shaped like apple-seeds, the point being uppermost. These caterpillars are *Cressonia juglandis*, and are more common in the mid-West and in the South than in the East.

Any one who can reach bayberry bushes in August and September, sometimes in July, may find the furry larvæ of *Lagoa crispata*, and usually in abundance. These are in shape like a boat upside down, and neither head nor feet are visible to the ordinary observer.



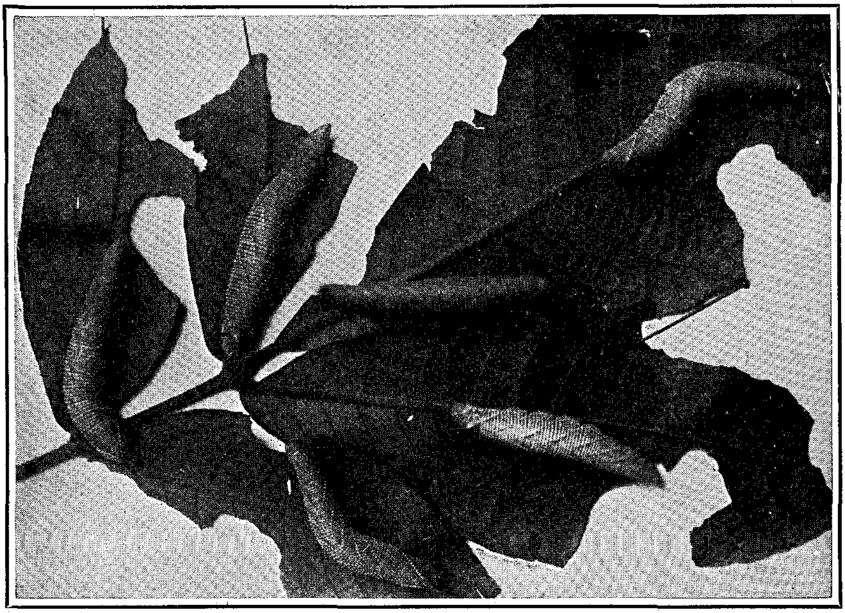
PROTOPARCE CELEUS

When young, the caterpillars are covered with white, downy hairs, but the last molt or two gives them tawny and not quite as fluffy hairs. Whatever their color, these hairs sting like nettles, and it is pleasanter to handle the caterpillars carefully, though the stinging pain lasts but a short time. The caterpillars may be found on the beach plum also. They spin small, compact cocoons, and come out very pretty moths, creamy white with some black lines, and a crinkled look which gives them their specific name.

Their next of kin, *Lagoa opercularis*, is similar, and is found more often in the South on orange and lemon trees.

And strong, and need rubber bands on their tins unless the tins are too deep for them to reach bottom and top at the same time. If they can do this, they are pretty sure to push off the cover, crawl out, and then to be met in the hall or on the stairs by that member of the household who most fears or dislikes crawling things. The results of such an encounter are not always pleasant for the caterpillar-hunter, especially if he is a small boy.

The nearest relative of these caterpillars lives on sweet potato and convolvulus vines, and is a more Southern species, *P. cingulata*. All go into the ground to pupate, and the pupæ have long tongue-cases making a loop from the head to the wing-covers, and standing out like the handle of a jug.

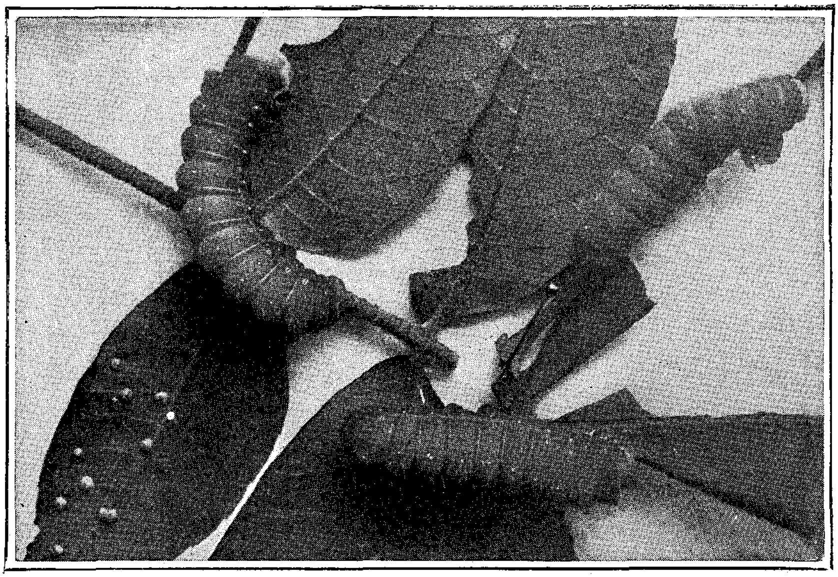


CRESSONIA JUGLANDIS

In the heat of the day these caterpillars crawl down and hide under leaves, or in the ground, at the foot of their food plants. They make great gray moths with black and white marks. *Celeus* and *carolina* have orange spots on the abdomen, and *cingulata* has pink ones.

These "great gray moths" are most often seen at garden flowers in the dusk, or bumping their heads against lighted windows. Honeysuckle and the yellow lilies have great attraction for them, and their long tongues enable them to reach the nectar in these deep flower-tubes.

There come days when one does not care to go far afield, and then the garden offers chances of partly hidden treasure. The tomato and potato plants may well repay careful inspection, especially early in the morning or towards sunset. Then may be found, from late June till October, the large sphingid caterpillars, *Protoparce carolina* and *P. celeus*, which are very similar. These caterpillars are of just the color of the leaves, and may be found most easily by looking for excreta on the ground and then searching the stems above it, or by finding a stem whose top has only bare mid-ribs where leaves were, and tracing the eater by these remnants of his feast. The caterpillars grow very large



ACTIAS LUNA

Deilephila lineata may be found on the ground near the purslane overlooked by the gardener in his weeding, and, unlike most sphingid caterpillars, it lies fully exposed to the sun's heat at midday. It is green with black and orange spots, or brown with reddish spots, and may have other variations of coloring. It is very voracious, devouring even the pulpy stems of the purslane, and requiring large supplies daily.

The parsley and carrot beds will probably give more eggs and larvæ of *Papilio asterias* than are wanted, and this all through the summer and autumn, unless the locality is a cold one. Saplings, low trees, bushes, vines, and low-growing plants will give more specimens of various kinds than high trees, though those may give, occasionally, altogether too many specimens of one or two kinds—tent-caterpillars and tussock-moth larvæ, for instance.

The presence of large caterpillars is indicated by leaves with only the midrib left, or with the edges eaten in irregular curves, or with ragged bits left dangling from the veins. Holes eaten through the leaf, not near the edge, may mean young caterpillars, but more often are the work of beetles or their larvæ, while even scallops cut out of the edges of leaves are generally the work of the leaf-cutter bees.

Another indication of the presence of caterpillars is the excreta which have fallen to the ground or have rested on lower leaves, or have been caught by cobwebs. Many a caterpillar has been found by searching the leaves and twigs above the freshest and largest excreta seen. Many have been found by tracing the line of partly eaten leaves, from the younger to the older and tougher ones, until that was reached on which the caterpillar was feeding. Others have been found by following the slight sound made by their rapid eating, and others by the moving head just visible over the edge of a leaf. Often the resting caterpillars may be found on twigs, on the under side of leaves, or on the trellis, fence, or building on which vines are trained. Oftener still they are found on the ground when seeking suitable places for spinning cocoons or burrowing into the earth.

The best hunting-grounds are wooded roadsides, with tangle of saplings and underbrush; old pastures with blueberry, andromeda, bayberry, scrub-oak, sweet-fern, and inkberry; swampy wood edges, and gardens.

Caterpillar-hunting includes also the search for eggs which will give the caterpillars later, the search for the moths or butterflies which will lay the eggs, and the search for cocoons and chrysalids which will give the moths or butterflies in due season. Often the best "finds" are the moths which lay the eggs, for they enable the finder to learn all the life-history, watch all the changes, and, if he is a collector, to obtain finer specimens than he could get in any other way. With everything he thus finds he will also get knowledge and satisfaction and a far larger circle of interests, for he will be forced to know about the plants on which the crawlers feed, and about the birds, beasts, and insects which feed upon them. He will find greater interest in the books about all these creatures, and added pleasure in all his country walks and living.

Caterpillar-hunting, if we include the search for moths and cocoons, has no "off season," for cocoons may be found in late autumn, winter, and early spring, while moths, butterflies, eggs, and caterpillars abound throughout the rest of the year.

This hunting is full of surprises. I have found chrysalids of the not common little butterfly, *Feniseca tarquinius*, on my pincushion, and at Christmas-time I took from my holly a cocoon of a species new to me.

The most amusing surprises in store for the caterpillar-hunter come from his relations with his fellow-men, especially in the country, where he soon finds himself considered a "crank," a "natural," or "mighty queer." Every one feels at liberty to question him, to criticise, and to instruct, and it is only in much enlightened districts that the Selectmen, with their Saturday scrub and Sunday clothes, come, by twos or threes, to consult him about the best means of ridding their trees of ravaging caterpillars, which they always call "worms."

The instruction may be judged by the following sample:

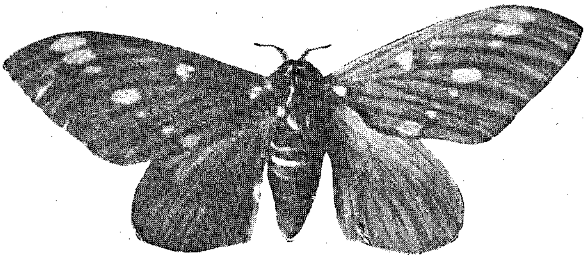
I was going home one day with my tins so full that I was obliged to carry my last "finds" on their twigs, like a bunch of flowers, when I was stopped by a farmer, who said: "Say, them worms won't do any damage, will they?"

"Each one eats a great many leaves, but there are not enough of these caterpillars to do any real harm to the trees."

"I notice that you call them critters 'caterpillars.' Now they ain't caterpillars. Caterpillars have hairs all over 'em. Them is *worms*."

I mildly suggested the fact that, whether hairy or hairless, their structure was essentially the same, and quite different from that of worms, of which the earthworm was a good example; but structure meant nothing to him, and he replied: "Wall, now, young woman, all that is pretty-sounding, but I guess you need to study your subject a *leetle* more. You just read the newspapers carefully, and you'll see they always call 'em worms. Now you take the 'Podunk Weekly Intelligencer,' an' you study that, an' you'll see! Stick to the newspapers, young woman! You stick to the newspapers and some day you'll know something about worms!"

This is funnier than any one can realize except an entomologist, for only an entomologist can estimate newspaper entomology at its true value.



CITHERONIA REGALIS

The Friar: A Philippine Sketch[1]

By Phelps Whitmarsh

IT was a little nipa-thatched town that nestled snugly among the palms at the foot of the Zambanles mountains. Far away from the railway and the main roads, unmarked on the maps, and inhabited by a tribe of poor, peaceful peasants, the insurrectionists, save for levying tribute, had passed it by, the invaders had overlooked it, and the Spanish friar, contrary to all precedent, had been suffered to remain. Being still in ignorance of the country customs, I spent my first night in an ordinary native hut. The next morning Fray Celestino called upon me.

"Why, my dear man," he began, in a loud, harsh voice, "I did not know it. When they told me that a stranger was here, dark and with a bundle, I thought you were one of these French or Italian Jews who peddle all over the country, and are not even Christians. If I had known otherwise! . . . You must have spent a horrible night in this place! Well, no more talking: come with me to the convent. Here, you! carry the gentleman's luggage and his camera. I hope your blanket is strapped tightly, for these people have little respect for the eighth commandment.

"Here we are. Enter, please. You must be a Bago (newcomer), as we say here, otherwise you would have come straight here last night, as every one else does. But I am afraid you Americans have very strange ideas about we poor friars of the Philippines. Well, I can assure you that I have given shelter to many a hundred strangers under this roof, and to a few I have given money. You must make yourself at home; for a Filipino convent is the house of every stranger. Let us go upstairs. Hold on well to the railings. This staircase is Lord knows how old. *Muchachos!* [boys] is that chocolate ready? I ordered it an hour ago. Ah! here it is. Sit here by me. Chocolate with *morisqueta* [boiled rice]. There is no bread here, or anything like it. Never mind; take this spoon and help yourself. Blow it if it is too hot. That's the way. How do you like it? Excellent, is it not? Much better than your puddings and pies, to my taste.

"Now take a cigar and let us go into the front room, where it is cool and we can be comfortable in rocking-chairs. We must have a long, long chat; for, as you say that you have recently been in Europe, I shall have lots of questions to ask you; and you, too, perhaps, will want to catechise me. Do you know, my one hope is to return to my own people, my own country! Poor old country! Robbed of its greatness, low as it is sunk, still I love it. At least they respect religion there, and allow their ministers to live. Surely one cannot ask less.

"Well! what's the matter now? Some call? confession, isn't it? I thought so. My coadjutor or assistant is absent, marrying two fools in a neighboring village, and to-day all the work falls on my shoulders. To-morrow he will be back, and I will show you what a native looks like in a cassock. But I forgot you have seen our colored brethren before."

Here my host hurried away, and at last I had time to breathe and think about the man. In appearance he was tall and stout, and but for a certain distinction given him by his monk's garb and a commanding presence, he was evidently a Spaniard of the lower class. His thick lips and heavy face, however, were relieved by large, beautiful eyes, white strong teeth, and an expressive countenance. First and most apparent among his characteristics was power. One felt that he had learned to rule, and with no light hand. His imperative attitude showed, too, that he knew his power. Frank of face but shrewd at heart, narrow yet hospitable, subtle by training but naturally kind-hearted—these things, together with a decided earnestness of purpose, were easily seen in the priest's face, bearing, and language. At one moment I thought of him as a patriarch of Biblical times; at another as a chief of some petty Asiatic State. He at once repelled and attracted me.

As a child he had been brought from a country village and educated at a missionary college. When his clerical studies

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were finished, he was sent to the Philippines and there ordained. He had learned Malay in one of its dialects, the Tagalog and Pampangan languages; and, after three years of such education under the elders of his order, he was at last given the distant, solitary parish in which I found him. From the mere boy that he was when he left Spain, he had grown gray in solitude, without relations save those of his assistant and his flock. The unlimited power of the Church, and the respect and fear in which he was held by his people, had made him masterful.

So far did my reflections reach when a servant in a brand-new white shirt and a pair of yellow slippers hesitatingly entered the room.

"Señor?" he said.

"Well, who are you?" I asked.

"I am the padre's steward, Señor, and there is a woman below who says she would like the price of the chicken you bought of her last night."

"I paid her a dollar at the time. How much more does she want?"

"Who knows, Señor?"

"Well, give her these two pesetas."

"Señor?" again.

"Well?"

"Could your excellency lend me four pesos?"

"Here's a peseta. Now get out!"

"What frauds and beggars they are!" I thought. "I suppose it's a want of dignity and a want of moral sense. It is true that at home people expect tips in exchange for good service, and ask alms when hunger presses, but here—"

But at that moment I heard Father Celestino's voice below.

"Oh, these natives! these natives!" he shouted as he came up the stairs.

"What has gone wrong, Father?" I inquired.

"You cannot imagine, you will not believe it," he answered. "I went to confess an old man in his dying moments at the other end of the town. I entered the hut and found him lying on the floor with nothing but a dirty, torn mat under him, and not a soul with him. 'Call the family!' I shouted to the neighbors; and where do you think they were? In some huts further up the street innocently playing cards!

"And yet," he continued, "there are persons who wonder why we do not make more of these people. Bah! I tell you they have neither consciences nor hearts; and considering these defects, I think we have accomplished a good deal. Don't you think so?"

"I quite agree with you, Father," I replied. "I think if I were a priest I should prefer a little country parish at home to a life among such people as these. The salary in Spain may be small, the work hard, and of course one cannot have such a free hand there as you have here, but still—"

"Yes, yes!" he interrupted; "you are quite right. One certainly has society in Spain—one lives. Rude and ignorant as are many of the men at home, at least they are men. And they can be treated as men, with familiarity and affection. In my melancholy moments I often think how different is this life of mine to that of my dear old uncle, who was also a priest, and to whom I owe this cassock. I remember his long talks with the notary at the latter's house, his daily game of cards with the doctor and Señor Lucas, a rich farmer, and most of all the summer evenings in the courtyard when he and two or three of his bosom friends argued and talked about the great world. That was life. Yes, for he had friends. But patience, patience!—God's will be done.

"And now let us dine. It is already twelve o'clock, and you must have a good appetite. Muchachos! the soup!"

As we entered the long, spacious dining-room I saw that the table was already set with an array of dishes which, considering there were but two of us, was indeed bountiful. First served was a rice soup, with small clams in it, known as "Chinese finger-nails." Next came the "puchero," a substantial dish of ham, cabbage, carbanzos, and bananas boiled together. Then, in turn, a "kari," or curry of kid's meat; a fine "dalag," a lagoon fish; and a mountain fowl, something like a pheasant, fried whole. Later, a salad called "palasan," and made of tender rattan-shoots and the heart of a young palm, was handed round; and last a dessert of fruits was set before us. There was a green "nanca," resembling a huge pineapple; some luscious mangoes; choice "lacatanes," the finest kind of banana; chicos, guanabanas, and papayas. All through the meal a plate of the indispensable morisqueta was left beside us to take the place of bread, and our glasses were kept full of heavy Spanish claret.

"To-day we have a dinner extraordinary," said my host, "for my people know that a stranger must be well treated. Usually I content myself with the good, old-fashioned Spanish puchero, or something like it. We who have lived long in this country know that solid, nourishing food is necessary, and the best cure for anæmia and dysentery. The worst of it is that European articles here are outrageously expensive. You see, we have been cut off from the world now for more than nine months. Thank Heaven! one of my flock had a good supply of wine."

After coffee and cigars came the afternoon nap, the Spanish siesta—the siesta which, in this land of eternal summer, is so necessary. My sleep on the hard, cane-bottomed bed, however, was very light and short; and, hearing the padre muttering to himself in the next room, I got up and joined him.

"Look! look at all these papers," he began impatiently. "These are the muddled accounts of the district, which, under the old laws, I am still obliged to go over and certify correct. Just look at the state they are in! Lord! a priest here is everything—preacher, schoolmaster, censor, collector, judge, doctor, and director of public works. Sometimes I examine and report on the state of a bridge; at another time I enforce the roads being repaired; in fact, I am the one functionary—the single link that connects these wretched, heartless peasants with the Governor-General. But enough grumbling for to-day. Let us take a walk on the outskirts of the town and get a little fresh air."

At sunset we returned, entering the town by the main street, and then it was fine to see the padre among his people.

"Hola, señora!" he called to a woman who stood bowing at a window. "How is your stomach? Did the pills I gave you do any good? And you, señora, did you show the Presidente my note? That land affair must be settled before the next crop of rice is planted. Oh! Cabeza Agaton, how about those municipal accounts? Did you send them all up to the convento, and are they correct? I wish to goodness you would learn to write decently. Now, you girls, where are you going? To the baile [dance], eh? Umph! In future you had better wear less embroidery and more clothes."

And in this way he proceeded up the street. In one place he gave advice, in another he applied a remedy, and again he paused among a crowd sitting on their heels about their doors and soundly rated them. All made way for him, all saluted him, and many came to kiss the padre's hand.

We arrived at the convent just as the crowd of servants were laying the cloth for supper. Our evening meal, however, was not suffered to end without interruption. While we were drinking our coffee, there came a sudden and tremendous banging on the hollow log which constituted the fire alarm.

"Fire!" cried Fray Celestino, jumping up excitedly. "Come, come, or the town will be burnt, and we with it!"

"Is there a pump or anything to put it out with?" I asked.

"Only this," he said, holding up a long stick and smiling grimly. "Here, take this rattan and come and help. We have no time to waste." And down the stairs he went at breakneck speed.

Down the street at no great distance I could see the glare and hear the reports of burning bamboo. A group of men, perhaps a dozen in number, were standing on a corner near the convent talking unconcernedly. At the sight of the padre, however, they set off toward the conflagration at a run; Fray Celestino shouting all sorts of orders after them.

"Now then, Captain, hurry up. Break that house down! Here, you José, bring the water this way! Pull that other hut down, too, Pedro! Get to work, you lazybones! Whack!"

For once I saw Filipinos work with a will. The commands of the padre were obeyed as if they were issued by some fearful being; and at last the fire was isolated and a catastrophe prevented. But the miracle was not wrought through fear for their own lives and property, or through respect for Fray Celestino, but by the might of that thin, flexible rod which constantly fell upon or threatened the backs of the workers.

"Oh, these towns of such combustible

material!" said the padre, as he mopped his face. "These abominable houses of bamboo and dry leaves! We only saved ourselves, as the sailors say, on a plank."

"Rather on a cane, Father," I said.

Long after I had turned into my hard bed that night, I heard the friar crying from the window:

"Take care, Captain! Don't abandon those embers. See that the watchmen don't fall asleep, and that the poor families are lodged!"

Six thousand inhabitants; and among them all but one arm, one heart, and one soul—the soul, the heart, and the arm of Fray Celestino.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

An Eventful Night. By Clara Parker. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4¼×6¼ in. 152 pages. 50c.

A farcical little comedy of errors—too much of the knock-down-and-drag-out style of burlesque to be as funny as is intended.

Ascent Through Christ, The. By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. James Pott & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 469 pages. $2.50.

The main effort of this work, in which the results of copious reading are digested by careful thinking, is to harmonize the theological doctrine of the fall of man with evolutionary anthropology. As a pioneering "attempt to deal with the question of the Fall *per se* in its critical, psychological, and anthropological aspects," it is a work of some importance. To modern criticism the author wisely makes this necessary concession as to the narratives in Genesis, that an inspired history means "a story of events from a spiritual point of view," not "an infallible account of facts in their bare reality." He is quite right in holding what the records of degeneration prove—that there is no inherent improbability for the evolutionist in the notion of a fall. But a fallacy creeps in with the capitalizing of this word as a "Fall." The sin in Eden opened the door for similar yieldings to temptation by "the whole race," and then and there a "moral poison" mingled with the springs of human life. It is impossible to reconcile this idea of a corporate as distinct from an individual fall either with Genesis itself or with anthropology, the man of Eden certainly not being the ancestor of all races. The remainder of the volume treats of the Incarnation, including the atonement, and the Resurrection, including the doctrine of the future life, from the evolutionary point of view. The author's treatment is admirable at many points, but it is hardly satisfactory to a consistent evolutionist to represent the incarnation of the life of God in the world as an isolated event occurring at the Christian era, rather than as the greatest of many incarnations manifest in a historical process that is coeval with the existence of life on the earth. Nor does the evolutionary conception of the unity of life, both in its finite streams and its infinite fount, permit one to regard the problem of "the union of natures" in Christ as anything but obsolete. Mr. Griffith-Jones is a writer of the liberal-orthodox school. He has worked well away from the traditional theology in his conceptions of inspiration, atonement, and future retribution. His book takes a high rank in the literature of that school. It has a special interest of an autobiographical kind, as exhibiting the process of thought by which, amid serious intellectual difficulties, "the strenuous quest for a rehabilitated faith" won for him "an ampler and clearer outlook on both faith and life."

Autobiography of a Quack. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. (Illustrated.) The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 149 pages. $1.25.

One almost regrets that Dr. Mitchell did not work out the idea of this book more fully. The baseness, shiftiness, and conscienceless-ness of an out-and-out quack and medical swindler offer countless opportunities for a man of Dr. Mitchell's special knowledge to weave into a drama of human passion and psychological problem. This brief novel excites interest and arouses feeling in a noteworthy way. Its value and exactness as a study of depravity is great, and as a bit of literary work it is thoroughly artistic. A curious little semi-medical tale, "The Case of George Dedlow," fills out the volume.

Bewitched Fiddle, The, and Other Irish Tales. By Seumas MacManus. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 240 pages. 75c.

Two of these Irish tales originally appeared in The Outlook. All are rich in racy Irish humor or pathos, and all indicate that the author has a warm heart for the kindly traits of his countrymen and for their genial folk-lore.

Boys and Men. By Richard Holbrook. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 417 pages. $1.25.

This is one of the best books in this series of stories of college life. The Yale undergraduate atmosphere is fairly well reproduced; and college fun, college politics, college love-making, and college ambitions are presented with a good deal of spirit and faithfulness. Old graduates will be amused at the evident continual recurrence in these later days of precisely the types of college characters that prevailed in their own time—such, for instance, as Budson, the cheeky, self-important, self-protuberant person, withal having a good heart and a generous spirit, the kind of man who is chaffed by everybody and by everybody tolerated and even mildly liked. The book may be criticised as not adequately showing the more serious side of college life, but, after all, it is a story and not a treatise.

Charlemagne (Charles the Great). By H. W. Carless Davis, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. $1.50.

An addition to the long list of books belonging to "The Heroes of the Nations" series. The author chiefly devotes himself to bringing out the character of the first and greatest Western Emperor as it affected the political, institutional, and social development of his time. As a historical narrative also the book, though somewhat over-compressed, is reasonably full and satisfactory. The pictures of mediæval times, manners, and people are particularly good. Some space is given to the literary outgrowth of the day. The illustration is varied and artistically reproduced and printed.

Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.50.

This is a strongly written story of New England folk, the central interest of which is in a family tragedy involving character rather than fortune or life. Outwardly the sky clears at last, but the eclipse of faith in God that is brought on by cruel trial does not pass off. For the sufferer under this eclipse the unlikeliest subject is selected—a veteran deacon of Puritan ancestry. This being so, the moral effect of the story might have been bettered by bringing him out of it by more convincing reasonings than those that are tried in vain. The individuality of the principal characters is well maintained with close fidelity to the Vermont type, though the technique in a point of Congregational church procedure is rather inaccurate. The story runs on with unfailing interest to its dénouement in the discovery that the mother's heart is wiser than the father's head. But in the family crisis the deacon's son, the cause of all the misery, is a psychological freak, and unaccountable on any known principles, ordinary or extraordinary.

Debts of Honor. By Maurus Jokai. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 417 pages. $1.25.

A welcome addition to the list of authorized translations issued by this firm of the stories written by the marvelously versatile and always vivacious Hungarian novelist, dramatist, poet, and politician. This romance is full of incident, and the contrast between gypsy and robber life on the one side, and Hungarian higher-class manners on the other, gives the book pungency. Invention and imagination make this one of the best of Jokai's hundred tales.

Dictionary of English Synonymes. By Richard Soule. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged by George H. Howieson, LL.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8¼ in. 488 pages.

This work has been twenty years before the public, and now has been minutely revised and considerably increased. It remains a thorough and satisfactory aid in what the author originally described as "aptness and variety of phraseology." Professor Seeley rightly says, "The exertion of clothing a thought in a completely new set of words increases both clearness of thought and mastery over words." In this mental exercise as well as in the practical work of composition, such a compendium of synonyms is a constant and indeed all but indispensable assistant.

Easter Visions: Selections from the Writings of Rev. Charles A. Savage. By M. F. S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 129 pages. $1.

Enoch Willoughby. By James A. Wickersham. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.50.

This is a series of chapters in the life of a family reputed "queer," and certainly peculiar people, who oscillate between Quakerism and Spiritualism, and finally become Spiritualists. It is merely a narrative, but rather interesting, the design of which seems to be an exhibition of the affinities between Quakerism and Spiritualism, despite a strongly marked antipathy on the Quaker side. Enoch is a strong and saintly character, and his sister-in-law, Lyddie, is pre-eminently such. The writer's sympathies with Spiritualism are strongly avowed at the end. The substratum of the book seems to be its implicit continuous protest against the common error of misjudging an individual because of the ill repute attached to the sect or party with which he is popularly classed.

Kate Wetherill. By Jennette Lee. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 199 pages. $1.25.

An undertone of pathos underlies this "comedy," and at the end prevails. The characters are true to life, and the author conveys a genuine reflection of the sorrow and weariness of constant petty trials, as well as of serious troubles. The author follows Dante's trifold division of the "Commedia" in her subdivisions.

Kela Bai. By Charles Johnston. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 106 pages. $1.

This reminds one of Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," but it is told with greater refinement and delicacy of style than most of Mr. Kipling's Indian tales, if with a little less vigor. Decidedly in Mr. Johnston we have a new imaginative interpreter of native character, and one who writes with evident intimate knowledge as well as with literary skill. The titular heroine is an Indian woman of a shameful profession, and there are those to whom this fact will make the book one to be avoided; in a large sense we do not find it offensive or of ill intention.

Modern Spain, 1788–1898. By Martin A. S. Hume. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 574 pages. $1.50.

No more valuable volume has been published in the extremely valuable "Story of the Nations" series. The author, as editor of "The Calendars of Spanish State Papers" in the British Public Office, has had a fine training in the historical material which he has here worked into a vivid and readable narrative. He also, as he tells us in his introduction, has witnessed many of the stirring scenes recounted, from the revolution of 1868 up to the death of Alphonso XII., and for a much longer period than that included between these events has studied closely contemporaneous Spanish history in all its incidents. His style is easy and pleasant, and his sense of historic perspective just. We know of no other book which gives with anything like the adequateness and completeness here found the history of the political struggles and the innumerable ministerial crises which unhappy Spain has undergone. The narrative ends with the close of the war between Spain and the United States, and the author expresses a hope that as "Spain's greatness and Spain's ultimate misery arose from the same cause, namely, the extension of her interests and dominions beyond the power of control possessed by her own nation," so it may prove that the loss of those possessions may be to her a blessing in disguise, and end the long tale of her tribulations.

Management and Diseases of the Dog. By John Woodroffe Hill. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. (Fifth Edition.) 5½×8½ in. 531 pages. $3.50.

This is the fifth edition of a book which is well known to all dog-lovers as the standard work on canine pathology and surgery. It is exhaustively thorough and complete in its treatment of the subject, and is illustrated by many cuts.

New Race Diplomatist, A. By Jennie Bullard Waterbury. (Illustrated) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 367 pages. $1.50.

This is a somewhat high-colored and high-pitched story of action in France and America. Although it is sometimes over-written and overwrought, the author must be credited with decided fertility of invention; and the story-interest of the book is considerable.

Pen Drawing. By Charles D. Maginnis. (Illustrated.) The Bates & Guild Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 121 pages.

A capital idea, this—that of instructing the young artist in questions of style, values, technique, decorative effects, and other points in pen drawing by referring directly to many reproduced drawings by Pennell, Gibson, Railton, Vierge, Raven Hill, and other masters of black and white. These drawings are used with great skill and intelligence to illustrate one by one the exact points under discussion.

Personal Religious Life in the Ministry and in Ministering Women. By F. D. Huntington, S.T.D., LL.D., L.H.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¼ in. 212 pages. 75c.

The six addresses presented under this title are of the heart-searching kind. Laying bare unconscious faults and exposing subtle temptations, they are helpful to self-knowledge, as stimulants to self-recollection and self-examination. The Church's need, says the Bishop, is a clergy who have renounced self in the three forms of self-indulgence, self-will, and self-promotion. Upon "an apostleship to intelligence and property," a "mission to the rich," as an overlooked part of woman's work in the Church, he lays an emphasis which recalls the saying of Dr. Nettleton, the revival preacher seventy years ago, about "the neglected rich."

Post-Millennial Advent, The. By the Rev. Alexander Hardie. (Second Edition.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 2½×3 in. 74 pages. 25c.

Problems in Ethics. By John Steinfort Kedney. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 252 pages. $1.50.

Psychiasis: Healing through the Soul. By Charles H. Mann. Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston. 4½×7 in. 158 pages. 35c.

Railway Control by Commissions. By Frank Hendrick. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. (Questions of the Day Series.) 5×7½ in. 161 pages. $1.

This volume is not strongly or even clearly written, but contains much serviceable information respecting the State control of railways in various European countries, and also in the United States. The author reaches the conclusion that the methods followed by the Massachusetts Railway Commission are the best that can be pursued. Unfortunately for him, his volume is published the very month in which the Massachusetts Commission report that local freight rates average forty per cent. less than the published tariffs, and the attorney of the Boston and Albany acknowledges that "no shipper knows what rate his rival is getting." The author's praise of the Massachusetts system seems belated, for the people of Massachusetts do not share his contentment with present conditions.

Sailing Alone Around the World. By Captain Joshua Slocum. (Illustrated.) The Century Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 294 pages. $2.

Captain Slocum is a man of shrewd native wit, and has an individual and racy style. He tells us that his father was the sort of man who, if wrecked on a desert island, would find his way home if he had a jackknife and could find a tree. "Like father, like son"—Captain Joshua knows how to build a boat and how to sail one, and his story of the voyage of the Spray shows what can be done by one man who is handy with tools, knows navigation, and is not afraid. There are many pictures.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By Charles Gore, M.A., D.D. Vol. II. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. $1.50.

The portion of the Epistle which Canon Gore expounds in this volume is freed by his treatment of it from the repellent aspect which it wears in some minds. "The recognition of the fact that God works universal ends through selected races and individuals is robbed of all that ministers to pride and narrowness in the elect, or to hopelessness and a sense of injustice in the rest." To us Canon Gore is more successful as an expositor than as a critic. He attaches "no doubt" to the authorized version of Romans ix., 5, notwithstanding the marginal readings of the Revision. And it is extremely venturesome to attach to the word "faith" the sense of "creed" in such passages as Galatians i., 23, and Ephesians iv., 5.

Slave, The. By Robert Hichens. Herbert S. Stone & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 463 pages. $1.50.

This does not seem to us a wholesome or an inspiring story; that it is clever in certain ways cannot be denied. Mr. Hichens has much aptitude in fashioning a phrase which describes a character or epigrammatically sets off a satirical remark. He has, too, an intimate knowledge of London social life, although the reader may complain that he shows too much of the fast and dissolute side of that life, and not enough of the kind and generous element which may be found there as elsewhere. Here, as in other of his books, he indulges his fancy for semi-intelligible mysticism—almost diabolism—and this part of the book contrasts oddly with the realism of his descriptions of modern life. The atmosphere of the whole is morbid, and, despite frequent flashes of wit, one rises from reading the novel dispirited.

Smith College Stories. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 343 pages. $1.50.

These stories are in a lighter vein than their predecessor, "Across the Campus," and present the mirthful aspect of things, when college girls are off duty and free for amusement. Their prevailing tone is that of jollity, with here and there a serious or pathetic strain. The writer's style is brisk and sparkling, champagny, if we may coin the word, and she is sure of readers in all the colleges of either sex and both. We anticipate that such books, and similar ones from Harvard, Yale, and others, will by and by tempt some psychologist to a fresh special study of the typical characteristics of the sexes in a comparative view. We doubt if the peculiar altruism exhibited in Miss Daskam's story of "A Case of Interference" can be paralleled except in a woman's college.

The Perry Pictures Lesson System for the Sunday-School. By the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy. The Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass. Two Portfolios: Portfolio A, 52 lessons, $1; Portfolio B, 12 lessons, 30 cents.

The Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, rector of St. John's Church, Montgomery, Ala., has devised an admirable use of the widely known "Perry Pictures" for Sunday-schools—a use which may be best described in his own words:

> One Sunday of each month, in our Sunday school, is called "The Rector's Sunday." On that Sunday I go into my school eight minutes before the close of the session. I come prepared to talk for five minutes on a particular topic, and I am provided with a picture (on the basis of one copy to each member of the school) appropriate to that topic. All of the pictures (for that Sunday) are alike, and each scholar and officer of the school is to be given one of them. Before I begin to talk, I see that the pictures are divided among the teachers, each teacher having enough for his or her own class. Then I speak to them as pointedly and as vividly as possible for just five minutes on the one aspect of the one subject which I have in mind. For example, I may take the subject of Christ the Teacher (beautifully illustrated by Zimmermann's "Christ and the Fishers"), and, if so, I tell them some of the beautiful sayings of Jesus, showing them as quickly and as distinctly as I can how wisely, how lovingly, how firmly, how tenderly, how patiently, he was the Teacher of the heart. Then I ask that the pictures, instantly but carefully, shall be given to the scholars; and the school is dismissed. This talk and this use of the picture on the Rector's Sunday have no necessary connection with the regular lesson of the school. My work is not a substitute for anything in the usual course. It is supplementary.

Mr. Murphy has prepared two courses of "lesson talks" and pictures, one containing twelve and the other fifty-two subjects, which have been issued in convenient portfolios by the publishers, and may be used, not only in the school, but in the home. They form a fresh and original kind of lesson help which we do not hesitate to commend warmly to the attention of progressive Sunday-school workers, who will, we believe, receive and use the suggestion with appreciative satisfaction. It should be added that these lessons are based on the simple truths of the four Gospels, and so are entirely undenominational, and are written with a charity and simplicity of spirit which will appeal to children.

War in South Africa, The. By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 324 pages. $2.

This is a book that deserves respectful consideration even from those who, like The Outlook, do not agree with its conclusions. It merits respect, first, because its author, a well-known political economist of the modern humanitarian school, is an authority on politico-social subjects, and has made a careful study on the ground of the racial conflict in South Africa; and, second, because of the spirit of fairness which pervades his work of observation and his judicial balancing of evidence. Mr. Hobson, while he sorrowfully believes his country to be in the wrong, neither eulogizes the Boers as a body of stainless, prayerful Christian patriots, nor condemns the English as a band of selfish, brutal land-grabbers. His general attitude seems to be that there are definite grievances on both sides, which, however, might well have been allowed to settle themselves by the flight of time and the peaceful processes of political education and assimilation. The volume is not only useful, it is very readable. Such an anecdote as the following will interest American readers, and remind them of conditions prevailing in communities somewhat nearer home than South Africa: "There was a wide prevalence of pernicious bribery, which consisted in paying inspectors to neglect their duty, or to wink at breaches of the law. Here is an instance given me first hand by a mine manager. When the boiler inspector comes round, this man says he hands him a £10 note in order to save trouble. The inspector takes it, and does not stay to examine the boilers. 'But why do you pay him this money?' said I; 'surely your boilers will stand inspection?' 'Yes, the boilers are all right,' he replied, 'but if he didn't get the money he would quite unnecessarily have every fire out for the day in order to inspect, and that would cost us nearer £1,000 than £10.'" Thus it seems that some of the corruption in South Africa is not merely Boer corruption, but Anglo-Boer corruption!

Woodworking for Beginners. By Charles G. Wheeler, B.S. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 551 pages. $3.50.

No more agreeable occupation for unemployed hours exists for those who have some capacity in handling tools than wood-working in its many forms. There has long been need of just such a practical, clearly written, and easily understood book of instruction as Mr. Wheeler has here supplied. The many cuts bring out clearly to the eye precisely what the author describes. The work is an excellent one to put in the hands of boys who will eagerly study and apply its instructions. It will tell them what tools are, and how to use them; how to handle raw material, and, from point to point, how to make articles of furniture, boxes, boats, and even small houses.

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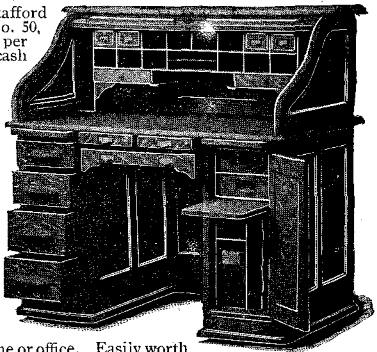

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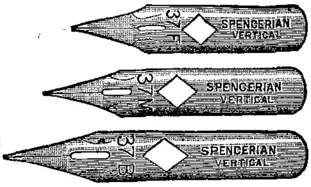

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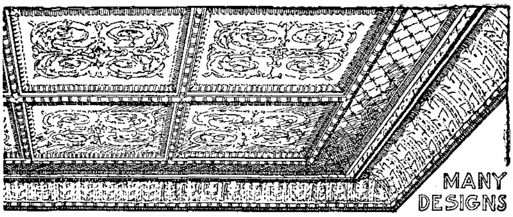

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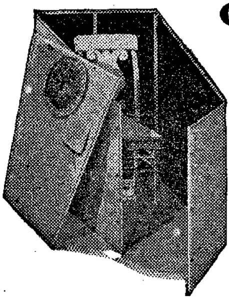

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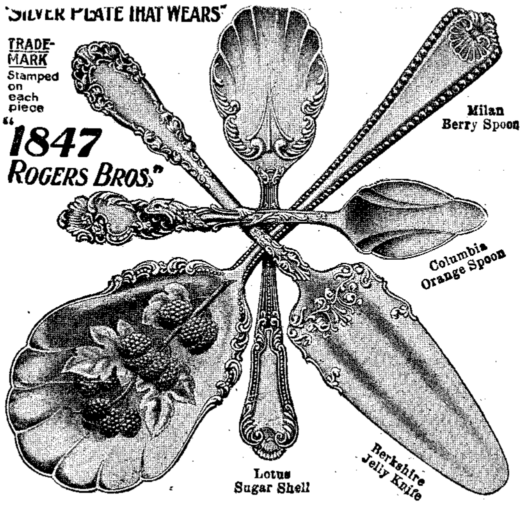
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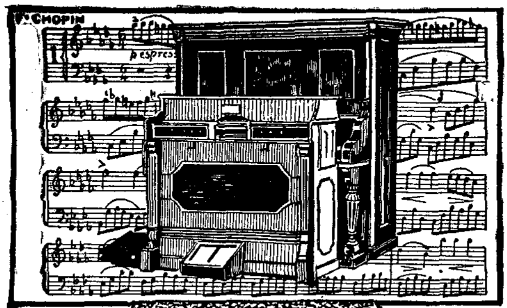

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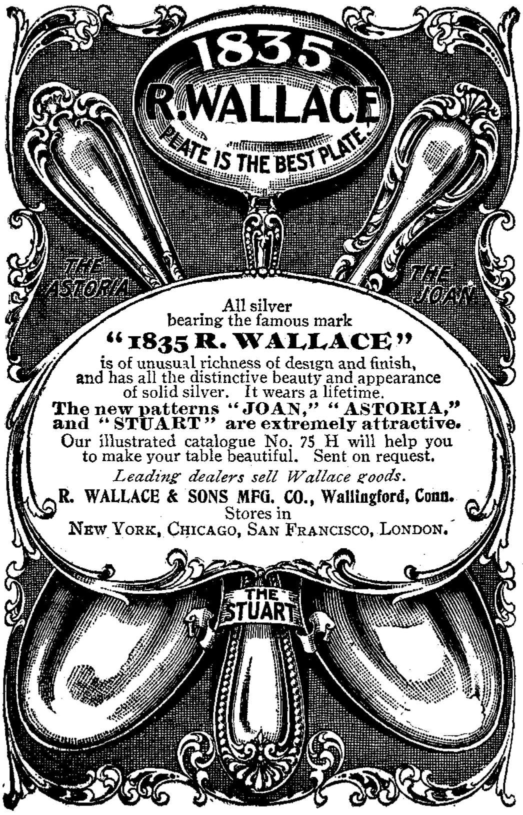

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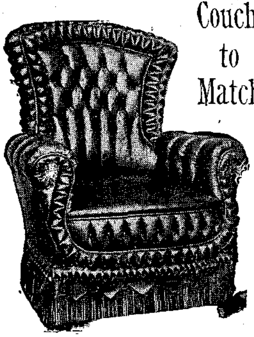

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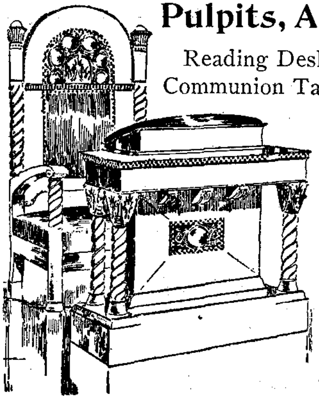

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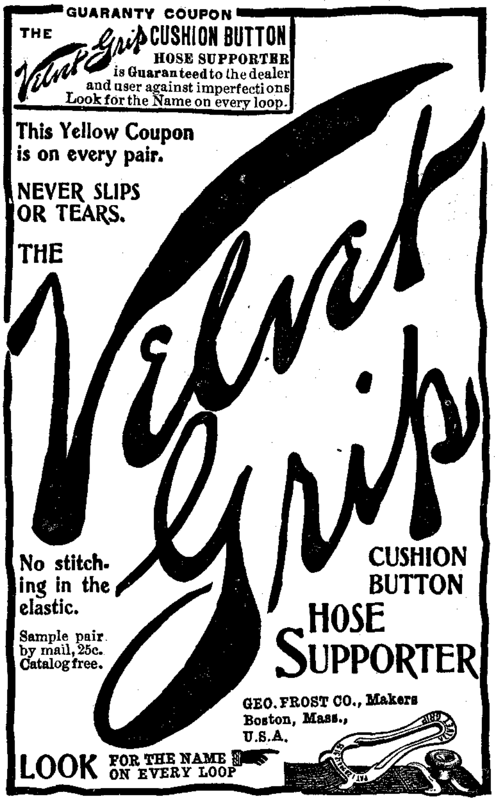

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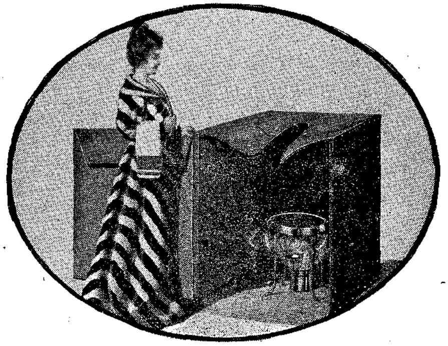

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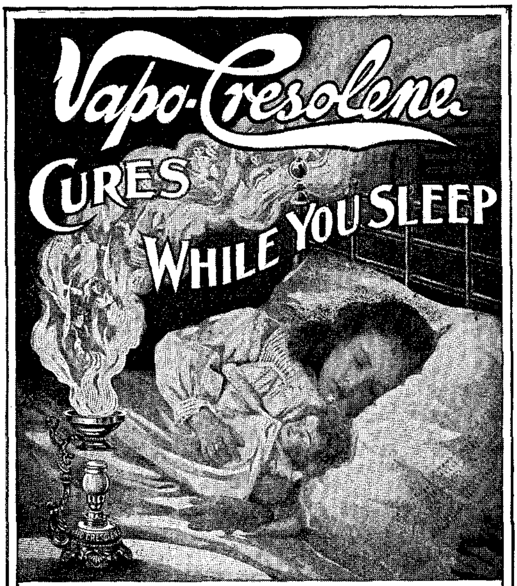

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